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P 277.4

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Library**



By Exchange

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE,
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

VOLUME SECOND.

Αὐτὴν ἀριστευεῖν καὶ ὑπερῶν ἐμμεναι ἀλλῶν
Μὴδὲ γένος πατέρων ἀισχυόμεν.



NEW-YORK:

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1807.

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P 277.4
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By exchange

DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the sixteenth day of April, in the thirty-first year of the independence of the United States of America, JOHN BRISTED, of the said district, L. S. hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit, "The Monthly Register, Magazine, and Review, of the United States. Volume second.

ΑΙΕΥ ΑΡΙΣΤΕΥΕΙΝ ΚΑΙ ΥΠΕΙΡΟΧΟΝ ΕΜΜΕΝΑΙ ΑΛΛΩΝ
ΜΗΔΕ ΓΕΝΟΣ ΠΑΤΕΡΩΝ ΑΙΣΧΥΝΕΜΕΝ."

[E pluribus unum—Arms of the United States.]

IN conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled "an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

EDWARD DUNSCOMB,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME OF THE REGISTER

I CANNOT send this sixth number, which completes the second volume of the "Monthly Register, Magazine, and Review of the United States,"—into the world, without offering a few observations to the notice of the public.

The arrangement of this work will in future be thus disposed.—The series of Essays, moral, political, or literary, under the title of the *Wanderer*, will be continued. The moral tale, called "Men and Women" will be conducted to its close. The Review of American Literature will be continued as before. The Section, entitled, American Communications, will be continued, with this condition, that I do not consider myself as pledged always to insert articles under that head, but shall in that respect, consult the expediency of the existing circumstances. The section Poetry will be omitted altogether; and any poetical effusions, which we shall receive, and think proper to insert, will find a place under the head of "Communications."—The Retrospective History will be entirely dropped; because it is impossible to do justice to such an extensive subject in the very few pages, which can be devoted to it, once in a month. The History of the Passing Times will be continued.

The tale, called Men and Women, comprises a narrative of *facts*, and *incidents*, which have occurred in real life, and is intended to develop the springs and movements of the human heart. In order to be understood thoroughly, it must be read as a *whole*; and not be *judged*, till its intention and aim can be discovered. Those very sagacious and profound critics, who presume to decide upon its merits, merely from the perusal of the very small portion of it, which is now before the public,

are in wisdom, at least, equal to the pedant, in Hierocles, who, in order to convey to his friend a correct notion of the extent, and grandeur and utility of a magnificent mansion, pulled a *single brick* out of his pocket, as a specimen.

Upon the literary claims of the Register it would ill become me to speak;—the work is open to the inspection of the public, and to all the accumulated severity of the most vigilant criticism; it must not, however, be forgotten, that this is the *only* work in America, which proceeds upon the principle of giving an *impartial* and an *independent* review of American publications. The Reviewers of this country, hitherto, have, in general, so widely mistaken the universal springs of human action, as to suppose, that they could encourage the efforts of American *genius*, by *praising* every American publication:—as if genius was ever roused into action by being placed on the *same* level of applause with dulness;—or, that, by any magic of commendation, a block-head could be converted into a man of sense. It were much to be desired that all, who take upon themselves the office of Reviewers, would attend to the words of Publius Syrus;—“*Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*”—The *Judge* is *condemned*, when the *guilty* is *absolved*.

For the contents of this volume I am only in part responsible; for the contents of every succeeding volume of the Register I shall be answerable; as my late co-adjutor, Mr. Carpenter, under whose auspices the work was first called into being, has resigned the whole publication into my hands.

I should, indeed, be dull and ungrateful, in the extreme, if I could close these remarks, without offering my most heartfelt acknowledgments to the American public, for the support which this work has experienced, from their patronage. The only return, which I can make for such kindness, is the most solemn, and unambiguous assurance, that the “*Monthly Register, Magazine, & Review of the United States,*” shall always be devoted to the service of religion, pure morality, sound policy, and general literature.

JOHN BRISTED.

New-York, May 1st, 1807.

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

IT is, now, nearly two years since the Editor first presented to the public the Monthly Register and Review. Since the commencement of this undertaking he has been too often compelled to solicit the indulgence of his friends and patrons on account of the non-appearance of the work at the stated and promised periods.

These omissions were occasioned by a variety of causes, which the Editor could neither prevent nor controul. The chief of these were—first, the utter impossibility of his devoting so much of his time and attention to its execution, as he wished, and as was necessary to render it worthy of the public eye, on account of his being engaged in conducting a daily paper, the Charleston Courier; and, secondly, his residence in, and his publishing the work in a comparatively remote part of the union, where the mechanical operations requisite to introduce it to the world, must, unavoidably, from the nature of its climate, and the very constitution of its society, be carried on with tardiness and want of vigour, and must labour under all those manifold and various disadvantages, which, are necessarily attendant upon its distance from the centre of the nation.

It is with a joy, fully proportionate to the anxiety and the mortification, which have so often wrung his heart, so often wrenched the sinews of his soul, at being obliged to disappoint the expectations of the public, that the Editor now announces the entire removal of all causes of delay. In addition to his own exertions, restrained as those exertions must still continue to be by his constant

occupation in conducting a daily paper, the *People's Friend*, he has secured to himself the permanent, and the most cordially devoted assistance, which a combination of exalted talents, of extensive knowledge, and of unwearied industry, can give of value, and of lustre to this publication; he has, also, taken up his abode in the city of New-York, where he may be said to stand at the confluence of the greatest number of streams of knowledge, flowing from the most distant sources, that meet at any one point of this great continent.

The arrangement of the work will, in future, assume the following form. Each number will comprize seven distinct heads or divisions. First, An original Essay upon some subject, religious, moral, literary, or æconomic. Secondly, A moral Tale, portraying the human character, as it really exists in the world, and developing the springs and movements of the human heart. Thirdly, a Review of American literature, containing remarks upon such American publications, either originally produced in this country, or republished from European books, as the Editor shall think worthy of observation. Fourthly, Communications from correspondents, consisting of anecdotes, scarce and valuable American biography; any plan by which the honourable aggrandizement of America can be effected, by which her national strength and prosperity can be augmented; any thing by which her religious worth and her moral elevation might be increased; any thing by which folly might be made ashamed, and vice might be brow-beaten into silence and dismay. Fifthly, Poetry, either original, or so selected, as, at once, to sooth the heart, and to improve the understanding. Sixthly, The Retrospective history of America, continued from our last number. Seventhly, The record of those incidents which pass before our eyes, and which, when properly selected, make the most valuable materials, wherewith the historian may adorn the annals of his country, and from which the philosophic statesman might deduce his æconomic precepts of general application, and of extensive utility.

A number of this work, bearing the title of the *MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES*, will, therefore appear in the first week* in every month. It will be published by E. SARGEANT, at 39 Wall-street, opposite the United States Bank, to whom all communications respecting the work are, in future, to be sent.

The Editor cannot conclude this address, without declaring, that while the life beats in his bosom, the most grateful and the most

affectionate remembrance of the kindness and the protection, which he has experienced from the American public, will mingle in each and in every throbbing of his heart, till that heart shall cease to beat; will boil along all his veins till the flood-gates of life shall shut in eternal rest. In very truth, I should be duller than the fat weed, which rots on Lethe's wharf, if I could forget that I have been honoured and blessed, and, even now, am blessed and honoured by the protection and the friendship of men, who are qualified to confer lustre on any country under the canopy of heaven; men, filled with all those milder virtues, which draw the heart into close contact with them, and win all the best affections of the soul; men, filled with all those high and commanding qualities, which mark them out as persons, whom, in any society, Nature has appointed to take the lead.

It is, indeed, my pride to have such men for my friends, more especially because they have often declared, that their esteem for me was founded, not only, upon my intellectual exertions for the public welfare, but also, upon my private life, during the lapse of the years which I passed under their eyes, and in frequent and intimate intercourse with them. These, my friends, and patrons in the Southern district of the Union, have regretted my leaving them; and God, alone, knows, how I regretted it too; how I regretted leaving a community, to which I shall ever look back with affection, more than I have ever borne; or, than, my mind mis-gives me, I ever shall bear to any other on earth. Old as I am, my sensations respecting it, resemble those, which, in the careless hours of my youth, haunted me about my own country, fair Ierne's verdant land, even Erin, the sweetest isle of the ocean, when a truant disposition led me from it into the world; when a truant disposition decoyed my steps to roam in stormy paths, remote from all congenial joy. Of certain high personages in Charleston I can, with Hamlet, truly say—I shall not look upon their like again. The pulses of my heart leap impetuously; the boundings of my burning bosom beat with a more tumultuous throb;—but I must subdue the swelling emotions of my soul, and content myself with this solemn pledge, this unequivocal, this sacred avowal, that I will endeavour still to deserve the protection and the kindness of a generous and an enlightened people, by directing all my exertions, and all my efforts, to give ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

New-York, Nov. 5th, 1806.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER.—NO. I.

“ Διεν ἀριστευειν, και υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων.”—

WHO is the Wanderer, and what are his pretensions, that he presumes to come forward, and present his observations to the public eye? Have patience, gentle reader, and I will tell thee all.—Does the Wanderer come in such a questionable shape, that he must be spoken to? Speak unto him, then, and he will answer for himself.

O'er the past too fondly wandering, and recalling the scenes of other days, and of other times, when my bosom's lord sate lightly on his throne, and, all the day, an unaccustomed spirit lifted me with cheerful thoughts above the earth, I often deeply muse, and, striking upon the strings of her harp darkly, my heart, full of its own sensations, says unto me,—tell that which thou thyself hast seen and known, unto the sons and the daughters of Columbia's favoured land.—I obey the dictates of my heart, and I will tell the thoughts resulting from the experience of one, who has seen life in many a varied form; who has floated on the wings of ecstasy, arrayed in colours more vividly resplendent, more dazzling to the gaze of mortal sight than those which youthful poets dream:—of one, who has been a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs;—of one, who

“ Can oft, in thought, his steps ideal haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;
To plains, where Tadmor's regal ruins lie
In desolation's sullen majesty;
Or where Carthusian spires the pilgrim draw
And bow the soul with unresisted awe;
Where Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Prostrate, great Nature's present God ador'd,
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

“ To whom the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful, and no blaze too bright,

What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
 The inexpressive Form in semblance frail,
 To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
 Substantial horrors, and eternal doom.

“ To whom the powers of harmony resort,
 And, as aloft, with high, unbending port,
 He scans the ethereal wilderness around,
 Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound ;
 Strains, that from full-strung chords at distance swell
 Notes, breathing soft from music's inmost cell ;
 While, to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
 His choral passions dread accordance keep.

“ Thence musing, slow, he bends his weary eyes
 On life, and all its sad realities ;
 Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
 Shade blends with shade; and fear succeeds to fear,
 'Mid forms, that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
 'Till death unbar the cold, sepulchral room.

“ Such is the *Wanderer* ; such his claim, and mine,
 Imagination's charter'd libertine.
 He scorns in apathy to float, or dream,
 On listless *Satisfaction's* torpid stream ;
 But dares, *alone*, in vent'rous bark to ride
 Down turbulent *Delight's* tempestuous tide.
 With thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict strong,
 The deep Pierian thunder of the song
 Rolls o'er his raptur'd sense : the realms on high
 For him disclose their varied majesty ;
 He feels the call ; then, bold, beyond controul,
 Stamps on the glowing page the visions of his soul.”

Perhaps, I may be permitted to remark, that, when the mind has been humbled, and laid low in the dust by the weight of affliction, and has been bowed down unto the earth by the hand of sorrow, then is the soul softened, and the feelings of the heart assume a tenderness and a mellowness of sensibility, which is denied to the more robust sensations, that swell the pulses of him, who never shed a tear,—of him, who, proudly riding o'er the azure realm of life, rows his gilded bark in gallant trim, youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.

If it be so ; then may I expect, that the effusions of my heart will be less unworthy of the attention of the beauteous, seraph,

sister-band, the daughters of Columbia's rising state, because it is less distantly removed from that sweet, endearing, irresistible tenderness, that ardent, unutterable glow of affection, which throws the halo of angelic glory over the charms of the softer and the better sex, and which constitutes the fulness of the perfection of the sacred dignity of the female character.

With such feelings, and with such views, the Wanderer cannot, for a moment, hesitate to declare, that the sole aim of all his efforts will be to shew, that infidelity and vice, under every aspect of life, lead to misery, and that religion and virtue ensure to their votaries peace and happiness. Let us then not sigh, but let us rejoice, when we say

1

" Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave unpitied and unknown.

2

" And be it so.—Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn ;
But loftier souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed ?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

3

" Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
Shall nature's voice to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
Is it for this, that Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
No :—Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign "

I shall devote the remainder of this Essay, and, perhaps, one or two succeeding Essays, to the examination of that celebrated position of Rousseau, that *the arts and sciences are incompatible with freedom.*

What Rousseau's notion of freedom may be can be of very little consequence to inquire, if it is a state of existence from which the arts and sciences are to be banished; for without them what is to render life an object of desire? They constitute by far the greatest portion of human knowledge; and gaining knowledge is, in fact, the only means which we possess of exercising the mind; but upon the exertion of the intellectual faculties depends the power which man possesses; consequently, without the arts and sciences, he would endure the worst of all slavery, even the slavery of *ignorance*, which renders the human animal so weak and defenceless, that he falls a prey to the first tyrant, that vouchsafes to *use* him as a beast of burden, or a machine, a mere instrument to execute his will.

So far from being incompatible with freedom, the arts and sciences can not even have a *beginning*, but in states, whose governments allow of some degree of liberty to the people; because their very invention requires so much mental exertion as can only be employed by those, who enjoy *leisure* and *security*; two blessings, which are the chief offspring of freedom. For without *leisure* where is the opportunity for intellectual exercise, and, without *security*, where is the incitement to mental energy? It is in those kingdoms, where capricious and arbitrary domination is excluded by wise and equitable institutions, that the universal mind of the community begins to act, and a general tide of intellect to flow in numerous and in diversified channels throughout the whole extent of the empire.

Where no restraints cripple competition, and the human mind is permitted to exert her energies free and uncontrolled, the spirit of honourable emulation and of noble rivalry pervades all ranks of people, and genius is roused by collision. On every side the stimulus to improvement is applied, and the soul of man (which always tastes exalted bliss while it is conscious of working with activity and power) kindles all her fires, collects all her divergent rays, and directs them in one full blaze of light and glory, towards the search of truth and the acquisition of knowledge; till the beings, who had, hitherto, been but little elevated in understanding, or in virtue, above the brutes, that perish, feel the divinity that stirs within them, and become sensible of the destined end for which

they were created, as heirs of immortality, as possessing indestructible faculties, which are always progressively augmenting in power, in proportion as they are exerted, and, with the augmentation of their power, increasing the capabilities of virtue and of happiness.

But where the laws, upon which the lives, the property, and the independence of the whole community hang, are, merely, the capricious, and the fluctuating inclinations of an uneducated, and an ignorant despot, no arts, no sciences can flourish, or even rear their head. The want of all *legal security*, both of person, and of property, the incessant dread of that arbitrary power, which is continually exerted for the purposes of depredation and of destruction, and the intellectual torpescence, which is the unavoidable consequence of injustice and oppression, all prevent their cultivation, and even stifle them in their birth, forbidding them from struggling into existence ; for the minds of the whole mass of the people are shackled, tamed and bonded.

Political must, always, imply intellectual slavery ; because no people, who were capable of thinking and of reasoning, would permit tyrants to domineer over them ; since they would feel, that there is nothing in the splendour of the purple, which fascinates, nothing in the gleam of a usurper's sword, which can win the affections of men ; since they would know and feel their own power ; know, that to the steady and the spirited resistance of a high-minded and an enlightened people the robes of pageantry and the glittering of the sceptre would be but weakly and ineffectually opposed. Soon would the iron rod of oppression fall from the despot's feeble grasp, and the uplifted sabre drop from the withered arm of his a-frighted satellites. Genius and ability can wave their pinions, and expand their wings, only in those countries, where no injustice weighs them to the earth, and no cruelty of restraint depresses the boldness of their upward flight.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN:

A MORAL TALE; BY THE WANDERER.

“ Ἀ χάρις εὐγενεῶν, χάρις α βασιλίδος ἀρχαίς,
 Δωρεῖα τυχαίς, χρευσίας Ἀφροδίτας καλὰ τὰ δῶρεα,
 Πανθ’ ἀμὰ ταῦτα τεύχεται, καὶ ἦθ’ ἐν μορσιμον ἀμπερ,
 Ἡρώων κλεῖ’ ὀλωλε, καὶ ὠχίτο ζῦνον εἰς Ἀδαν.”

“ The boast of heraldry ; the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave :
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour ;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”—

DEDICATION TO THE INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

Inhabitants of the United States,

WHEN a wanderer, in ancient times, happened to reach the confines of Scythia, if he entered the tent of one of the chiefs of that nation, and implored protection, the chief took him under the shadow of his wing, and sheltered him from harm ; till time and the hour had shewn, whether or not the stranger was likely to prove an acquisition of benefit to the country, which had taken him into her bosom.

If the stranger’s conduct was praise-worthy, he was received and honoured as a citizen ; if not, he was driven out from Scythia with disgrace. In either case the chief was applauded for having afforded to his country the opportunity of being benefited.

May I be allowed to claim the protection of the inhabitants of America to be extended to this little tale, on the same terms, that the stranger, of old, claimed it from the Scythian chief ? If there be any thing just, or honourable, or useful, or of good report in it, will the people of America gild it with the rays of their patronage ? If it be a thing of nought, let them leave it to sink in the shades of everlasting night, as though it had never been.

The route of Edward through the highlands of Scotland, as far as relates to the scenery of the country, is correct, and described from actual observation on the spot. The description of this route appeared in print, on the other side of the Atlantic, while the Wan-

derer was yet a beardless boy ; but as that book contained much extraneous matter, and was, also, objectionable in some parts, and has been long since out of print, it is presumed that I may be suffered to present the chief incidents of that perambulation, to the reader, in a more compressed form, without incurring the charge of needlessly obtruding upon the public, that which is already open to their inspection.

All the parts of the work, excepting those, which describe the fair face of nature, are to be considered as appertaining to a moral tale, that is, a fictitious narrative, delineating human characters, and appealing to the human heart.

Inhabitants of America,

I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant,

And devoted well-wisher,

New-York, Nov. 6, 1806.

THE WANDERER.

MOTTO FOR THE TALE.

1

And yet poor Edward was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye ;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
Silent when glad, affectionate, though shy,
And, now, his look was most demurely sad,
And, now, he laughed aloud, yet none knew why :
The neighbours star'd, and sigh'd, yet blessed the lad,
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad."

2

" Yet why should I his childish feats display !
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped ;
Or roam'd, at large, the lonely mountain's head ;
Or where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep, untrodden groves his foot-steps led ;
There would he wander wild, 'till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the westren cliff, releas'd the weary team."

3

" In truth, he was a strange, and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight ;

Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene
 The Southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 Even sad viscissitude amused his soul :
 And if a sigh would, sometimes, intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control."

CHAPTER I.

Edward's birth—His mode of training—A drowned woman—A pie woman's opinion of the last day—Edward, his tutor and globes—Edward's tutor dismissed—Edward's first interview with Mary—Their mutual love—A little poem—Edward leaves Mary—Their last interview—A consultation of physicians—Letter from Mary to Edward.

EDWARD was a younger son of an ancient family in England; his mother died, while he was yet in early infancy. His elder brother who was some years older than him, being, according to the law of primogeniture and entail prevailing in Britain, to succeed to the hereditary estate, was, of course, trained up in the ordinary mode of breeding the elder branches of aristocratic houses; that is, he was very soon made to understand, that he was born to rank and fortune, and that it was not necessary for him to know any thing else than how to perform the exterior of a gentleman; to live in splendour, to maintain an ostentatious establishment, to provide an heir for the family estate, to sleep in the vault of all his ancestors, and to be speedily forgotten.

As he was much older than Edward, his intercourse with his brother was very little, and soon faded into nothing. It was necessary, however, to give Edward an education, which might fit him for some active employment. Edward's father was an accomplished scholar and a finished gentleman; he had been, himself, a younger son, and came to the family estate by the death of the elder branches of the house; he determined to train Edward up for public life, and give him an ample range of knowledge. For this purpose he kept a clergyman of the English church in his house to officiate in the capacity of Edward's tutor. This ecclesiastic was deemed to be a good scholar, that is, he knew the Latin and Greek tongues pretty accurately, and was well versed in the theology of his own particular sect.

It was the express injunction of Edward's father, that the boy should be induced to learn by mild and gentle treatment. The tutor, however, thought otherwise, and endeavoured to enforce the validity of his precepts by harsh and surly frowns, by magisterial and au-

thoritative tones, and the occasional aid of blows ; all which produced no other effect on Edward, than to induce so utter a dislike of all learning, that at the age of five years he, literally, could not repeat the alphabet. Edward's father being much engaged in public life, was seldom at home, and, consequently, saw but little of his child. In the commencement of Edward's sixth year his father came down to the family mansion to spend the summer months in the country. Soon after his arrival he inquired into the state of Edward's intellectual progress, and was informed by the tutor that the boy was such an incorrigible dunce and blockhead, that it was impossible to make him comprehend even the first rudiments of education. He questioned the tutor as to his mode of instructing, and found, that it was rather calculated to inspire the child with meanness and with fear, than to expand his mind and to render his heart benevolent.

He therefore desired, that the experiment of gentleness might be tried, and taking care, himself, to superintend the ecclesiastic, and to sooth the boy with kindness, he speedily planted in Edward's bosom a desire for the attainment of knowledge, which was never afterwards eradicated. In the course of a single month Edward could read English fluently, and entered on the study of the Latin tongue. His tutor now saw where his power over his pupil lay, and by kindness led him on rapidly through the fields of improvement. Indeed, his life was now one continued round of instruction ; his time being chiefly spent in reading, or in rambling about his father's domains, and asking questions concerning every object which he saw.

An impetuosity of temper, and a quickness in discerning the weakness of the character of others, without guarding himself from danger, and a romantic, untempered generosity, together with too boundless a confidence in the virtue of others, were soon observed to be the principal features of Edward's mind.

This character was formed chiefly by the mode, in which the few first years of his life were passed. His father's uniform kindness, and earnest care to give him an early taste for the charms of nature, rendered his heart full of sensibility and always alive to the calls of compassion and affection ; while it made him impatient of restraint, and full of indignation when treated harshly by others.

While yet in his sixth year Edward, one morning, took an opportunity of sallying forth into a neighbouring village ; and, seeing a great crowd assembled on the banks of a river, thitherward directed his steps. When he had made his way to the foremost

row of the people, he saw, lying extended on the grass, a middle-aged woman, of a large size, dead ; her countenance was pale and emaciated ; her eyes were open, and starting forward from their sockets, and the ghastly smile of death upon her livid lips was rendered more impressive by a light circle of foam, which lay round her mouth : this woman had been recently drowned. Edward shrieked fearfully at the sight of this dead corpse, and was soon carried home by some of the mob, who recognized his person.

When he arrived at home his father inquired into the cause of his terror ; and, gently, raised his courage, and dispelled his fears, by making him comprehend that a dead corpse could not possibly do him any injury. When Edward's alarm had subsided, his father took him by the hand, and led him out on the terrace before the house, and, sitting down on a rude rural seat, which commanded the view of a lovely country, rich with cultivation and adorned with verdure, thus addressed him.

“ Edward, that poor creature, whom you saw lying dead on the banks of the river, was a woman, whose intellect was below the common standard ; it should always be the pride of man, his chief ornament and grace, to protect and to be kind to the female sex, and particularly so when they are more than ordinarily weak and helpless ; as was the case with this wretched woman. This female lived in the house of her brother, who was a mechanic in that village, which you see spread out in the valley beneath your feet. A distant relation in London left this woman a little property, which her brother wished to convert to his own use. He, therefore systematically starved his sister, by denying her all access to food in his own house, so that she was compelled to roam the streets at night, and pick up any scanty offal, which might have been thrown out of the doors of the cottagers. The decay of her frame, however, did not keep pace with his impatience for her death ; and, last night, he dragged her down to the river yonder, and there drowned her. He forced her into a shallow part of the stream, where the water was scarcely sufficient to cover her face as he held her down.

It was midnight, all around was hushed, save that the sullen gale brought slowly on the wind the soleran tolling of the village clock, as it sounded the knell of the departed day ; and, now and then, at unfrequent intervals, the hoarse baying of the watch-dog's distant growl rolled its faint murmurings on his ear, when this unrelenting fiend performed the work of death upon the daughter of his mother. Beneath the pale glimmering of the moon, whose

wan, unwarining rays pointed out to him the convulsive, conflicting agonies of his sister's countenance, as she supplicated for mercy, and implored for life; while he unmoved by her shrieks and groans, as she lay writhing in the pangs of death, held her down steadily with an extended arm, till he deemed that her life was no more. He raised his murderous arm, the body of his sister rose slowly floating on the stream; he thought that it moved, as yet in sign of life; he grasped it once again, and held it firmly fixed unto the bottom of the river's oozy bed, till he was well assured that the waters of bitterness had gone over her soul, and that her spirit was no longer an inhabitant of earth.

He then left her floating on her watery bier, and returned unto his own house; his wife, who was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, asked him, mildly, where he had been, and where his sister was. He grinned horrible a ghastly smile, and said—What, you are suspicious are you? but I will take especial care of your tongue; dead people tell no tales.—Saying which he dragged his wife from her bed, and strangled her with his own hands as she lay on the floor: he replaced the body in bed, and was proceeding to leave the house, in order to abscond; but some of the neighbours, who had heard a noise, occasioned by the struggles of the woman before she was quite murdered, gathered round the door, and secured him. This morning he has made a full confession before a magistrate, and is committed for trial at the next assizes.

Now, Edward, let this circumstance teach you, first, that throughout your life, you never stoop to use a woman ill, and, secondly, that all guilt is absolute folly and ignorance, always defeating its own end; this man thought, that by killing his sister, he should secure her property to himself; but he was mistaken in his calculation; the murder of his sister brought on the murder of his wife, and he is now on his road to the gallows to forfeit his life to the laws of his country."

This scene and his father's words made an indelible impression upon Edward's mind; and gave much of the hue and colouring to that complexion, which clothed his after life.

Edward now told his father, that he saw a poor boy, about fourteen years of age, brought down by his uncle to be cured of the scrofula by touching the eyelids, nose and chin of the drowned woman; that the boy screamed and cried in an agony of horror, beseeching, that he might not be compelled to touch the dead corse; but his uncle forced him to come in contact with the body. Edward's father then represented to him the absurdity of such a proceeding,

and taught him the folly of superstition in such strong colours, that Edward never forgot their impresssion ; but always endeavoured to fan the flame of devotion in his heart by the breath of pure religion, separated from the obscure and misty notions of ignorant fanaticism. His father bade him remember, even unto his dying day, that whenever it was possible to reason upon any matter offered to his consideration he should do it, and when human reason had no ground, on which to act, he should bow in silence and with all humility, before the hidden misteries of God, and the unsearchable secrets of his wisdom ; that belief was a sacred, individual right, and that he must never presume to attempt to force his creed down another's throat, but must treat with respect the religious opinions of all orders and all sects of men.

Edward glided all cheerily down the current of existence, rapidly improving in all the elements of knowledge, when, in the commencement of his ninth year, happened a little occurrence, which served to confirm his father's precepts, as to the absurdity of superstition. According to custom, he one day, repaired to the shop of an old pie-woman, in order to purchase some pastry ; while he was there, and while two or three poor women were also in the act of buying some small wares, clouds thick and heavy darkened the sky, the storm rolled onward, and a most terrible tempest of rain and hail shook the crazy habitation of the pastry-cook to its very centre.

The old woman, whose religion was not entirely free from the obscurity of superstition, was very much alarmed, and, in good truth, believed that the world was immediately to be at an end, and that the day of judgment was now come, she had been often told by the worthy clergyman of the parish, who knew not the meaning of the text, that charity covereth a multitude of sins ; and in order to save her soul from everlasting perdition, she was determined to do a violence to her long confirmed habits of parsimony, to put on a compelled liberality, and give an alms before she died. She, therefore, earnestly besought Edward, and the females who were present, to eat as much pastry and ginger-bread as they could devour ; at the same time assuring them, that it should not cost them a single farthing.

"The Lord have mercy upon me ! there, my dear, do eat this tart—Our Father, which art in Heaven—here, Molly, take this plumb cake.—I believe in God the Father—Lord ! how fierce the lightning is ! what shall I do ? Here, Betty, take this lump of barley sugar, and swallow it as fast as you can for your life.—O ! what a dreadful clap of thunder !—Good Lord deliver us."—In the

midst of all her terror and alarm, this pious woman, observing that Edward, with the utmost unconcern as to the scene around him, was very speedily devouring her pastry, could not refrain from exclaiming,—“Dear me, how much that boy eats! Why he will swallow as many tarts as cost a shilling.”

Here another peal of thunder, with a vivid flash of lightning, called off her attention from Edward, and roused afresh all her horrors as to the situation of her own soul, and she began, with reiterated vigour, again to scream out her ejaculations of devotion, and again to press upon her company the necessity of their eating out her salvation.

This exhibition had lasted a considerable time, when the clouds began to roll away upon the retiring blast, and the storm abated. The devout vender of gingerbread peeped out at the window, and said—“Bless me I do not think that the world will be at an end this bout.”—Saying which, she grew vigorous upon the conviction, that the day of judgment was put off, and forthwith, clapping her back to the door, she swore stoutly that no one should leave her shop until every article, which had been eaten, was paid for, to the uttermost farthing.

The poor women rather than incur the pastry-cook’s anger, submitted to her will, and paid for all the trash that had been actually forced down their throats, in order to prepare the way to Heaven for the religious fabricator of pies. But Edward, when called upon to pay his share of the reckoning, said—“No, not a single farthing will I pay, you gave me the cakes and tarts in order to save yourself from hell, and I ate them purely for the good of your soul; and if you do not immediately let me out of your shop, I will break every window in your house, and dash to pieces all your sweet-meats and jellies.”—Terrified by this threat, and alarmed at the danger offered to her property, the old woman dismissed him with many a benediction, and comforted herself by telling him that he would certainly be turned over unto Satan, and be everlastingly tormented for his wickedness in not paying for the tarts which he had eaten.

Edward went home, and told his father what had happened; his father smiled, and bade him never forget the absurdity of the old woman, in thinking that she could impose upon God, and thus cheat herself into heaven by forcing a few tarts down the throats of her customers, during the violence of a thunder-storm.

Edward’s father was, as usual, in London, during the winter, and left Edward alone in the country to the care of his tutor. One

afternoon, while Edward was yet in his ninth year, he entered his father's study, and, happening to cast his eyes upward, saw a mahogany shelf fastened to the wall near the ceiling, and two green cloth covers which concealed from his view the things which stood on the shelf. Edward immediately proceeded to place a table under this shelf, and, to pile up stools and chairs in successive order upon the table, and climbed up, in order to discover what was hidden under the green cloths. With his left hand he grasped the iron clamp, which fastened the shelf to the wall, and slinging the whole weight of his body suspended by his left hand, he proceeded with his right to lift up the veil, which concealed the object of his investigation from sight; while he was in the act of elevating the veil the iron clamp gave way, and down came the shelf, and Edward, and the chairs, and the stool and the table to the ground in one great crash of destruction. Edward now perceived, that the objects of his curiosity had once been two large globes, a celestial and a terrestrial globe; but that now the lakes, and rivers, and seas, and hills, and valleys, and the sun, and moon, and stars, and signs of the zodiac, were scattered over all the floor in irregular and wild confusion.

The noise of this downfall brought the tutor into the room. What have you been doing, you little mischievous brat? said the ecclesiastic, trembling with rage.—Edward. I have pulled down this shelf, Sir, and broke these globes to pieces.—Tutor. You shall be locked up in the great library till your father comes down into the country.—Edward. Pray, do not lock me up in that horrid gloomy room, so far away from the house; let the appeal be made to my father, and let him pronounce the decree.—Tutor. Your father will not come down here these three weeks, and before that time shall have elapsed, you will have pulled the house down; why those globes cost a hundred guineas; therefore, say no more, but go quietly into the library, and be locked up.

To this proposal Edward still demurred, and the pious tutor, by main force, dragged him out of the room, and led him across a large yard to an old building, far remote from the house, and thrust him into the library, an old, gloomy, spacious, gothic apartment, thickly ranged round with paintings, and with books. Edward earnestly besought his tutor not to confine him in this dismal place; but in vain, the good clergyman turned the bolts of the lock into their rest, and departed.

Edward immediately examined if there might be any possibility of escaping; and having squeezed himself through the space left

by the upright iron bars, which guarded the western window of the room, that looked into a pleasure-garden, he had the mortification of finding, as he stood on a narrow ledge of stone, jutting out from the wall, that he was full forty feet from the ground, and that he would, inevitably, break his neck, if he leaped down ; he, therefore, retired into the room and closed the window.

It was the month of February ; the weather was cold, and the evening began to set in. Edward, in looking round the room had his attention arrested by a picture, as large as the life, which stood on the floor at the upper end of the library ; it was the representation of an assassin in the very act of plunging a dagger into the heart of a venerable old man, whose grey beard, and expressive supplicating look were particularly calculated to inspire the beholder with compassion ; the assassin had seized the old man by the throat, and wore the scowl of hell upon his terrific aspect. Edward was not altogether free from the terrors of superstition, notwithstanding his father's endeavours to guard him from its horrid evils ; for the nursery maids, and even the worthy tutor himself, had too often regaled him with tales of ghosts, and hob-goblins, and frightful spirits ; so that he had some very obscure and misty notions as to the existence of these ideal gentry.

The dim, disastrous twilight, which now obscured, and added to the accustomed gloom of the apartment, the solemn stillness all around, which was, at intervals, interrupted by the dismal shrieking of the bird of night ; and the horrid expression of the assassin's countenance on the picture, inspired more terror into Edward's heart than he had ever before experienced. All the stories of apparitions and of ghosts, which he had ever heard, rushed to his recollection, and the form of the murdered woman, which he had seen extended on the river's brink, casting the fixed glare of her deadly eye-balls upon him, and smiling ghastly with her livid lips encircled with foam, seemed to glide in bitter mockery before his entranced sight.

The joints of his loins were loosened, his little knees smote against each other, his knotted and combined locks were parted, and each perpendicular hair upon his head stood erect, as quills upon the fretful porcupine, and in all the agony of conflicting terror he marched up to the picture, and, for a moment, assuming a courage, which he did not feel, he dashed his clenched fist through the canvass, and tore away the countenance of the assassin.

No sooner was this feat performed, than Edward recollected, that the picture was deemed a piece of great value, and he began to be

alarmed at the consequences likely to result from its destruction. This alarm, however, soon gave way to his ideal terrors of spiritual agents; and at length his frame sunk under the agony of those emotions, which rose in his soul, as the shades of night began to thicken, and the pale beams of the moon shot, at unfrequent intervals, through the clouds that obscured her course in the heavens, momentary, trembling streaks of light through the thick, painted glass of the Gothic windows of the apartment; these momentary, trembling streaks of light, which only served to cast a deeper, broader gloom over all the objects around, and to augment the misery of Edward's heart.

At ten o'clock at night, after eight hours duration in this dungeon, Edward was awakened from his trance, by the tutor shaking him roughly by the throat, and telling him that it was time to go to bed. The child's pale, wan cheek, and haggard aspect, made no impression on his preceptor, who menaced a repetition of this imprisonment, on the next, and every succeeding day, till Edward's father should come down into the country. The next morning, as soon as he rose, Edward went to his tutor, and told him how much he had suffered in the library, and, that he had dashed his hand through and destroyed the great picture, which stood on the floor, without a frame. At this the parson's wrath knew no bounds, and he declared, that he would lock up Edward in the library night and day till his father came.—*Edward*—"You may kill me, if you please, but you shall not carry me alive to that horrid place; or, if you do, depend upon it, that I will destroy every picture and every book in the room, altho' I am certain of perishing on the scaffold for it.

This menace saved Edward from a second introduction to the dungeon; and the tutor continued growling and grumbling about the globes and the picture, every day and every hour, till Edward, now thoroughly familiarized to the ecclesiastic's drowsy hum, cared no more about them, than he did for a shattered kite or a broken peg-top. At length, Edward's father arrived; and the tutor immediately entertained him with an account, that the boy had wilfully destroyed the globes, and, when shut up in the library, had, out of mere spite and malice, torn the great picture to pieces, and had, ever since, openly insulted his tutor, and set him at naught.—Give me leave, Sir, to hear what the boy has to say, if you please, said Edward's father; and forthwith sent for his son. When Edward entered the room, he flew directly into his father's arms, his eyes filled with tears, his heart beating with tumultuous throbs, and his tongue utterly unable to give utterance to his fear.

ings. His father embraced him tenderly, and then said, Edward, tell me what you have done to the globes, and to the great picture in the library.

Edward—I wished to see what was under the green covers in your study; and in endeavouring to accomplish this, I pulled down the shelf, and broke the globes to pieces; for this my tutor locked me up in the library, where I was so terrified, as the evening grew dark, with the apprehension of spirits and ghosts, that in the midst of my agony I dashed my hand through the picture. His father replied—Your climbing up to discover what was under the green covers in my study, was wrong; you should have asked some one to tell you what those covers concealed; but the mischief, which you did, falls upon your own head; for I bought those globes on purpose for you, and intended to present them to you on your next birth-day, when you was to have begun to study their use and import; you see, therefore, the great loss which you have sustained by your impetuous indiscretion. As for the picture, which you have destroyed, I do not blame you for that act; I could, never, myself, look upon the horrid expression of that assassin's countenance without shuddering. I am sorry that you was locked up in that gloomy apartment, the library; as it is, you have suffered more than enough already, and we will bury the whole in oblivion.

Edward's father again embraced his child, and, from that moment, bound ties round his heart, infinitely stronger than all the bonds of mere consanguinity, even the ties of affection, of gratitude, of honour, of esteem, of respect, of all but adoration, which mixed in each and in every pulsation of his heart, till that heart ceased to beat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

THE GLEANER. *A miscellaneous production, in three volumes 12mo.*
By Constantia. Boston: by Thomas & Andrews, Faust's Statue, 45 Newbury-Street. 1798.

IT must create, at least, a momentary surprise in the mind of the reader to see the review of a book, which has been published, now, nearly nine years, and which, long ere this, should either have forced itself into public notoriety, by its own merit, or have sunk, by the weight of its own intrinsic absurdity, into the vault of all the Capulets.

To remove such an objection, we shall briefly state the reasons, which induced us to animadvert upon the Gleaner.—First, it is written by a lady; and it has long been one of the first wishes of our hearts that the female intellect might be encouraged, in order that the companions of our softer hours might cease to be the mere play-things of our moments of idle relaxation, might rise from the degradation of only administering to the animal appetite of man, creation's haughty lord, to that rank in the scale of civilized society, which their capacities and their virtues so amply entitle them to claim:—Secondly, the fair Constantia professes to have written the Gleaner for the purpose of upholding and of supporting the cause of religion and of morality.

The book, now under review, is made up of essays, a most convenient form for the easy and the pleasant conveyance of instruction and delight to the reader. When Addison, in conjunction with some of his literary friends, began to publish the first numbers of the Spectator, the British nation presented a spectacle of the most barbarous and deplorable ignorance, among the higher and the middle orders of the people. Scarcely any gentleman, except among the three learned professions of divinity, law, and physic, and, here and there, a merchant, whose knowledge seldom or ever travelled beyond the purlieu of tare and trett, or soared to a higher flight of information than to bear engraven upon the tablets of his understanding the price of tea and of tallow, could write, or even spell their own names; and as for the ladies, they were absolutely forbidden to learn to read or to write, lest they should peruse, or indite love-lorn ditties from or to some designing swain,

and, by a clandestine marriage, pollute the blood, or frustrate the prudential calculations of their parents and guardians.

The labours of Addison, and the labours of those British essayists, who have followed Addison, have, perhaps, done more towards diffusing a taste for intellectual improvement, and all its concomitant benefits, among the people of Britain, than any other species of literary composition. Full seven tenths of every community must be so occupied in providing for the day that is passing over them, or in accelerating the progress of their actual employments, that they cannot find leisure or opportunity to study either extensively or profoundly. And shall the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time, never be unrolled to any of these numerous bands of society; shall they all stagger on, from the cradle to the grave, shrouded in the thick mists of ignorance; shall they all sink below even the level of the bestial herd?

No;—to all these the moralist and the philosopher extends the hand of kindness, and by transfusing the light of his midnight lucubrations into the pages of his periodical essays, brings home the duties and the decencies of life, the more refined pleasures of taste and of intellect, to the business and the bosoms of those men, whose footsteps tread not among the bowers, where elegance vies with splendour, and where science bids her children rise to more exalted sensations, than those which await the sons of ignorance and sloth.

Let us now see how the Gleaner has fulfilled the high and the responsible duties of the Essayist, let us see what of force or of elegance she has added to the language, what of ardour and of confidence to the virtue of America? In the dedication to John Adams, L. L. D. President of the United States of America, the second paragraph is *verbatim*, as follows:

“That benignity and dignified affability, which is, perhaps, inseparable from a truly noble mind, may be compared to the lucid veil, that, thrown around the orient beam, accommodates to our imbecile gaze those splendours, which might otherwise dazzle and confound; we trace with enkindling ardour the mildly tempered radiance, we learn to appreciate its worth, and spontaneously we bless its genial path.”

To comment upon such an assemblage of words, which have not even the semblance of the shadow of meaning, which are free from the imputation of any thing bearing the most distant similitude to sense, would, indeed, be a labour vain and ineffectual. If I were asked my opinion of this combination of harmless terms,

I should reply in the following words ;—a youth, one day, took upon himself to pester a lively girl with a most abundant effusion of bombastical expressions of his awkward love, and his uncouth attachment ; he spoke of Cupid, and of Venus, and of darts and flames, and piercing eyes, and broken hearts, and I know not what besides of skimble skamble stuff, so as to shake the fair one from her patience, and she replied,—All this, Sir, may be very sublime, for aught I know, but, indeed, it is very ridiculous.

If the *ci-devant* president Adams has been obliged to wade through this dedication, I do, indeed, pity him ; but if he really permitted, (as is asserted in the paragraph immediately succeeding that which I have quoted) the Gleaner to write such a dedication at him, he deserves, and he will doubtless receive, from all those who revere the cause of sound literature, sentiments far different from those of compassion. It should never be forgotten, that he, who sanctions by his encouragement a rebellion against all sense and taste in literary productions is, at least, as culpable as the immediate fabricator of the trash encouraged.

But although the Gleaner has bespattered the worthy ex-president all over with the spray of her dedication, yet as she comes forward in defence of religion and morality, a little, nay a great deal of nonsense might be pardoned or over-looked. To which I reply, that nonsense never did, and never can assist any cause ; it would be as easy to lift the earth with a fulcrum of ether as to keep alive any cause, which had only nonsense for its support.—But waving this argument in favour of nonsense, let us examine by what means Constantia performs her great services to the cause of morality and religion.

In her Essay on Education the Gleaner discovers that Solomon was a booby for recommending the use of the rod in rearing a child. After so many successive generations have paid the tribute of their homage to the superior wisdom of Israel's king, it is rather too late now even for a fair lady of Boston to step forward and tell us, that in the magnitude of her sagacity, and in the profundity of her penetration, she has discovered that Solomon was deficient in understanding.—This—(what shall I call it ?)—of the Gleaner, reminds me of Dr. Priestley's assertion, in one of his attempts to fritter away Christianity, and pare it down to a convenient size for the accommodation of his friends in the French National Convention, that *Jesus Christ was a very good sort of a man, but no philosopher*.—And M. Villers, in a discourse, which he read, about two or three years since, before the National Institute in Paris, says that Christ made his plan of religion too simple, he not

being able to calculate upon the probable consequences of his own system, and that if Paul had not espoused the cause of the infant sect, the religion of Jesus would never have been extended beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and would soon have gone out of itself, like the snuff of a candle.—I quote from memory, not having M. Viller's book at hand, and, therefore, I do not pretend to give the very words of the French *philosophe*, but the sentiment is correctly stated.

To be serious—if serious a man can be, while he surveys the awkward form, and witnesses the unwieldy gambols of self-sufficient ignorance and broad absurdity—it is necessary that the Gleaner should recollect, or, if she has never known, that she should now learn, that Solomon, when he recommended the use of the rod, merely alluded to a particular mode of punishment to designate the necessity of imposing a restraint upon the will of children, when they err through obstinacy and a spirit of mischief. It argues a complete ignorance of the heart, and of all human character, not to know that iniquity is bound up in the soul of every child, that is born into the world; that every child is shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin.

Suppose that a child refuses to obey the command of its parent or instructor, although every attempt has been made to convince its reason, and to win upon its heart by mild and gentle treatment;—in such a case, a case which all parents know must be of frequent occurrence, is no recourse to be had to bodily punishment?—In such a case the question comes to this issue, whether the child or the parent shall be master?—A question easily answered; for the child must be always directed and governed till it acquires sufficient strength of mind to govern and direct itself, or the whole human race will be inevitably involved in misery and in desolation.

Stubborn audacity, then, must be overcome; if it cannot be done by soothing, it must be done by force; but the force should always be administered with coolness and with temper, or it is no longer dictated by the love of justice, but is the offspring of fury and of passion, which only serves to corrupt and harden the child's heart, by compelling it to attribute its chastisement to the brutality of cruelty, and of superior bodily strength, and not to uprightness, punishing a fault, in order to prevent its future recurrence, and to promote both the temporal and the eternal welfare of the being, who momentarily suffers.

But there is yet a stronger objection to this flippant impertinence against Solomon; namely, that the Proverbs not only contain the

best and the most extensively useful code of moral wisdom, that is to be found among any of the writers who have adorned either ancient or modern times ; but, also, that the son of David was under the influence of the Holy Spirit when he penned these sage precepts. If this be not allowed, the whole basis on which Christianity rests, is taken away ; for if it be denied that the scriptures contain the revealed will of God, what is to induce our faith in Christ ? and if you deny the influence of the Spirit of God to one part of the scriptures, why not to another, and why not to all the parts ; where are you to stop ; who shall say unto you, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther ?—

The Proverbs of Solomon, then, may be still entitled to the praise of all wise and good men, notwithstanding he recommends a mode of training children, which is altogether conformable to the nature and structure of the human heart, and notwithstanding the Gleaner is of a contrary opinion, and says that—“ Solomon had lost that balance of equanimity, which is so proper to the philosopher.”—

We have, however, a still more unequivocal proof of the mode in which the Gleaner upholds the cause of morality and religion ; for the Gleaner has favoured us with a plain avowal of her religious sentiments in page 182, of the first volume, part of which I shall quote for the benefit of the reader.

“ He (*alias* she, the Gleaner) is free to own, notwithstanding the despotism of tradition, the prejudices of education, and the predominating sway of revered opinions, that he (*alias* she) cannot help regarding that plan as the most eligible, which represents the Father of Eternity as beneficently planning, before all worlds, the career of a race of beings, who, however they were immersed in ills, and, from the various vicissitudes of time, plunged into a series of misfortunes, were destined, nevertheless, to *progress* on to a state of never-ending felicity. Jehovah, while thus employing,”—&c. &c. &c.

Now, what is all this, but to confound all the distinctions between right and wrong ; to break down all the barriers, which separate virtue from vice ; to lift up the flood-gates of iniquity, and let out the waters of bitterness to overflow the land ?—A God all mercy is a God unjust.—Does the Gleaner believe in the scriptures ?—If she does, pray what does she understand by these words,—“ The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God ?”—or these—“ And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever ?”—and many other passages, both in the Old

and in the New Testament, particularly where our Saviour himself says—"It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?"—

Or does the Gleaner consider the scriptures as not entitled to any credence; does she despise them, and put them under the ban of her censure, as belonging—"to the despotism of tradition, and the prejudices of education?"—If she rejects the authority of the scriptures, how will she uphold the cause of morality; since all moral obligation must, for ever, rest upon the will of God, which will we can only know by consulting that book, wherein he has revealed it unto men?—If the Gleaner doubts this, let her endeavour to find another basis, upon which to rear the super-structure of moral obligation:—let her go and ask the sages and the philosophers of ancient and of modern days; let her go and explore the depths of Plato's illumined page, and fathom Tully's mighty mind; let her peruse with all diligence the lucubrations of Aristotle, and Xenophon, and Plutarch, and Epictetus, and Seneca, and Hume, and Beattie, and Paley, and a thousand other celebrated writers upon morals, and they will tell her that moral obligation is founded upon the—beauty of virtue—upon utility—upon expediency—upon the fitness of things, &c. &c.—But what do all these phrases mean?—Search again, and you will find that they all amount exactly to—*nothing*.—I have, more than once, after having been for a while dazzled and bewildered by the parade of words, and the specious reasoning displayed in the works of these ingenious and subtle disputants, and having, in vain, sought, by their aid, to find a firm and a durable foundation, on which moral obligation might rest, been tempted to apply to all their perplexities and to all their sophisms, an unlucky anecdote, which I heard, while yet a child;—An itinerant mountebank was perambulating the southern district of Britain, and regaling the rustic inhabitants of the villages, through which he passed, with an account of the moon and its inhabitants, its trees, and lakes, and seas, and running streams, its beasts, and feathered fowls; all of which he declared roundly, that he saw by peeping through a telescope, which he held in his hand, and which, ever and anon, he gave his eye. This exhibition had continued some time, and the wandering philosopher was astounding the credulous multitude, and beguiling them of their pence, when a countryman unfortunately happened to say—Why, 'neighbours, I don't see, but what I am as near the moon as that

there fellow, with all his glasses.—This observation dispelled the charm; the mob seized the quack, broke his telescope, and ducked him in the kennel, so plentifully, that he never after saw either fish, fowl, or beast in the moon.

It would appear but little better than trifling, to waste much time or many words in remarking upon the language of a book, whose contents are of so very reprehensible a nature; I shall, therefore, merely observe, that the style is, in general, stiff, forced, inelegant, coarse, affected, and feeble; and, oftentimes, incorrect; the use of the word "*approbated*" for approved,—"*ingenuity*" for ingenuousness; and much more of the same sort, sufficiently proves, that the Gleaner must not be considered altogether as a model of accurate writing; neither are these deficiencies, which occur in almost every page, to be attributed to the haste and carelessness wherewith the essays were written, for the fair author tells us in the preface that—"With such sentiments I shall not be suspected of writing hastily, or carelessly. The truth is, I have penned every essay as cautiously as if I had been assured my reputation rested solely upon that single effort."—Since this is the case, it is necessary for us to inform the Gleaner, that the words—"them" (*anglicè* those) "blessed drops,"—cannot be considered as English.

But a truce to this; I am wearied with stooping down to rake in the kennel for impurities.—To the Gleaner, religion and morality may well say

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."—

AN INQUIRY into the Effects of our Foreign Carrying Trade, upon the agriculture, population, and morals of the country.—By COLUMELLA. *A Pamphlet. New-York, Printed by D. & G. Bruce, for E. Sargeant, 1806.*

COLUMELLA devotes the pages, now, under review, to the very laudable purpose of endeavouring to open the eyes of his countrymen to their own truest and best interests. In order to ascertain the effects produced by our foreign carrying trade, he lays down these *data* for his reasonings, namely, that every nation should pursue the three following objects, 1st. The possession of domestic independent funds capable of supplying all the means of enjoyment, which contribute to the happiness of man.—

2dly. A population, so numerous, and extended, as to employ these internal resources to the greatest advantage, and to render them secure against all foreign aggressors.—3dly. Virtue in the utmost extent of the term.

The means of obtaining these desirable ends, Columella tells us, are,—1st. Agriculture.—2dly. Manufactures, (the natural commerce, which gives vent to the surplus produce of these two employments of labour being supposed always to attend them).—3dly. A foreign carrying trade.

Columella, then, proceeds to show, that agriculture is the best and the most productive employment, which a people can follow ; that manufactures rank next in the scale of utility ; and that the foreign carrying trade is the most injudicious mode of using national industry.

To a certain extent, the inferences drawn by Columella, are just ; there can be no doubt that agriculture has a tendency to produce a more abundant, and a more healthy population, than that which springs from manufactures : but agriculture and manufactures act and re-act upon each other for their mutual benefit. For the greatest and the most important branch of the commerce of every nation, is that which is carried on by the inhabitants of the towns with those of the country. The townsmen draw from the people of the country the rude produce, for which they pay, by sending back into the country a part of this rude produce manufactured, and prepared for immediate use. Or, in other words, this trade between town and country consists in a given quantity of rude produce being exchanged for a given quantity of manufactured produce. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to diminish, in any country, the progress of manufactures, has also a tendency to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and, consequently, to cripple the efforts of agriculture.

In young, and lately established countries, however, where the population is not, as yet, sufficient to answer the demand for labour, it is, perhaps, more adviseable to confine their attention, chiefly, to the raising of rude produce ; because they can import manufactured goods from an old country at a cheaper rate than they can rear them in their own ; and they will more rapidly increase the strength and wealth of their people by so doing, than by consuming a larger quantity of capital in raising manufactured goods of a worse quality, and at a higher price, than that for which they can bring them from abroad. Besides, as the wages of labour are so

high, and land so cheap, in this, (and in all new countries) there is a continual bounty offered to the labourers, to leave their masters, and go and buy land, and till it for themselves; since every man, who has any proper feeling about him, would rather labour for himself and his family than for a stranger. Whence the manufacturers would be liable to frequent interruptions in their proceedings, and suffer much prejudice in their trade, enhancing the price, and deteriorating the quality of their wares; all which evil must, ultimately, fall upon the consumers, and, necessarily, entail a burdensome impediment on the productive exertions of the community.

The United States, therefore, it should seem, would do well, not anxiously to endeavour to force the production of manufactures before an effectual demand shall be made for them by the increase of population, by the more minute division of labour, and by the more complete filling up of the other channels of trade and agriculture. Nay, perhaps, it would be wiser for the Americans to confine themselves chiefly to the raising of raw materials, and let Europe continue to be the work-shop, where those materials might be manufactured; because experience has uniformly shewn, that no nation has ever yet carried its manufactures to any great extent, without introducing and continuing a very alarming quantity of misery and disease, decrepitude, vice and profligacy among the lower orders of the people; and this, to one, who measures the strength and the greatness of a nation by the virtue, the prosperity, and the happiness of the people, seems too great a price to pay for the privilege of manufacturing a few yards of broad-cloth, or a few pieces of muslin. But as the introduction of manufactures into a country, and their extended increase in that country, generally ensures large masses of money to individuals, it is not to be expected, that the mere circumstance of manufactures being destructive of the virtue, the health, and the happiness of the labourers employed in such manufactories, will ever be of sufficient moment to deter any nations from introducing and establishing these nurseries of individual wealth and of general misery, among themselves, whenever an opportunity for so doing shall offer itself,

Columella paints, in high-wrought colours, the precarious condition of a nation, which subsists, merely, by the foreign carrying trade; and declares, that, although it might derive great gains from such a mode of commerce, yet it would be destitute of all the internal resources, which render a country independent and respectable. Columella might make himself easy, as to his apprehensions about

America ever becoming a mere carrying nation ; since no country, ever has been, or ever can be supported by the foreign carrying trade alone ; because that part of the capital of any country, which is employed in the carrying trade, is altogether withdrawn from supporting the productive labour of the carrying country, to support that of some foreign countries. Though it may replace, by every voyage, two distinct capitals, yet neither of those capitals belongs to the carrying country. The capital of the American merchant, which carries the cotton of Surinam to France, and brings back the wines and silks of France to Surinam, replaces by every such operation two capitals, neither of which had been used to put in motion the productive industry of America ; but one of the capitals had supported the productive labour of Surinam, and the other that of France. The profits only return to America, and constitute the whole addition, which such a trade necessarily makes to the annual produce of the land and labor of this country. Consequently, no country can subsist by the use of the carrying trade, alone, to the entire abandonment of other modes of industry.

It must not, however, be concealed, that, when the carrying trade of any given country is carried on with the ships and the sailors of that country, that portion of the capital employed in the trade, which pays the freight, is distributed among, and puts in motion a certain number of productive labourers in that country.

Columella points out agriculture, and internal commerce, as the means best fitted to promote the permanent strength and prosperity of America. His arguments are, in themselves, good, and arrayed in terms clear, concise, and forcible. His notion, however, that—“ our country can afford room for the most rapid increase of population, which the nature of man will admit, to an incalculable extent of time,”—is a mistake in æconomics, which he will soon learn to rectify by a more careful research into the principles of population.

Columella enters into detail, as to the ill effects arising to America from the *carrying* trade, in discouraging agriculture, retarding the progress of population, introducing luxury and dissipation, and opening a wide door for the entrance of dishonesty and fraud. This part of the argument, although much labored, and urged with spirit, is not altogether correct, for the *carrying* trade can only injure agriculture by withdrawing labourers from tillage ; but America is so fully cultivated, and her granaries are so abundantly stored, as sufficiently to supply the demand both of the home and of the foreign markets ; neither does the *carrying* trade retard the progress of po-

pulation, it chiefly employs the super-abundant labourers, which swarm in the New England States, that *immense manufactory* (to borrow a phrase from Montesquieu), of children ; neither can the carrying trade introduce luxury and dissipation ; for its profits are less than those, either of the home-consumption trade, or of the direct, or the round-about foreign trade : and as to opening a door for dishonesty ; this effect can be produced only by the tendency, which the carrying trade has to degenerate into the *covering* trade, the profits of which must, from the very nature of its dishonourable and nefarious traffic, combined with its risque, and hazard, be great ; and, as wealth ill-gotten, and rapidly acquired, is apt to make unto itself wings, and fly away, the *covering* trade necessarily introduces luxury and dissipation, together with deceit and iniquity.

Indeed Columella inveighs against the *covering* trade, and justly ; for, both in principle and in practise, it militates against every principle of common justice and of common honesty, and degrades and debases human nature. Neither should it be forgotten, that when once a nation breaks down the barriers of moral honour, and confounds truth with falsehood, and deceit with uprightness, that nation is at no great distance from destruction.

Columella inveighs, with considerable acrimony, against, what he calls, the present alarming want of the principles of common honesty, among the merchants of this country.—But he seems not to have sufficiently considered the necessary tendency of trade itself to warp men from that erect aspect of honour, which shrinks, like the sensitive plant, from the least shadow of approach towards ought that bears the most distant resemblance to tricking and shuffling, and charges upon the American merchant that obliquity of principle, which is, perhaps, almost inseparably attached to the very nature of commerce. That wild spirit of speculation, which the prospect of great and of rapid gain engenders, is too apt to pervade all trading communities, and to induce the merchant to consider Mammon as his God, his ledger as his bible, and to have no faith but in his banker : This spirit of selfishness and of avarice can only be counteracted by a high sense of moral obligation, arising from the continual conviction of our being accountable for our actions to a higher tribunal, than that of the market or the exchange. It is not therefore, in general, to be expected, that merchants will be induced by any argument, short of actual force, to prefer the remote and prospective good of their country, to their own immediate gains. The histories of Tyre, and Carthage, and Venice, and Holland, and England, amply prove the truth of this position ; and the pure patrio-

tism of American traders is not so great, nor so exalted, as to induce us to imagine, that they will ever desist from the *covering* trade, while such a trade fills their own private coffers, merely because that trade injures the best interests of their country, and threatens to involve her in a war, whose ruinous effects will be seen and felt in the misery and the desolation of a great portion of her people, for a long series of years to come.

Columella's language is, in general, neat, elegant, clear, and sometimes spirited. He however, uses the words *will* and *shall*, *would* and *should*, as if they were convertible, which is not the case.— Upon a careful perusal of this pamphlet we have no hesitation in declaring, that Columella has deserved well of his country, by presenting to it a production, which combines literary excellence with æconomical research.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

HUMAN life is not made up of a series of illustrious actions, nor of a tissue of elegant enjoyments ; by far the greater portion of our allotted time is consumed in bowing to petty necessities, in fulfilling daily and hourly duties ; in fencing off minute inconveniences, and in the attainment or the pursuit of little pleasures ; and our happiness is abundant or scanty, in proportion as the general current of existence flows all cheerily down its channels, or is ruffled and polluted by the intervention of trifling obstacles, and frequent interruptions. The true condition of every nation, therefore, can only be learned by a knowledge of its state of common life.

The manners of a people do not appear, either in the retreats of the learned, or in the palaces of the great ; for there the national character is clouded, or annihilated by insolence and affectation ; neither the feasts of the wealthy, nor the glittering crowds of the vain and the indolent form the gage of public happiness. The great mass of population, in every country, can neither be rich, nor gay ; the individuals, whose aggregate constitutes the people, must always be found in the streets and in the fields, in the farms and in the stores ; and from them, collectively considered, must we obtain the measure of general prosperity. In proportion as these individuals advance towards delicacy is a nation refined, and in proportion as their standard of morality is high must a nation be esteemed virtuous.—

And not only is it, that very few are involved in great events, or suspend the fate of armies or of nations upon their own personal exertions ; but even those, who tread the stage of public life, and appear to the vulgar eye to be far aloof from all common cares and all ordinary enjoyments, must consume the greatest portion of their life in familiar occupations, and in domestic pursuits ; from these scenes they advance into public life, and to these scenes they are continually recalled by a power not to be resisted, even by the passions and the feelings of our common nature ; in these scenes must they seek the recompence of their labour, and to them must they retire, when wearied, but not satiated, with the efforts of intellectual greatness.

All participation of the joy, and all sympathy for the sorrow of others arises from an effort of the imagination, which, for the time, realizes, to our feelings, the events, which we contemplate, or the narrative, which we peruse. In consequence, we must be affected, in proportion as we can recognize the pains or the pleasures proposed to our observation, by considering them as incident to our own condition in life. No writer, however skilful in his calling, can easily rouse our interest in the bliss or the woe, which we never, ourselves, expect to feel, and which we have, ourselves, never experienced. Whence the histories of the decline and the fall of kingdoms, and of the revolutions of empires, are read with great calmness and tranquillity. For these summary and rapid narratives, which involve the fortunes of myriads of the human race in the operations of a single day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great transaction, can impart but few lessons of practical application to private life, which takes the hue and the colouring of its happiness or its misery from the judicious or the negligent management of minute circumstances, and of petty occurrences, that can find no place in those relations, which are seldom conversant with aught below the movements of armies, the dark plottings of cabals, or the consultations of cabinets. History gives us only the great outline of mortality ; it shews men, as it were in a masquerade, armed at all points for the combat of death ; or decked and varnished for the senate or the court. She rarely shews to us the throbbings of the human heart, or levels individual character to common apprehension, or brings home the sentiments of the statesman or the warrior to the business and the bosoms of ordinary men.

But biography unfolds the human character, and lays open to view the inmost recesses of the human heart ; because it follows the subject of its contemplation into the chamber and the closet, attends him in the bosom of his family, and sees him in all the undress of life, fulfilling the domestic charities and the dear relations of father, husband, son and brother. Biography introduces us to an intimacy of acquaintance with our fellow-men, and presents us with that strange medley of contradictions, that bundle of inconsistencies, which constitute the human animal. We see man made up of vices and of virtues, of wisdom and of folly, of weakness and of strength, and we recognize our fellow ; we cast our mind's eye inward upon ourselves, and find, that as face answereth to face in a glass so doth the heart of man to man.

Perhaps, few men have ever existed, a well-written narrative of whose life would not be useful. For we are all formed of the same clay, cast in the same mould, fashioned in the same lineaments, and put in motion by the same great master springs of action, the feelings and the passions of the heart ; and, consequently, must all, in some degree, be benefited by a recital of the sagacity and the error, the success and the misfortune, the exertion and the indolence of others.

It is the business of a biographer to pass rapidly over those incidents and those actions, which constitute vulgar greatness, and to dwell slightly upon the horrid atrocities of those, who wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind ; who cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war ; whose foot-steps are traced in the blood of myriads of their fellow-creatures ; and whose progress is marked only by the desolation of the fairest provinces of the earth. These horrible transactions, which are a libel on the understanding and the virtue of mankind, should be narrated with expressions of abhorrence, and the chief attention of the biographer directed to convey the reader into the privacies of domestic life, and to display the minute details of ordinary events, where all adventitious circumstances are done away, and men solicit our applause, or incur our censure, by prudence, or by carelessness, by integrity, or by baseness.

Biography, indeed, has been too often intrusted to men utterly inadequate to the undertaking. And these men have fancied that they were writing a life, when they were only giving a chronological series of actions, or of preferments, a mere detail of names and of dates, more barren of information than the Newgate Calendar, and alike free from the imputation of conveying any knowledge of human character, or of imparting any moral instruction. Bishop Warburton said justly of Mallet,—“ this fellow has written the life of Lord Bacon, and forgot that he was a philosopher ; he is going to write the life of the great duke of Marlborough, and no doubt will forget, that Marlborough was a soldier.”

The evil effects of iniquity or of folly, of untempered desires, and of unrestrained passions, are best set forth by those narratives, which descend to the level of ordinary life, and point out the means by which men have avoided misery, and acquired happiness. And, since, to portray man, as he really is, must ever be the province of the biographer ; and as the best qualified to stamp the character of a human being, must be ever the person, who is most intimately acquainted with that human being ; consequently, every

man of intellect is best fitted to be his own biographer. For he who relates the life of another, is too apt to dwell upon some few conspicuous events, to avoid all familiarity, to swell the grandeur of his tale, to shew his favourite through a magnifying glass, to array him in gorgeous trappings, and while he seeks to describe him as a demigod, so carefully conceals his humanity, that we cannot recognize him as a man.

Marshal Turenne says (and he says truly) that "no man was ever a hero to his *valet de chambre*." Much less, then, is a man a hero to himself. He who is removed to the greatest height above the crowd by the greatness of his power, or the loftiness of his genius, must always be affected by ambition or by fame, only as they influence the feelings of his heart, and contribute to his domestic happiness. All men, however elevated or degraded, are gifted with the same senses and the same faculties, differing, indeed, in degree, but the same in kind, and, in consequence, must bear a great resemblance to each other in their pleasures and in their pains. The sensations of anguish or of joy are the same in all, though called into action by very different circumstances. When Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, was driven from his throne, and reduced to the necessity of teaching a school at Corinth, he felt the same agony, the same sickness at the heart, as that, which corrodes the peace of the rustic, when he sees his little all consumed by the flames, or swept away by the rolling of the flood. Men thus, by the very constitution of their nature, equal in themselves, will appear equal in accurate and just biography; and those, whom the externals of fortune separate wide as the poles asunder, may yet afford improvement, and impart delight to the understandings and the hearts of each other.

Some of the most instructing and the most entertaining books, that have ever been penned, are to be found in the volumes of biography. Honest Plutarch, as Lord Shaftesbury calls him, has shewn to us the private character of the most renowned men of antiquity: and he must, indeed, be more or less than man, whose mind is not enlarged, and whose soul is not fired and elevated by the interesting, the animating memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, written by himself, who was one of the most accomplished gentlemen, and most profound statesmen, by whom, at that period, Europe was adorned.

Condorcet's life of Turgot, and of Voltaire; Roscoe's life of Lorenzo de Medici; Stuart's life of Robertson, and of Reid; and above all, the life of Agricola, by Tacitus; and many other

biographical narratives, are, in themselves, a perennial spring of information and of delight.

Such being the importance, and such the utility of biography, we earnestly request original communications of American excellence; accounts of those statesmen, who have established, and of those warriors, who have bled for the independence and the greatness of their country; of those divines, who have adorned the doctrines, which they taught; of those physicians, who have enlarged the boundaries of their most interesting science; of those lawyers, who have explained and illustrated the principles of jurisprudence; and we, also, particularly request, from our correspondents, accounts of two classes of men, who are generally over-looked by the *soi-disant* philosophers, but who are in reality, the two most substantial pillars, upon which every civilized community must always rest, we mean the merchants and the farmers. Memoirs of any one, who has multiplied the benefits of commerce, or has improved the agriculture of his country, will be most gratefully received by us; because the honourable aggrandizement of America, the permanent augmentation of her physical and her moral strength, and her rapid advancement to a proud and a preponderating situation in the great scale of nations, is a wish, that lies near unto our hearts, is a desire, which is entwined with the chords of our existence.

ANECDOTES.

SOON after the peace, or rather the hollow truce of Amiens, was concluded between the British and the French, the fashion of wearing whiskers on the face began to decline among the gentlemen of Britain. A young nobleman in the army made one in a dinner party, which Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish Advocate, graced with his presence. My Lord, said Curran, who observed that the young officer's cheeks were shaded with a most formidable grove of hair—my lord, when do you put your whiskers upon the peace establishment? When you put your tongue upon the *civil list*, sir—replied the captain.

SOME caution is requisite in passing our opinion upon strangers; a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee at the Court of St. James a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield—

pray, my lord, who is that tall, awkward woman, yonder? That lady, sir—replied Lord Chesterfield—is *my sister*. The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out—no, my lord, I beg your pardon; I mean that very ugly woman, who stands next to the Queen. That lady, sir—answered Lord Chesterfield calmly—that lady, sir, is *my wife*.

DAPPER Jemmy Boswell, one day, said to Samuel Johnson—Doctor, when I used to sit up with you late at night, and drink wine, it used to make my head ache. Johnson—Sir, it was not the wine, that you drank, which made your head ache. Boswell—Indeed! Doctor; you dont tell me so! Johnson—Indeed, sir, I do tell you so. Boswell—Then, what was it, doctor, which made my head ache? Johnson—The sense, that I put into it, sir. Boswell—What! doctor, does sense make the head ache? Johnson—Yes, sir, when the head is not used to it.

WHILE the troubles in Ireland were yet at their height, at the close of the last century, during the march of a regiment, the honourable captain P—, who had the command of the artillery baggage, observed, that one of the peasants, whose car and horse had been pressed for the regiment, did not drive as fast as he ought, went up to him, and struck him: the poor fellow shrugged up his shoulders, observed, that there was no occasion for a blow, and immediately quickened the pace of his animal. Some time afterwards, the artillery officer, having been out shooting all the morning, entered a cabin for the purpose of resting himself, where he found the very peasant, whom he had struck, at dinner with his wife and family: the man, who was very large, and powerfully made, and whose abode was solitary, might have taken fatal revenge upon the *honourable* officer; instead of which, immediately recognizing him, he chose the best potatoe out of his bowl, and presenting it to his guest, said—“There, your honour, oblige me by tasting a potatoe, and I hope it is a good one; but you should not have struck me; a blow is hard to bear.”

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

THE sentiments of poets are the sentiments of the human heart, embodied into words by superior sensibility and genius; poetical ideas are the pure feelings of the soul, of which every one is conscious, but which few can express; consequently every human being, endued with sensibility, and feeling, must be highly interested in, and greatly influenced by poetry.

There can be little doubt, that, if the works of the best poets were more generally studied and comprehended than they now are, the human character would not be so degraded by that callous coldness of heart, nor polluted by that vile vulgarity of vice, which, now, so often obtrude themselves upon our sight, in all the loathsomeness of their deformity; because the sentiments to be found in these books, if they are felt and understood, raise the mind to such a state of pure and of pleasurable excitement, that it cannot, possibly, while under their influence, descend to the contaminating degradation of grovelling and sensual iniquity, or to the despicable meanness of pitiful chicanery and fraud. Let any one observe the movements of his heart, while he feels the thrill of sublime delight, or of pathetic emotion, excited by some of the strains of Burns, of Beattie, of Thomson, of Milton, or of Young, and he will find, that they are all tuned to benevolence, to affection, to gratitude, to love, and to adoration of HIM, who rideth upon the wings of the wind; and that no base, selfish, or unworthy sensation can find its way into a mind occupied by such noble and exalted views.

He who acquires an early habit of delighting in and of studying the best poets, will never know that fatal hour when his heart-chords shall cease to vibrate to the sweet impulses of benevolence and of kindness. The sentiments of the poets are the most exalted and the most dignified sentiments of humanity, arrayed in the splendid garb of language the most forcible and impressive; whence all the emotions, which melt the glowing heart, or chain the soul in speechless pleasure, or dart rapture through each thrilling nerve, or raise the sigh of sorrow, and bedew the cheek with pity's tear at the prayer of want, and the plaint of woe, or lift up the mind to all the elevated feelings, which adorn and ennoble man, which render him a blessing to his fellow-men, and a zealous, faithful servant

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to his God, are called forth and roused into action, by the strains of our bards of higher fame.

“Then hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature’s true sons, the friends of man and truth !
 Whose song, sublimely bold, serenely gay,
 Amus’d my childhood, and inform’d my youth.
 O, let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe,
 For, well I know, wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.”—

Since such is the opinion, which we entertain of poetry, and of its beneficial effects, we shall always select from the communications of our correspondents, or from the best poets, which have adorned the republic of letters, those effusions, which have a direct tendency to inspire sentiments of magnanimity and of grandeur, to breathe into the heart emotions, tender as the first smile of love, and pure as its noblest fires, to heighten the lustre of moral honour, to chasten the passions, and to invigorate the understanding. The selection for this month, is as follows :—

BLINDNESS.

1

“Ah ! think, if June’s delicious rays
 The eye of sorrow can illume,
 Or wild December’s beamless days
 Can fling o’er all a transient gloom.
 Ah ! think, if skies obscure, or bright,
 Can, thus, depress, or cheer the mind ;
 Ah ! think, ’midst clouds of utter night,
 What mournful moments wait the blind.

2

“And who shall tell his cause of woe,
 To love the wife he ne’er must see ;
 To be a sire, yet not to know
 The silent babe, that climbs his knee.
 To have his feelings daily torn,
 With pain the passing meal to find ?
 To live distress’d and die forlorn,
 Are ills that oft await the blind.

3

" When to the breezy uplands led,
 At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
 He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
 While round him breathes the scented thorn.
 But, ah ! instead of Nature's face,
 Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd;
 Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
 Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

4

" If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
 'Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
 As the gay flower, withdrawn from light,
 Bows to the earth, where all must rest.
 Oh ! think, when life's declining hours
 To chilling penury are consign'd,
 And pain has palsied all his pow'rs,
 Oh ! think what woes await the blind."

 WOMAN.

1

" Let the hawk shew his wing, and each warbler shall cease,
 Let the north keenly rage, and each flow'ret shall close,
 Yet woman, sweet woman, more simple than these,
 Oft looks for protection to merciless foes,
 Oh ! may she, when lovers with fervency plead,
 All their glances, their sighs, and their vows disbelieve ;
 And if whinings and oaths to their flattery succeed ;
 Oh ! may she reflect, that e'en these can deceive !

2

" The dolphin, pursuing his swift-flying prey,
 Shews a thousand rich tints, which before were unseen ;
 So in love's glowing chace woman's foes oft display
 New ardors of mind, and new graces of mien ;
 But, yet, when new ardors, new graces arise,
 New arts are contrived to allure and enslave,
 And passion a path-way of roses supplies,
 O'er which the poor female oft trips to her grave.

3

" The man, who in dealing with man is correct,
 In dealing with woman a traitor shall prove ;
 Shall attempt to seduce, where he ought to protect,
 And blast with his sighs the sweet blossoms of love ;
 Then be firm, oh ye maids ! and the bold still repel,
 And with keen circumspection the artful disarm ;
 For man is a rattle-snake wily and fell,
 And you, the poor birds, oft destroy'd by his charm !"

DANGER.

" High o'er the headlong torrent's foamy fall,
 Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
 On the loose jutting rock, or mouldering wall,
 See where gaunt danger lays him down to sleep ;
 The piping winds his mournful vigils keep ;
 The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm ;
 Anon incumbent o'er the dreary deep,
 The fiend enormous strides the labouring storm,
 And 'mid the thunderous strife expands his giant form."

RETIREMENT.

1

" When in the crimson cloud of even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays ;
 Deep in the silent vale unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth, of placid mein,
 Indulg'd this tender theme.

2

" Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
 High o'er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale ;
 Where *Melancholy* strays forlorn,
 And *Woe* retires to weep,

What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the Western deep :

3

" To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew *Ambition's* eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep, in your most sequester'd bower,
Let me, at last recline,
Where *Solitude*, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

4

" How shall I woo thee, matchless fair ?
Thy heavenly smile how win ?
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove,
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing ?

5

" Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays ;
When fancy rov'd at large, nor care,
Nor cold distrust alarm'd ;
Nor envy with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

6

" 'Twas then; O *Solitude* ! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah ! why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy ?
O take the *Wanderer* home !

7

" Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;

My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
 Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose.

8

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly-warbling song,
 And balmy, from the bank of flowers,
 The zephyr breathes along ;
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

9

"But if some pilgrim, through the glade,
 Thy hallowed bowers explore ;
 O, guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell,
 That chains *this heart* below.

10

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread ;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,
 By guileful hope mislead ;
 Leaps my fond, fluttering heart, no more,
 To mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure, soon, is o'er,
 And all the past is vain.

SIXTH SECTION.

RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

NOW that we are entering upon the narrative of that contest of blood, which terminated in the emancipation of America from the British yoke, it will be necessary to make a few observations on the mode of writing history, so as to make it conducive to the improvement of the mind and the amendment of the heart. Nor will the introduction of these remarks appear impertinent to those who reflect on the general tendency of historic writings to encourage a wild spirit of military adventure, which is directly repugnant to all the best interests, and entirely subversive of the prosperity and the happiness of nations.

Without the accumulation of facts there can be no basis, on which to build the super-structure of reason; and it is of the most material importance that the human mind should acquire correct notions of the actual state of men in the different periods of society, and, also, in different countries, at the same period of time, that it might be able to appreciate the wonderful blessings of civilization, and to learn the sacred, the indispensable duty of obedience to properly ordained laws, and wisely regulated institutions.

It were, however, a consummation devoutly to be wished, that history could be somewhat diverted from her present course into her right channel, namely, the consideration of the *manners*, and *condition* of the *great mass of the people*, at different periods of time, marking out the causes which have increased or diminished the aggregate of human happiness in any given nation, and dwelling more slightly upon the horrible iniquity of those, who waded to sovereign rule through seas of blood, who ravage kingdoms, and lay waste empires, and in a cruel wantonness of power, thin states of half their people, and deliver the rest over as a prey to want and famine. These enormities should be passed over rapidly, and reprobated as a foul rebellion against the sovereignty of virtue and of humanity; while our chief attention should be directed by the historian to those means by which the knowledge, the happiness, the physical force, and the moral purity of mankind have been augmented and advanced.

But is this the line of conduct, which historians pursue?—No. —They are continually endeavouring to instil into our minds an

admiration and envy of the honour and glory of *warlike* nations ; that is, in other words, the *butchery* and the *murder* of mighty empires. Read the histories of Greece, of Rome, of France, of England, and you will read little else but one continued tissue of bloodshed and of murder. And these are celebrated by their historians, as splendid, brilliant, powerful nations ; but where does the phrase *happy* nation occur in all the records of those sages of literature ? Happiness dwelleth only in the tents of virtue and of peace ; she is frightened from those spots, where the sounding of the clarion to battle, and the trampling of armed hoofs is heard, where the blood-red banner of military desolation is seen to float upon the wings of the wind, and to over-shadow the earth with the sail-broad van of death.

Where are all the historians, who have been influenced by this hallowed, this sacred truth ? Have they not nearly all been wholly intent on describing battles, and victories, and armies, and triumphs ; the spoils of carnage, and the pomp of courts ; and on chaunting the drowsy song of heraldry, shewing how the blood of tyrants hath rolled its polluted, its execrable tide to a thousand thrones ; rather seeking to affix the names of *great* and of *glorious*, than of *just* and *good*, to kingdoms and to empires ? Have they not bequeathed to posterity a mass of gorgeous misery, and industriously varnished over the evils and the horrors of sanguinary and despotic princes ? Have they not hidden the deformity of vice from our eyes, by throwing over it the splendid veil of genius ?

Are not the *glorious* fields of slaughter, where men destroy and devour each other with rage more fell than that of tygers and of wolves, celebrated in the strains of eloquence, and in the song of the bard ? Are we not taught to dwell with rapture on the carnage of thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, by the sublimest efforts of commendation, which history, oratory, and poetry, can make in the mightiness of their power ? Can it be doubted that the following lines, and, indeed, nearly all of Homer's Iliad, a book, which we are all instructed to admire, but never directed *how* to admire, and what to detest, have done much injury to mankind by instilling into the young mind an early and an insatiable desire after *military glory* ?

“ Ως υπ’ Αχιλλῆος μεγαθυμοῦ μανυχῆς ἵπποι
 Στεῖβον ὅμι νεκρὰς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ’ ἄξων
 Νερθεν ἀπαξ πεπαλακτο, καὶ ἀντιγες αἱ περὶ διφρῶν,
 Ἀς ἀρ’ ἀφ’ ἵππων σπλεον ραβδαμύγες ἔβαλλον,

Αὐτ' ἀπ' ἐπιστρωτῶν, οὐδὲ μετὰ κυδὸς ἀρισθεῖαι
Πηλεΐδης, λυθρῶ δὲ παλάσσειτο χυρὰς ἀαπτῆς."—

"So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls,
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye :
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ;
And thick the groaning axles dropt' d with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood ;
Yet, still, insatiate, still with rage on flame ;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame."

But who that is apt to *think*, (and alas, there are not many such !) and not to be led away by *names*, and *sounds*, is not thoroughly shocked and disgusted by the images of blood, and of horror, and of human misery, which these lines call up ? How infinitely preferable are the following inimitable verses, which he, who can read without having his mind exalted and his heart amended, must be more or less than man ?

"Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρὰ φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σπληνὴν
Φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεῖα, ὅτε δ' ἐπλετο νημεὸς αἰθρῆς
Ἐκ τ' ἔφαινον πασαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρῶτον αἶρος
Καὶ ναυκαί· ἔβρανον δ' αὖ ὑπερραγὴ ἀσπετος αἰθρῆς,
Πάντα δὲ τ' εἰδεται ἀστρὰ γέγηθε δὲ τε φρενὰ ποιμῆν."

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

In the first of these quotations the mind is presented with every image, that can deform and debase its nature ; excite evil and un-

hallowed passions ; and transform man, the similitude of his Creator, into the likeness of a brute. In the second citation, those images only are called up, which have a direct tendency to elevate the understanding and to purify the soul ; to raise ecstatic bliss, and to rouse it to virtue ; to lead it through the noblest works of nature up to Nature's God.

But, to return from this digression ; if to present one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry, both ancient and modern, can be a digression from any subject—Is it not common in dedications to *great men* to praise them for famous victories and glorious conquests ; evils and crimes, whose deformities should either be buried in oblivion, or dragged forth to the detestation of mankind ? Does not the antiquarian devote his days and his nights to pore among the darkness of antiquity, in order to discover the *precise day* on which the battle of Cannæ was fought, or the straits of Thermopylæ defended ; and if that he fancies he can make plausible his ground of conjecture, does he not exult in his discovery ? And what has he discovered, even allowing that he has found, what it is more than probable he has missed ?—Why even this—he has cleared up the chronology of human iniquity, and has conveyed to posterity the records of violence and of crime.

How comes it to pass that the historian confines himself to the relation of instances of *splendid villainy*, and forgets to narrate examples of virtue, of mercy, and of benevolence ; of the means, by which a kingdom or a province was made to flourish in prosperity and in peace, and its inhabitants to dwell in the bosom of their families, rejoicing, each man, in the wife of his youth, and in the children of his love.

When Pericles, the Athenian, lay on his death-bed, with his eyes closed, his friends and relations, who stood round, thinking that he had actually breathed his last, began to bewail their loss, and to enumerate his virtues and his excellencies, his many splendid victories, his powers of eloquence, his wit, and a thousand other things, which their fondness for his memory recalled to their recollection.—Pericles, who had been listening to all that they said, answered—But, my friends, you forget the greatest of all my commendations, in comparison of which my triumphs, and battles, and eloquence, and wit, and power, are as nothing, remember,—*that no citizen of Athens has ever been obliged to wear mourning on my account.*

Where exists the monarch upon the earth, that can go out of the world with this speech of Pericles in his mouth ? Can any one

of them, with truth and justice, say,—*none of my subjects have worn mourning on my account?*

How do all the military and bloody achievements of that hero of France, the patriotic Henry the fourth, fade away into annihilation, when we compare them with the everlasting glory of his benevolence, that prompted him to utter this memorable speech, “I hope to live to see the day, when every poor man, in my kingdom, shall be able to put a fowl into his pot for his daily dinner?”

The Roman history has been an object of almost daily attention; and volume upon volume has been written, filling up vast and numerous recesses of knowledge and of erudition, to describe its wars, its ovations, and its triumphs; at what particular gate of the Imperial city an ovation went in, and that through which a triumphal procession passed; its shows, its spectacles, its chronology, its beast-fights, its gladiatorial butcheries, its buildings, its extent, and I know not what besides. But who has written upon the *happiness* of this nation? A subject to all wise and good men infinitely more interesting than a collection of the medals of all the Emperors, or a gathering together of the inscriptions of all the stones and of all the marbles, that ever did, or did not exist.

1

“And now, at length, to Edward’s ardent gaze
The Muse of *History* unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight, their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling virtue prompts the patriot’s rage,
But, yet, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th’ abandon’d urn!

2

“Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench’d in blood, and breasts begirt with steel?
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man’s secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn;
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

3

" This praise, O Cheronean Sage, is thine !
Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lur'd by the toys, that captivate the throng ;
To herd in cabinets, and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride,
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song
How tyrant-blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide."

It will be, also, necessary, to give a general view of the state of parties in Britain, in order to ascertain why the British administration of 1775 was deaf to the cry of that liberty, which had been born in England, and banished to America ; that liberty, which now returned, riding on the foam-capt wave of the Atlantic, and whose spirit moved on the waters of Europe.

The existence of political parties in a kingdom is absolutely necessary, in order to keep alive the spirit of liberty in that kingdom ; for if there were no party in opposition to the existing government of a country, that government, unwatched and unchecked, would soon degenerate into unmitigated despotism, by the necessary tendency, which all men in power have to endeavour to augment their authority, and to extend their sway. In arbitrary and tyrannic countries no clashing of parties exists ; all is the calm and the silent torpor of anguish and of despair ; the despot commands, and the slave obeys ; the monarch rages, and the people die. From the stagnant slumber of the lake are exhaled the steams of pestilence and of death ; but the unwearied agitation of the ocean-wave, and the incessant turbulence of the billows of the deep, preserve the mighty mass of waters from putrefaction and decay.

Without stopping to note the different shades, or to mark the minute varieties of political parties in Britain, it is sufficient to class them into two great opposite and contending bodies, the *whigs*, and *tories*, or the high and the low party. The whigs are strenuous advocates for maintaining the Constitution, as established at the British Revolution, in 1668 ; the tories are uniformly admirers and supporters of arbitrary power in the sovereign. The whigs invariably consult the interest of the people, according to the spirit of the British constitution, carefully guarding against the incroachments of the Crown ; the tories always sacrifice the best interests of the

people to the will and pleasure of the existing monarch. Whence, as it is impossible that a king, from the mode in which hereditary princes are generally trained, should always know what measures are likely to promote the welfare of the community, it must, sometimes, happen, that the sovereign, even allowing his intentions to be pure and upright, will effect evil, instead of good, to the people, by carrying into execution the suggestions of his own peculiar wisdom.

Hence, as experience has invariably shewn, whenever a tory ministry has had the sway in Britain, that kingdom has always declined in national happiness and strength, has oppressed her people at home, and declined in her influence abroad, has been involved in perpetual wars; and has loaded the country, from age to age, with a burden of everlasting debt; and under a whig administration Britain has uniformly risen in the scale of prosperity and of power, has been loved at home, and revered abroad.

In addition to the prevalence of the Tory party in Britain there has, also, been introduced a new species of political manœuvring, unknown to former ages, that of the *secret* or *double cabinet*. This closet-machinery was manufactured by the late Lord Bute, first, tutor, and, then, minister to George the third of Britain, at the instigation, and under the direction of the late Earl of Bath, Pultney, the celebrated antagonist of Robert Walpole, who was so long minister to George the second of England. This *secret cabinet* consists of, what are called, the *king's friends*, a species of vermin not recognized by the British Constitution: these beings are distributed every where about through the royal household, and the secondary departments of the state; are tied and bound together by a species of free-masonry; so that the interest of one is the interest of all; if one, even the meanest of these reptiles, that burrow under the British throne, is offended, all take the alarm, and the royal ear is immediately besieged with complaints and filled with the most insidious insinuations against the offender, who is soon driven from his office, and made to learn, that, when such men sway the sceptre of a country, the post of honour is a private station.

These animals are not indeed, the ostensible, but they are really, the efficient ministers of Britain; and accordingly as the *apparent* ministers, that is, those who are esteemed as such by the world, at large, because they bear the name and title of filling certain offices, as that of first lord of the treasury, chancellor of the Exchequer, secretary of state for the home department, &c. &c.—conduct themselves conformably or not conformably to the will and plea-

sure of this secret cabinet, are these ministers continued in their places, or cashiered and turned out of their offices with all the promptitude of dispatch.

The great, the disinterested, the dignified patriot of Britain, the late Earl of Chatham, declared, that very soon after he had been invited, and caressed, and cajoled into an assent to come in at the head of a certain administration in Britain, in order, if possible, to prop up and to strengthen the fallen and sinking state, into which the nation had been dragged by the pernicious deeds of former ministers, he found a strong tide of *secret influence* setting in directly against him, and obstructing every measure, which he proposed, and endeavoured to carry into execution for the benefit of the British people :—" the opposition," said Chatham, " I do not fear ; an open enemy I am, always, prepared to meet ; from such an enemy I can never shrink ; but how am I to parry the secret, the unexpected stabs of the concealed ruffian ; what armour is to defend me against the dagger of the midnight assassin ?"—

It is now well known, that to the accursed influence of this secret cabinet, Britain owes her fatal quarrel with America, and all the consequent pressure of an enormous augmentation of her national debt, and the burden of a taxation, increased beyond all power of former belief, and swallowing up full two thirds of the property expended by each individual in the necessary articles of consumption ; and, above all, the irreparable loss of those hosts and armies of her bravest sons, who have whitened with their bones, and fattened with their blood, the soil of other lands, and the verdure of foreign shores ; and by their death have filled Britannia's sea-girt isle with the wailings and the lamentations of many a sweet babe fatherless, and many a widow mourning.

It must not, also, be forgotten, that from this *secret cabinet* has arisen the custom of sending abroad, as foreign ambassadors, men, by no means qualified to fill that important and arduous station. While other countries send out, as their ambassadors, men well acquainted with the principles of political science, and well versed in the internal resources and the foreign relations of their own kingdom, the British ambassadors abroad, too often present themselves as laughing-stocks to the courts, where they are sent, and produce the most serious evils to their own country by being continually out-witted in every diplomatic transaction by their more acute and better-informed rivals of other nations, particularly the French, who have always been justly celebrated for the sagacity and the penetration of their envoys.

Again, it is owing to this *secret cabinet*, that the press, in Britain, has been, of late years, so much crippled, and the voice of the people stifled by the clanking of the chains of the bastille and of the dungeon; witness the numberless prosecutions for libels against the British government during the reign of Britain's present king:—the frequency of such prosecutions is, always, in the direct ratio of the weakness and the cruelty of the existing administration in Britain; for a just and a liberal ministry, confidently resting on its own integrity, and on the affection of a grateful people, suffers all the weak and ineffectual effusions of malignant scribblers against its measures to perish in silent oblivion, and in secret scorn.—When Lord Chatham was shewn some violent abuse against himself and his administration, and urged to prosecute the author for a libel against the British government, he smiled, and replied,—“In order to preserve the liberty and the happiness of Britain, it is necessary, that the press should be *free as the air, a chartered libertine*.”

Whoever has contemplated the silent and the secret march of death, by which the *double cabinet* has regularly advanced towards the accomplishment of the destruction of Britain, is well aware, that the British people have more to dread from the machinations of that cabinet, than they have to fear from the coalesced bayonets of their foreign foes. The tall and stately bark, which has braved the thunder of the cannon's roar, and has outlived all the horrors of the storm of war, full often falls a prey to the concealed, but destructive efforts of the corroding worm. Britain may defy the broad array of Napoleon's hostile force; but she will soon bow her head unto the earth, where all must rest, if she still suffers these accursed fiends to continue to poison the cup of her existence, to lift the envenomed chalice to her lips, and compel her to drain the fatal bowl to the very dregs of agony and of death; if she still suffers this canker-worm of corruption to gnaw at her heart's core, and eat away all her hopes of present peace and all her expectations of future joy.

It was by the infamous exertions of the *double cabinet*, composed of all the old mercenary Swiss of state, made up of all the embattled legions of veteran pensioners and practised instruments of a corrupted court, that the earnest wishes of a great majority of the British people for a cordial, a lasting bond of amity with their brethren on this side of the Atlantic, were set at nought, and frustrated. It was this *double cabinet*, that goaded America with restraining and penal laws, beyond any example of former times.—And what

was the consequence? The race between penalty and crime was continued, each growing more terrible in the conflict, until the penalty was exhausted, and the fugitive turned upon the breathless pursuer: the Genius of America, wearied, but not daunted by oppression, rose, and with a lion's port, and an eagle's eye, prepared her for that combat, which was to lay despotism in the dust, and sanctify the blessings of independence to a high-minded and a spirited people, that were spread over the interminable domains of the Western world.

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIME.

THE President's Message of the 3d December, 1805,* might reasonably have been expected to produce a strong sensation in the country. It gave to Congress a florid description of injuries and insults, sustained by America, from Great Britain, France and Spain. "Our coasts," says it, "have been infested, and our harbours watched by private armed vessels, some of them without commissions, some with illegal commissions, others with those of legal form, but committing piratical acts, beyond the authority of their commissions.—They have captured in the very entrance of our harbours, as well as on the high seas, not only the vessels of our friends, coming to trade with us, but our own also. They have carried them off under pretence of legal adjudication, but not daring to approach a court of justice, they have plundered and sunk them by the way, in obscure places, where no evidence could arise against them, maltreated the crews and abandoned them in boats, on the open sea, or on desert shores without food or covering. These enormities appearing to be unreachd by any controul of their Sovereigns, I found it necessary to equip a force to cruize within our seas, to arrest all vessels of these descriptions found hovering on our Coasts, within the limits of the Gulph Stream, and to bring them in for trial as pirates."

This part of the Message applied entirely to French, perhaps with some mixture of Spanish armed vessels, which, it is well known and fully attested, had not only taken the trading ships of America and her friends, but had captured them even at the mouths of her harbours, and after maiming and massacring the crews, had carried them off to obscure ports in St. Domingo, and on the Main, where the cargoes were disposed of, and the bottoms were burned.

The second article of the President's complaint alluded to Great Britain. "The same system of hovering on our coasts and harbours, under colour of seeking enemies, has been also carried on by public armed ships, to the great annoyance and oppression of our commerce. New principles too have been interpolated into

* See first volume, no. 11, page 351.

“ the Law of Nations, founded neither in justice nor the usage or
 “ acknowledgement of nations ; according to these a belligerent
 “ takes to itself a commerce with its own enemy, which it denies
 “ to a neutral, on the ground of its aiding that enemy in war. But
 “ reason revolts at such an inconsistency.—And the neutral hav-
 “ ing equal right with the belligerent to decide the question, the in-
 “ terests of our constituents, and the duty of maintaining the author-
 “ ity of reason, the only umpire between just nations, impose on us
 “ the obligation of providing an effectual and determined opposition
 “ to a doctrine so injurious to the rights of peaceable nations.”

The third article of complaint made by the Message, entirely
 applies to Spain. “ With Spain (says it) our negotiations for the
 “ settlement of differences have not had a satisfactory issue. Spoli-
 “ ations during the former war for which she had formerly acknow-
 “ ledged herself responsible, have been refused to be compensated,
 “ but on conditions affecting other claims in no wise connected
 “ with them—yet the same practices are renewed in another war,
 “ and are already of great amount. On the Mobile, our commerce
 “ passing through that river continues to be obstructed by arbitrary
 “ duties, and vexatious searches. Propositions for adjusting ami-
 “ cably the boundaries of Louisiana, have not yet been acceded to
 “ * * * * *

“ Inroads have been recently made into the territories of Orleans
 “ and the Mississippi ; *Our Citizens have been seized, and their*
 “ *property plundered* in the very parts of the former, which had
 “ actually been delivered up by Spain, and this *by the regular offi-*
 “ *cers and soldiers of that government.* I have therefore found it
 “ necessary at length to give orders to our troops on that frontier
 “ to be in readiness to protect our citizens, and repel by arms any
 “ similar aggressions in future.”

So far the Complaints—Now for the President's Remedy.

“ The first object is to *place our Seaport Towns* out of the danger
 “ of insult. Measures have already been taken for furnishing them
 “ with heavy cannon for the service of such Land Batteries as may
 “ make a part of their defence against armed vessels approaching
 “ them.” * * * * * Upwards
 “ of three hundred thousand able bodied men, between the ages of
 “ eighteen and twenty-six years, which the last Census shews, we
 “ may count within our limits, will furnish a competent number
 “ for offence and defence, &c. &c.”

After this display, from the highest authority, of the manifold
 wrongs, injuries and insults, heaped by the European nations upon

America. After this specific declaration, of the expediency or rather necessity of resenting and repelling them—after this minute and particular detail of the means of the country to do so, and after this direct suggestion of the manner in which those means should be employed, it was natural to expect that the Congress to whom the very important contents of the Message were communicated, would have raised up one unanimous voice of indignation and vengeance, and jealous of their character as citizens of a Republic, (that form of government, in which energy, courage, patriotism, and justice, are more than in any other supposed to reside) would have directly investigated the subjects referred to them, duly weighed without a tincture of partiality or national animosity, the several offences, and beginning with that nation which had most offended, instructed the Executive to proceed first to preparations for defence, and then to measures for wreaking vengeance on the offenders, and demanding and enforcing reparation. It was natural to expect that, above all things, the infraction upon their territories, and the plundering of the property and seizing of the persons of their fellow-citizens, by the Spanish officers and soldiers, would have awakened them from the timid, trembling slumber in which they had so long profoundly reposed, and induced them to instruct the Executive, not to negotiate for the purpose of evading the drawing of the sword, but to draw the sword at once in order to negotiate with greater effect, and with better prospects of honourable redress of past wrongs, and security against future encroachments. They had not only an immense mass of injurious facts staring them in the face, but the recommendation of the legal authority, also, for proceeding without delay ; at least, to the first object, that is, *to place our Sea-port Towns out of the danger of insult.*

Reasonable as these expectations seemed to be, there were not wanting many, who boldly maintained that the Message would never be acted upon to the extent of the propositions contained in it ; that the President himself was not desirous they should ; that the communication he made was intended merely to gain time to solder up the breaches with Spain, and to throw upon Congress the responsibility and the odium of the passive measures he meant to pursue ; or at worst, if war should be found unavoidable, to saddle the representatives of the people with all the evils it might occasion and all the miscarriages which might occur—And above all to leave them to the management of their own vengeance ; conscious that from the composition of the congress, a majority of which was

partial to France, and abhorrent to Great Britain, the whole of their active indignation would be directed against the latter ; and thereby he himself be released from the necessity which he saw the nature of the case imposed upon him of engaging war in with Spain, and of course incurring the resentment of France and its formidable ruler.

When congress took up the business they proceeded as has been partly detailed in the last number of the former volume. The encroachments committed by G. Britain seemed to occupy the whole of their resentment, which from long indulged prejudice was exceedingly warm, and was about this time inflamed to prodigious fury by the capture of a variety of vessels at the mouths of their harbours, particularly that of New-York ; and even within the limits of their jurisdiction.

• The congress, a majority of which were already sufficiently prompt to go to any extremes that would injure Great Britain and serve France, seized with avidity upon these circumstances. The far more gross and palpable injuries and affronts which they knew had been offered by Spain and France were forgotten, or else placed purposely out of sight, and their hatred to England now exhibited itself in a variety of forms, some at once licentious and ludicrous, and others more than enough serious. One member indeed had before propounded a law offering a reward of two hundred dollars on killing any one attempting to press British seamen out of American vessels.

At length a measure was proposed, which seemed a little to assuage the anger of the people. Mr. Gregg, a democratic member, for Pennsylvania, moved for a law to stop the importation of goods, wares, and merchandize, the growth, product or manufacture of Great-Britain.

From the posture of the men's mind and the nature of their feelings, a measure of this delicate, or rather hazardous nature, was little likely to experience the grave and candid consideration in Congress to which it was entitled. One gentleman of the democratic party, more enlightened and less enslaved to vulgar prejudices than the rest, Mr. J. Randolph, thought it worth a careful scrutiny, and found it to be of a nature which startled him. Foreseeing the mischiefs to his country he shook off his party zealory and his national antipathies and prejudices at once, and opposed it with all his might ; developing to view and deprecating the mischievous consequences that must result from its adoption.

In favour of the bill, it was said by Mr. Gregg, the mover, that the irruptions and depredations, committed on the Southern fron-

tier, by the officers and military of Spain, and on our commerce by the cruisers of that nation, had been checked from further progress by the manly spirit and resistance of the officers of our government; and that the system of depredation had been discontinued in pursuance of instructions, issued by the Minister of State, and Marine, to the Director General of the Spanish fleet, on the 3d September, 1805. That from those circumstances, a presumption naturally arose, that there would be an amicable adjustment of all points of difference in that quarter. That the systematic hostility of the government of Great Britain towards our commerce, and its obstinate perseverance in the impressment of American seamen, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of our ministers, left no room to expect an accommodation, until such measures were taken as should make her feel our importance to her, as the purchasers and consumers of her manufactures, and as should make her know the injury she must sustain by a privation of our friendship.

The hostile conduct of Britain, and the President's recommendation of defence, had created an opinion that we were to be immediately engaged in a war; but the mover of the bill said, he had no apprehensions of a war, in the present state of things in Europe. The contests there were likely to be of too long duration, and during that time neither party would be desirous to add to the number of its enemies. From the predatory war carried on upon American commerce, and from the impressment of our seamen, England, no doubt, derived considerable advantage, but if America would display a spirit of serious disapprobation and resistance, if she would but speak in the proud language of independence, that she would no longer submit to indignity and oppression, the practice would soon be relinquished by Great Britain, who was too well versed in the calculation of her own interest, to persevere in her lawless system, at the hazard of losing customers, whose yearly purchase of her manufactures exceeded thirty millions of dollars.

To substantiate the charges against Britain, a reference was made to the historical records of that country, for a short preceding period. From these it appeared, that a large number of our fellow-citizens, had been forcibly taken from their ships, put on board British vessels of war, and compelled to fight her battles against a power, between whom and their own government, there existed no difference: In a report from the department of State, it was stated, that 1538 persons, claiming to be American citizens, had applied for relief to their government, and that though Great Bri-

tain claimed some of these as her subjects, agreeable to her doctrine of non-expatriation, the great mass was acknowledged to be Americans, for whose detention no cause could be assigned. For the neglect with which those unfortunate men had been treated, it was difficult to assign an adequate cause. When some Americans were made prisoners by the Algerines, and when others again fell into the hands of the Tripolitans, the feelings of the government, and of the whole country, were alive. All voices united in calling for their release. They were accordingly soon set at liberty. In what respect did the situation of those on board the British men of war differ from those who had been in captivity in Tripoli and Algiers. As an infraction of national rights, the infringement in the former was greater than that of the latter: and the situation of the individual was no better; since a British cat-o-nine-tails gave as severe a stripe as the lash of an Algerine. The patient submission of America under these outrages had astonished the world; but it had also impressed the world with an idea of the moderation of its government, and its love of peace.

The next point urged in support of the bill, related to the capture and condemnation of American vessels contrary to what was considered as the law of nations. The discussion on the abstract question, Whether a trade was justifiable in war which was not open in time of peace, was declined by the mover and supporter of the bill, who generally referred to the late publications on that subject, in which the right of America to that trade had been placed on so clear and conclusive a ground, that the ingenuity of all the British writers could not shake it. But supposing the doctrine held by Great-Britain to be correct, the question then was, Had it been acted upon fairly and liberally? It certainly had not. During the last and for some part of the present wars the principle was never put into practice. And though Britain might not have relinquished the principle, she permitted the trade to be carried on to a great extent without any interruption; in consequence of which numbers, allured by the prospect of gain, entered into the trade, supposing themselves under protection of law. But those had their vessels and effects seized; and the first promulgation of the law was the confiscation of their property. Ignorance of what it was impossible for them to know, was imputed to them as a crime, and their honourable reliance on the justice of a government, professedly friendly, was returned with penalty and forfeiture.—Nor was the conduct of Britain, after capturing, less injurious; for when the ingenuity of courts failed in warranting condemnation, justice was

still shut out by perplexing difficulties, by vexatious delays, and by enormous expence incurred by the prosecution.

It would be uncandid (the supporters of the bill said) not to own, that many of the captures and condemnations made by Great Britain were strictly warranted by the law of nations. But this applied with more propriety to foreigners, who had fixed their residence in America to enjoy the advantage of trading under neutral rights, than to the real American merchant. These foreigners, under no influence of patriotism, and too generally unrestrained by justice, pursued their object wholly regardless of the country, or of any injurious consequences to which their misconduct might subject it. As such men were citizens of the world, equally attached to every country, the mover of the bill would not involve his country in any difficulty for them, but would willingly surrender them to be punished by the laws of the country against which they were found transgressing. But though protection were withheld from such lawless adventurers, it should not be withdrawn from the real American merchant. It should not be inferred from what was thus urged, that the supporters of this bill were advocates, even for American merchants in that wild, extravagant carrying trade, to which some of them extended their views. Even in doubtful cases, they would leave such adventurers to their own hazard. But while the trade was direct and clearly lawful, it ought to be protected.

From this brief view of the conduct of the British government to America, the supporters of the bill maintained, that every candid person must acknowledge that the crisis had arrived at which the honour, the interest, and the public sentiment of the country, so far as it had been expressed, called loudly upon Congress to make a stand. The evil which had already been suffered, was great—It was rapidly increasing, and like, a cankerous complaint, was penetrating every day still deeper into the vitals of the country. While America year after year yielded, Great-Britain advanced step by step farther. Yet a little longer, and the commerce of America would be annihilated, and its independence subverted.

Having detailed the conduct of the British Government, on which the bill was to be grounded, the supporters of the measure proceeded to state what appeared to them to be the proper remedy. And here they said the great difficulty presented itself—What were the measures most likely to effect the object in view with the least possible inconvenience to this country? Under all the circumstances of the case it seemed that the resolution now proposed ought to be adopted. It addressed Great Britain in a mild and moderate though firm language, and said to her, "You have insulted

the dignity of our country by impressing our seamen, and compelling them to fight your battles against a power with whom we are at peace. You have plundered us of much property by the predatory warfare which you carry on or authorise against our commerce : to this we will no longer submit. We do not however wish to destroy that friendly intercourse that ought to subsist between nations connected by the ties of common interest to which several considerations give peculiar strength. The citizens of our country and the subjects of yours, from the long habit of supplying their mutual wants, will no doubt feel a wish to preserve their intercourse without interruption. To prevent such interruptions, and provide against future aggressions, we are now desirous of entering into such arrangements as may be deemed satisfactory by both parties. But if you persist in your hostile measures, if you absolutely refuse acceding to any propositions of compromise, we must slacken those bonds of friendship by which we have been connected : you must not expect to find us hereafter in your market purchasing your manufactures to so large an amount."—The people of their country, said the supporters of the measure, will probably say, that it is too mild for the present state of things, The foreign government will say, that we have extended the principle of moderation too far, and if England is not lost to all sense of national justice, she must own its equity and fairness. No doubt the proposition would strike dismay throughout the British empire. Its operation would be felt by every description of people, but more especially, by the commercial and manufacturing part of that country. The influence of those two classes there was well known : they were the main pillars of the country's support : they were the sources of its wealth, and their representations therefore were always attended to. And a regard to their own interest, would lead them to remonstrate loudly against that system, which would produce an annual defalcation in the sale of their manufactures, to the amount of thirty millions of dollars. This was said to be their vulnerable part. By attacking them in their ware-houses and workshops, said the supporters of the measure, we reach their vitals, and thus raise a set of advocates in our favour, whose remonstrances may produce an abandonment of those unjust principles, which have produced this solemn crisis."

Should Great-Britain, however, contrary to her own interest, persist in her ill-starred policy, the effect would be, that shut out from British markets, American merchants would obtain a partial supply from other countries, and the people would resort to domestic manufactures to make up the deficiency. Britain would find it

difficult to recover our custom, if once it was withdrawn: And a number of workmen, driven by a non-importation act to leave Great Britain, would come in search of employment to this country, and give a vast accession of skilful hands to our manufactures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Since the completion of our last volume, a variety of events of great magnitude in themselves, and some of them of the first importance to the world in their effects, have taken place. The battle of Austerlitz closely followed by the death of Bonaparte's great enemies, Lord Nelson and Mr. Pitt, seemed to have accomplished for that signal & pernicious character all which fortune, in her mood of malignity to mankind, could desire for that favourite. The accession of Mr. Fox, Mr. Windham, and Lord Grenville to ministerial power again revived the hopes of Great-Britain, and of those nations whose safety was involved in her success. Those who were disaffected to that country, long habituated to form a very wrong estimate of Mr. Fox, had considered his advancement as a certain prelude to the accomplishment of that purpose which they had for years eagerly looked for, because it would be the ruin of England—peace. In this respect they were disappointed. Waving the olive-branch in one hand, the new administration wielded in the other a more sharp and massive sword of war, than had, since the days of William Pitt the illustrious, (Lord Chatham) gleamed in the eyes of France. Confidence again reanimated the bosoms of the Continental Powers, formerly the allies of England, whom the wavering policy of former ministers had frightened into indecision, or into terms with France. Armaments fully adapted to their purpose, were sent to different parts of the world. An army, small, comparatively with that of the French in Italy, but large in power, was landed in Calabria, under General Stuart, and after routing the French, took post there so firmly, as to afford hopes of maintaining their ground against the power of Bonaparte, until a reinforcement shall enable them to carry on effective operations, for the delivery of the Neapolitan dominions, from the iron reign of the Napoleon family. Buenos Ayres, one of the most valuable possessions of Spain, in South America, has been taken by General Beresford, and Admiral Sir Home Popham, and considering that the Navy of England forbids the access to that country of any large armaments, and that reinforcements are on their way there from Britain, and above all, that an armament, destined for it by Bonaparte, has been captured by Sir Samuel Hood, there is every

probability, that the whole of South America will fall into the hands of Great Britain, and open to her an endless source of commerce.

Meantime the inordinate aggressions of the tyrant Napoleon have roused the northern powers into a confederacy to resist him. What the event will be it would be rashness to foretell.—The king of Prussia is concerned in it: and who that knows his character, and has noticed his conduct heretofore, will be shallow enough to expect from him the fidelity, the probity, or the courage requisite to the success of a great and magnanimous enterprise. The immense power of Russia and the princely virtues of Sweden will we fear wither when they come in contact with the perfidy and baseness of Prussia.

When the intelligence that all hopes of peace with France were vanished had reached England, the rejoicings were general—the people of all classes unanimously calling for eternal war rather than a bad peace.

A more false or impious saying has hardly ever been uttered than that of "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" To say nothing of its other various absurdities; the mutability of the voice of a people should have excluded it from any such connexion, as is given to it in this saying. If any man will turn back his mind only to the vile, disgraceful, and ruinous peace of Addington, which Pitt approved of, and the multitude of England, so hailed with joy, that they drew the Frenchman, Andreossi, in triumph to St. James's, "throwing up" their caps, as they would hang them on the horns of the moon," he will have abundant room for speculation upon the nature and value of the *Vox populi*, when he contemplates the very same multitude, in a few months afterwards, cheering and huzzaing, and clamouring for interminable war. Still, however, this change was not without its motives. The wavering policy, the unprosperous prudence, mixed with the haughty temerity of Pitt, had wasted away the hopes of the people. A change, to their minds, was propitious; but it was most so, when accordingly to the wisest and honestest men in the country, in a short space of time, this change was felt in the superior situation of Britain, and above all was felt by the people in the conquest of a populous and fertile country, which held out the prospect of an increased commerce and a boundless vent for their manufactures, exempting them in a great measure, for the future, from the casualties to which their markets, and the employment of their hands, had been hitherto subjected by the fluctuations of war, and rendering them more independent and regardless of the threats or machinations of their open, or secret enemies.

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, No. II.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES COMPATIBLE WITH FREEDOM.

(Continued from page 8. Vol. 2. No. 1.)

ADD to this, that the arts and sciences can never rise among a people, who groan under the pangs of penury. They require a certain degree of leisure and of property in the community to enable them to pass over the threshold of existence. But despotism, by perpetual and arbitrary imposts and extortions, forbids the *general* accumulation of property; and, by laying the hand of its rapacity upon the produce of other's industry, it paralyses all the incitements to action; and *invention*, the mother of the arts and sciences, cannot be born. The arts and the sciences require the fostering indulgence of liberty, of peace, of social order, of industry, and of property, to bring them to the birth, and to rear them in their infancy. In their first moments of life they are feeble, timid, and sickly; demanding all the tender care, and the more than maternal protection of a mild and an equitable government, till they reach that firm and unbending vigour of manhood, which no violence can shake, and no danger can appall.

VOL. II.

I

That *liberty* is the best, if not the only soil, in which knowledge thrives, we learn from the experience of all ages, the records of whose transactions have been suffered to glide down the stream of time into our possession. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of inserting a testimony in favour of this position, which is to be found in the works of one of the most distinguished historians, of the present day, and of one who has also bound the unfading wreath of poetry round his brows. His words are these.

"Florence has been remarkable in modern history for the frequency and the violence of its internal dissensions and for the predilection of its inhabitants for every species of science, and every production of art. However discordant these characteristics may appear, they are not difficult to reconcile; the same active spirit that calls forth the talents of individuals for the preservation of their liberties, and resists, with unconquerable resolution, whatever is supposed to infringe them, in the moments of domestic peace and security, seeks with avidity other objects of employment. *The defence of freedom has been always found to strengthen and expand the mind*; and though the faculties of the human race may remain torpid for generations, when once roused into action they cannot speedily be lulled again into inactivity and repose!"—

The same great truth that *freedom* and *knowledge* travel on together, is shown by a fact of a directly contrary nature to the one just mentioned, and thus related by the same elegant and accurate historian.


"The internal tranquillity of Venice is remarkably contrasted with the turbulence of Florence; but the Venetian nobility had erected their authority on the necks of the people, and Venice was a *republic of nobles with a populace of slaves*. In no country was despotism ever reduced to a more accurate system. The proficiency made by the Venetians in *literature*, has, accordingly, borne no proportion to the rank, which they have, in other respects, held among the Italian States.

"The talents of the higher orders were devoted to the support of their authority, or the extension of their territory; and among the lower class, with their *political rights* their emulation was *effectually extinguished*. Whilst the other principal cities of Italy were daily producing works of genius, Venice was content with the more humble, but lucrative employment, of communicating those works to the public by means of the press. Other governments have exhibited different aspects at different times, according to the temper of the sovereign or the passions of the multitude; but Venice has uniformly preserved the same settled features, and remains to the present day a phenomenon in political history."—

I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote, for the truth of which I can myself vouch, and which marks, in the strongest manner, the vigilant and the unrelenting tyranny of the Venetian government, as it existed in the year 1795.

In the spring of this year an English gentleman was at Venice, where he had been for some few weeks. One morning early, while yet in bed, he was called upon by a *Civil Officer*, and ordered to go with him, the officer, immediately before the Senate. Sir, replied the astonished Englishman, who well knew, that the Venetian Senate never sent for any one on an errand of humanity; for humanity was not in all their thoughts, neither was there more mercy in them, than there is milk in a male tyger; Sir, you must have made some mistake: I am quite a stranger here, the Senate can have no business to transact with me.—The officer answered, that it was as much as his head was worth to make any mistake; and that the gentleman must immediately arise, put on his clothes, and follow him to the Senate.

Seeing, that he had no alternative, the traveller, even trudged along; with a heavy heart, a reluctant step, and a wo-begone, rueful aspect, all yellow with despair, after his courteous guide, who conducted him, through the streets, to a spacious mansion; and when they had traversed a long passage, and were come into a small square yard, he bade his follower look round upon his right hand. He did so; and beheld a man hanging from a gallows, and writhing in the convulsive agonies of death. The traveller shuddered at this spectacle; and, after he had been permitted to gaze upon it for some minutes, he was thus addressed by his guide.

That man, whom you see ~~see~~  hanged on a gibbet, is a Venetian tradesman; he was at ~~see~~ a coffee-house last night, where he *talked* about the *government* of Venice, for which he is now *hanged*; you *listened* to his conversation, and did not inform the senate thereof, for which you, also, *ought* to be hanged; but as you are a stranger, the Senate has, in the plenitude of its mercy, and in the fulness of its compassion, only ordered, that you should see the *consequences* of *talking politics* in this country, and that you leave the state in twelve hours, under pain of incurring the penalty of death.

The English gentleman made a very low bow to his conductor, and, sincerely, wished him a very good morning; he, then, hastened to his lodgings, packed up his moveables, and absconded, with all possible dispatch, from a place, where he found, that men were hanged for *hearing*, as well as for *speaking*.—God bless those that are *deaf*, quoth he, for they cannot be convicted of listening to any great purpose; however, things are ordered much better than this in England; for there a man may both *hear* and *speak* too, without being called upon the next morning by a grim-looking fellow, with a message from the senate, that he must come and be *hanged directly*, for they are in a hurry.

Indeed, all the pages of history, that *faithful* but *bloody* record of human actions, and all the experience of the generations of the world confirm this important, this sacred truth, *that the arts and sciences go hand in hand with liberty*.—When most of the wide domains of Asia writhed under the lash of arbitrary domination, and were involved in the thick mists of barbarity and ignorance, the *free-towns* exhibited all the various excellencies of the arts and sciences, liberal and mechanic. Witness Palmyra, the sea-ports of Natolia, and many other cities, over which the baneful, and the pestilential influence of Asiatic despotism did not extend. Athens, Corinth, and those states of Greece, where the forms of government were propitious to liberty, attained to eminence in the arts and sciences; while Sparta (for Sparta groaned under the worst of all tyrannies, even that of *military* despotism) and all other *despotic* principalities were sunk in mental darkness, and slumbered the sleep of ignorance and of death.

Florence and Genoa, in modern Italy, sprang forward in their march towards civilization and refinement; while Turin, Milan, and Naples, halted behind in the recesses of barbarism, and still lingered upon the confines of intellectual night. While the other portions of the North lay steeped in the sleepy drench of the *middle ages*, which involved the great mass of mankind in the broad mantle of superstition and of ignorance, for a long night of century heaped upon century, the towns, which formed the *Hanseatic league* were enlightened and civilized.

In countries, where popular liberty prevails, the end of government is to establish those institutions, which tend to advance the interests of the *many*. Hence social order, peace, just and regular subordination, industry and plenty, pervade all the departments of the empire, and bless all ranks of people. Hence arises that spirit of *honorable emulation*, which produces all human improvements : it is the emulation, that incites men to press forward to approximate towards that standard of ideal excellence, which exists in the imagination, but which mere mechanical execution can never reach ; not the emulation which prompts men to rival each other in pomp and shew and the reputation of fortune ; a pitiful and a beggarly spirit of emulation which introduces into the human heart the baleful train of envy, of hatred, of malice, and of all uncharitablenes.

In such a favourable situation the range of exertion is broad and ample. The efforts of art to correct the faults, and to surpass the beauties of former models, are unwearied, incessant, and often successful ; and science, proceeding on the sure and steady ground of experiment, substitutes sound reasoning in the place of conjecture ; and erects the temple of truth on the same spot, where once vacillated the airy fabric of hypothesis. Hence, will men, gradually, and progressively advance towards the *perfection of taste*, that is, the *general opinion of excellence, entertained by sensible and enlightened minds* ; for taste is the effect of superior sensibility and a raised imagination, improved by culture ; consequently the *general opinion of people, who possess such minds*, must be received as just, and from that opinion *fixed rules of taste* must be drawn ; this, indeed, is the only true standard of taste, which can be raised.

But in *despotic* governments this emulation is destroyed ; for, in countries, crippled by arbitrary power, the arts and sciences, if they exist at all, owe their existence to *private* patronage and encouragement, not to *public* favour and protection. Hence the taste of the patron becomes the standard of excellence ; and they who conform to this, are cherished, while they, who do not, are turned over to neglect and contempt. But this retards the progress of improvement, by narrowing the avenues of competition, and forcing human

ability to flow only in the channels marked out by individual whim, and private caprice, instead of suffering it to bound, at large, over the ocean's tide, fanned by the gales, and cheered by the breezes, of *public* patronage.

Merit must often languish in obscurity, and perish in oblivion, if its rise into notice depends upon the capricious and fluctuating munificence of patrons, rendered insolent by long continued prosperity, and vain, weak, and foolish by want of education. The unbending loftiness of genius is not likely to be found in the porticoes of *princes and of lords*, proffering the servile strains of interested adulation; neither will it be seen offering up the incense of prostituted praise to the lap dogs and the parrots of *ladylings and queens*. It *demands* rather than *bestows* homage; and if its energies and exertions are to be cherished, they must be cherished on the broadest and the most liberal principles of *public and of governmental* patronage.

The protection which the arts and sciences receive in popular governments, is far different from those, which are bestowed upon them by princes, and lords, and private patrons, witness the Lyceum, the Academy, and the Portico at Athens, which held out a noble stimulus to the exertions of *all* her citizens, and thus directed the stream of public ability, in one broad and ample tide, to the service of intellectual improvement. In comparison with these institutions what is the boasted patronage of individuals, however exalted by rank, and however abounding in treasure?

* In the seventeenth century lived two monarchs, in Europe, who deemed themselves to be wonderful patrons of the refined arts and sciences. These were Charles the second of England, and Louis the fourteenth of France.

. What precise degree of improvement the arts of statuary, of painting, and of sculpture, underwent in Charles' reign, I will not take upon me to determine. But the state of literature, during that period, bears upon its front the broad stamp of notoriety; and we may probably be enabled from thence to draw our conclusion as to the state of the fine arts and all other intellectual exertions, all of which are usually affected by the same causes, and flourish or fade, as they

experience the genial influence of honourable encouragement, or the effects of a perverse and a distorted patronage.

That the *taste* of the *court*, at that time, poisoned all the streams of literature in their springs and in their sources, is well known, from the full tide of blasphemy and of obscenity, which the most celebrated wits (the immediate dependants and favourites of the king) of the day rolled through every corner of the kingdom.

Genius and learning are, in themselves, worse than nothing, unless they promote the progress of religion, of pure morality, of decency, of industry, and of good order in Society. Did the celebrated writers of Charles' time do this? Do the dramas of Dryden, stuffed and crammed as they are, with the coarsest smut, and the broadest libertinism, contain the precepts of wisdom, and the dictates of knowledge; which are calculated to exalt the understanding, and to purify the heart?—Shall we become better men, shall we better know how to discharge our great and hallowed duties to ourselves, to our fellow-beings, and to our God, by perusing the pages of Rochester, who devoted all the powers of his mind to the sole purpose of propagating the deformity of vice; and tuned the strings of his tarnished lyre only in the service of licentiousness and of debauchery?

Of Rochester's productions I might say in the language of Persius,

——“Non more probo; cum carmina lumbum

“*Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.*”

“The manner is neither good, nor respectable; when the verses, or their subjects, enter the very loins, and the marrow; and when the effeminate, the lascivious accents provoke and irritate the inmost sensations.”

And of Rochester, himself, I will say, in the language of the same Saytirist, the severest writer of all antiquity.

“Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum

Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et altô

Demersus, summâ rursum non bullit in undâ.”

“He is become insensible by long habits of vice, and the heart of the wretch is waxed fat and gross; he is placed beyond the imputation of guilt, he has *no character* to lose; and is plunged so deep in the mire of iniquity, that he cannot rise even to bubble on the surface of the stream of virtue.”

(*To be continued.*)

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN :

A MORAL TALE ; BY THE WANDERER.

Continued from Vol. 2, No. 1, p. 20.

EDWARD's father soon after this took an opportunity of civilly dismissing the tutor, whose mode of instruction by no means met with his approbation ; but as the tutor was an honest man, and knew no better, he sent him off upon a good church-living, which was in the gift of the family, and, at that time, happened to be vacant.

Edward was, now, without a tutor, and his father never afterwards suffered any one but himself to direct his son's studies. Edward's time was spent in the earnest pursuit after general literature, in walking and riding with his father, in occasional excursions into the country, and in visiting the families in the neighbourhood.

Edward had just entered his sixteenth year, when, being one day on a visit to a friend of his father, he saw a young lady, whose form and manner attracted all his attention. She was a few months older than himself ; in her finely expressive countenance dignity and delicacy were most happily blended ; the exquisite symmetry of her person, and the easy gracefulness of her manner pointed her out to all as an object of admiration.

Edward sate himself down by her, and took an early opportunity of paying her one of those foolish common-place compliments upon her beauty, which girls, in general, expect and receive from boys and men. Mary (for so was the young lady called) turned towards him her dark, black, eloquent eyes, fringed with long silken lashes, and with an animated countenance, beaming intelligence, and a smile expressive of a lofty contempt said—Pray, Sir, do you consider me as an idiot, that you treat me as such ? This question completely

cut Edward down; a deep crimson blush spread itself over all his countenance, and, with a faltering voice he stammered out a most awkward apology, and, during the remainder of the day, remained in confusion and in silence.

He, now and then, indeed, ventured to steal a glance at the offended fair one, and perceived so much vivacity of innocence and brilliancy of intellect sparkle over all her features, that he felt emotions, to which his heart had, hitherto, been a stranger. He was so thoroughly humbled by Mary's rebuke, that he never afterwards stooped to pay any woman a mere unmixed personal compliment; but the easy elegance of her manners, and the intelligent sprightliness of her conversation, all heightened by the mild lustre of benevolence, entirely subdued Edward's high reluctant spirit. He had, hitherto, considered females rather as toys and play-things, with which to beguile an idle hour, than as objects of serious attention to any one, who was under the superior guidance of intellectual pursuits, and had, accordingly, contented himself with that general, unmeaning politeness towards the softer and the better sex, which women claim and receive as their due, and which, as far as it relates to the heart, or to the head, amounts just exactly to nothing.

But, now, Edward's heart throbbed with the most tumultuous emotions, his nerves thrilled with sensations unutterably ecstatic; he endeavoured to speak, but his faltering tongue refused to obey his efforts. The master of the house was Mary's guardian, who observing that Edward, contrary to his usual custom, was silent, endeavoured to rally him out of, what he called, his reserve; but in vain, for Edward's confusion increased the more he endeavoured to suppress it, and he retired early from the company, and went home to his father's house.

All that night Edward knew no rest; his eye-lids neither slumbered nor slept; and the dawning of the day found all his soul in wild commotion. The next morning he called at Mary's guardian's, and found Mary alone; with his usual frankness and simplicity of manner he begged her to pardon his awkwardness and absurdity, in making so gross a blunder as to offer the incense of flattery to a young lady of her very

superior understanding. His pardon was most graciously accorded, and he became a frequent visitant at — house.

By ten thousand nameless attentions, which the delicacy of affection alone can excite, and which affection alone can appreciate at their true value, he soon found means to insinuate himself into Mary's too tender and susceptible bosom, and to take the strongest hold of her heart, long before she herself was conscious that she entertained for him any other sentiments than those of esteem and regard, as for a friend.

He used to converse with her, to read and to repeat poetry to her, to write little tender verses, hang over her with enraptured admiration, while she sang and played upon the piano, or while she traced with the pencil's magic touch the beauties of the landscape, or portrayed the human form divine. They often strayed together down the lone woods, that waved their dark tops on the hill, which overhung the mansion; and, often, gazed with rapture on the setting sun, when, in a lovely autumnal evening, he arrayed the clouds, which wait upon his western throne, in reflected purple and gold; and often would they in speechless rapture view the wan moon midst driving clouds, now muffled and now bright, 'till at length, unveiling her peerless light, she rode nigh her highest noon, apparent sovereign of the sky.

“ The time unheeded sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high;
Beneath the wan moon's gleaming ray,
To mark the *mutual-kindling eye*.”

Edward's father observed, that his son no longer attended to his studies with his accustomed ardour, and soon discovered the cause of this remissness. But as both he and Mary's guardian had no objection to joining the two families in alliance, no notice was taken of Edward's conduct, but he was suffered to pursue the current of his own inclination unchecked and uncontrolled.

The golden hours on angel wings flew over him as he sate in the presence of his beloved fair one, and folded the darling of his heart unto his beating bosom; at these raptur-

ed moments Edward and Mary were all the world to each other. But this ecstatic bliss was not allowed to him without long and ardent solicitation; for Mary's innocence and virgin modesty, her virtue and the consciousness of her worth, that would be wooed and not unsought be won, not obvious not obtrusive, but retired, awed the ardor of the amorous youth, who sighed full many a long and lingering hour, before her gentle heart with obsequious majesty approved his pleaded reason.

You must not kiss me till I am married,—said Mary to him, one morning, when his passionate importunity became more than usually audacious, and the flame of young desire more dazzling, daring, fierce, keen shivering shot his nerves along. The artless innocence and simplicity, with which Mary uttered these words, only served to twine the tendrils of affection and of endearing attachment round the heart-strings of Edward in bands of indissoluble love. And, at length, he convinced her, that, in this imperfect state of existence, he must have recourse to the only means, which were allowed him, of expressing the purity and the ardour of his affection; that words were, indeed, but weak and faint to express the fervour of unutterable love, which was conveyed in much more intelligible and impressive characters by the liquid language of the eyes beaming mutual joy; the sweet smile of tenderness; the balmy kisses of the rosy lip; the enraptured foldings of the close embrace, when the boundaries of each bosom beat with a more tumultuous throb, and the purple light of love upon each other's cheek assumed a deeper crimson dye.

By these reasonings, and by reasonings such as these, Edward satisfied and removed the scruples of his Mary, while he gently drew her by the hand towards him, and fondly pressing his cheek to her's, strained her to his bosom with all the ardour of the most enraptured lover. Edward,—said Mary to him one day—I wish, that you would teach me the Latin language. Edward begged leave to decline the task, because the attempting to learn that dead tongue would prove tedious and irksome to her, on account of the multiplicity and confusion of the rules laid down by all the grammarians,

who for nearly two thousand years had well nigh smothered the Roman language under the immense heaps of their still accumulating rubbish, and learned lumber of the head, with all such reading as was never read. Mary, however, was peremptory, and Edward reluctantly obeyed.

Many weeks had now rolled on, and Mary's progress in the Latin tongue was very perceptibly slow; at length she said—Edward, I must give up the study of the Latin; for I am such a dunce, that I shall never be able to make any proficiency in this pursuit; though, to tell you the truth, I have learned as much as I desire to know. And what is that!—asked Edward. What!—replied Mary—I will tell you what it is; I understand that *omnia vincit amor*, love is triumphant over all things:—And now, a blush, celestial, rosy, red, mantled over all the aspect of her angel form, and she hid the lovely confusion of her countenance in Edward's bosom.

At this moment Edward repeated to her these lines in accents softer than the odorous gales that blow from off the spicy shore of Araby the blest.

“ Oft when the tempest lords it wide,
I skirt the roaring sea, Mary;
Or through the rocking forest glide,
To mope and brood on thee, Mary.
Now dark despair my soul enshrouds,
Now hope displays her light, Mary,
Like the wan moon, 'midst driving clouds,
Now muffled, and now bright, Mary.

2

“ If in the social circle prest
While all around is glee, Mary,
I sit unmoved a silent guest,
And think on love and thee, Mary,
I see thee girt with splendid beaux,
Yet these no torments bring, Mary;
The butterfly plays round the rose,
Yet has no power to sting, Mary.

3

“ The gorgeous fool, that vaunts his wealth,
Creates no anxious thought, Mary;
Like mental peace, and rosy health,
Thy love can ne'er be bought, Mary.

But, oh, perchance, some polish'd youth,
Well skill'd in guile, and art, Mary,
With witching tongue may vow his truth,
And steal into thy heart, Mary.

4

"Yet, even, then, refused, deprest,
Nay, steep'd in blackest woe, Mary,
Yet, even, then, if thou art blest,
No more my plaints shall flow, Mary.
But my fond heart declares the lie,
Declares, it then would burst, Mary ;
Indeed, you must each suit deny,
Or I shall be acurst, Mary."

Edward, now, looked wistfully at Mary, who caught and answered the glance of his inquiring eye, and cried out eagerly—no, never, never, Edward, will your Mary listen to the voice of love from any other created being than him, who is the sole and paramount lord of all her affections. They sealed their vows of mutual love upon each other's lips, and reluctantly separated ; for, between them two, should they be taking leave as long a term as they had yet to live, the unwillingness to depart would grow.

It was the opinion of all the neighbouring families, and it was the desire of Mary's guardian and of Edward's father, that Edward and Mary should be united at the altar of Hymen, after a proper time, and in the due order of events. But Edward's romantic notions of honour began to raise a most terrible conflict in his bosom ; he loved Mary with all the impetuous ardour of his boundless affection, an affection which spurned the beggary of the love, that could be measured ; but, then, she was heiress to an immense fortune, and he was only a younger son, and, consequently, according to the Gothic system of primogeniture, his elder brother was to inherit all the property of the family, and leave the minor branches of the house destitute. He, therefore, determined, altho' the resolution was to him infinitely worse than death, not to marry Mary. And, accordingly, after the sinews of his frame had been well nigh snapped asunder by the con-

vulsive agony of his contending feelings of affection and of, what he deemed, honour, he, one morning, went to Mary to acquaint her with his steady and unalterable resolve.

When he entered the apartment, where she was, then perusing those little sonnets of Petrarca, which he had particularly pointed out to her as the most worthy of her notice, he gazed on her with a look expressive of the most unutterable emotions. Mary was alarmed, and in tones of the most bewitching, melting tenderness, said—My Edward, what evil has befallen you? Suffer your Mary to know it, that she might by sharing your sorrows, lighten the burden of their affliction; you must tell me; for you well know that I can experience no repose or comfort, while ought disturbs you. Come, said she smiling, and kissing his forehead,—I must have those wrinkles in your brow smoothed; you must not draw your nether lip so; nor roll your eyes thus wildly round. Oh, Edward—continued she, now more alarmed and agitated at beholding the still progressively deepening anguish of his countenance,—Oh Edward, you must, indeed, tell me what evil awaits you; the worst certainty is infinitely better than this fearful, this dreadful pause of agony, and of suspense.

Mary, said Edward, grasping her hand convulsively, Mary, I am come to tell you that, which I would rather die ten thousand deaths than tell you; but common honesty compels me to do it; Mary you must never be mine. At these words Mary's countenance grew paler than the snow drop on the waste, and in accents scarcely articulate she tremblingly asked not thine, my Edward! why not? Edward—I am not the eldest son of my father's house, Mary; and, consequently am no fit match for you, who are an heiress; and I will never submit to intrude myself into any family on sufferance, nor put it in the power of any person to say that I accepted the hand of a woman, merely for the sake of her fortune. Mary—you must positively excuse me for laughing at you, Edward: and is this the serious disaster, which has rendered you so pale and emaciated? what if you are not the elder son; our families stand on level ground as to antiquity and rank; and the mere circumstance of money cannot weigh as a grain of dust in the

balance ; it matters not which of the parties possess the wealth so that there be enough to administer to the purposes of convenience and benevolence.

Mary, replied Edward in a piercing tone, that vibrated through all the inmost recesses of her soul, Mary, altho' you smile and treat this as a matter of no moment ; yet I am most impressively in earnest, and I, now, solemnly, tell you, that I would rather mount the scaffold of death, this instant, and bathe the edge of the executioner's axe with the crimson currents of my life, than suffer myself to rest under the shadow of the imputation of having married a woman of fortune, when I myself had none. Mary—but Edward, if I understand you right, the only objection on your part is my fortune ? Edward—certainly, there can be no other objection. Mary—Then I will instantly remove that objection by giving it to you ; and you, as a man of fortune, shall take me a portionless and penniless orphan for your bride. Edward—Have mercy upon me, Mary, and do not by the irresistible tenderness and dignity of your affection plunge me still deeper in the abyss of agony. This playful sophistry cannot calm the agitation of my heart ; it must amount exactly to the same thing whether I receive your fortune before or after marriage. It cannot be ; I feel it to be my duty to sacrifice my life, and, what is infinitely dearer to me than life, your affection, to my honour ; and it shall never be said of Edward, that he swerved from his duty, either to save himself from any danger, or to procure himself any gratification. Mary—I will most readily resign my fortune in favour of my nearest relation, and, thus, shall remove your objection. Edward—no, no ; that would be infinitely worse than any thing, which could befall me ; without wealth but little can be done towards alleviating the weight of human misery, which every where presses upon our attention ; retain your fortune, and employ it in acts of benevolence and of charity ; and leave me to my fate. Mary—and what is to become of me when you are gone ? Oh Edward ; you, on whom I lean for support and aid ; you, whose words of truth, breathed from the lips of love, have exalted my heart, and enlarged my understanding ? Oh Edward, is there no alternative ;

no ray of hope ; is all forever gone ? Oh Edward, I little thought that it would come to this.

Mary's sensations were too acute, too full of agony, for her tongue to give utterance to the feelings of her heart : she wept in all the bitterness of unmingled anguish. Edward would have spoken peace unto her soul, but his tongue, for a while, refused to express the emotions that laboured in his bosom. At length, he took Mary in his arms, and folded her to his beating heart, and mingling his tears, and blending his sighs with her sighs and tears, he faltered out these words :— Mary, the imperious dictates of honour compel me to act this cruel, this dreadful part ; many years must elapse before I can, by plunging into public business, raise myself to that level in the scale of society, as to wealth, to render me a proper match for you. I, therefore, wish you to wean your affections from me, and to take for your partner one, who may be unto you an Edward, and more also. Farewell, Mary ; it will be for our mutual peace, that we do not meet again, at least, 'til time and the hour shall either have calmed the anguish of our hearts, or made them cease to beat, Fare thee well, my girl, and may thy gentle spirit find that rest and repose, which thine Edward would willingly die to give thee, but which the doom of his destiny has forbidden him to accomplish.

Mary could not articulate a single syllable ; her soul was full ; Edward, yet once again, clasped her to his throbbing heart, and with many a vow and lock'd embrace, he tore himself away, leaving her the victim of a sorrow too mighty for utterance.

When Edward was gone, Mary looked around, and there was none to comfort her ; every little spot of ground, every inanimate object, which Edward had seen or touched, only served to awaken the recollection of former happiness in order to wrap the present hour in the darkness of a tenfold night of wo. The unwearied agony of her sensations preyed upon her frame ; the canker-worm of anguish was gnawing at her heart's core, and eating away all her hopes of happiness ; her charms were faded by the keen blasts of sorrow, yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek. She nourished and augmented her despair by continually musing on Edward,

by dwelling on his fond attachment to her, by recollecting all his words and all his looks of love ; by playing the little, plaintive airs, which had delighted him ; by reading the books which he had recommended, and with which he was pleased ; and, by too fondly wandering o'er the past, she sapped the foundations of her existence, and dried up all the springs and all the fountains of her life.

Her guardian, observing that she was not well, and utterly ignorant of the cause, for neither Mary nor Edward ever revealed the circumstance of their separation to any creature breathing, sent for a physician from the neighbouring town ; the physician came, and prescribed, and Mary grew worse ; upon which two more doctors were called in, and the patient soon perished under the conjoined forces of these sagacious men, who were writing prescriptions for the body, when the mind was afflicted.

“ Pleas'd round the fair three dawdling doctors stand,
Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand ;
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,
And all receive, though none deserve the fee.”

Edward had gone to Bath to see his father, immediately after his last agonizing interview with Mary. As his whole frame drooped, and his countenance was pale and haggard, his father, who never once suspected the cause of his malady, in great alarm, sent for a physician, and an apothecary, who prescribed and sent medicines in great abundance, but in vain ; for Edward could not be prevailed upon to obey the dictates of men, who, in practising physic, left out of all their calculations the existence of *mind*. After a while, however, Mary's guardian informed Edward's father of the illness of his fair ward, and the conclusion, immediately drawn, was, that Edward's malady was occasioned by the knowledge of her indisposition ; and, accordingly, every attempt was made to dissipate Edward's melancholy, by diversion and company, which Bath, so fertile in every species of amusement, could afford.

While his was still at Bath drooping over the anguish of his heart, in that he had been compelled to wring the soul of her who was dearer to him than the ruddy drops, which formed the crimson currents of his life, there came a letter

from Mary's guardian to Edward's father announcing the death of his ward ; and the same post, also brought a letter to Edward ; it was from Mary, and ran thus.

My dearest Edward,

The hour of thy Mary is now come ; the hour which is to bring her that repose, which she has never known since that fatal moment, when thy too lofty and too romantic spirit sacrificed our mutual happiness upon the shrine of imaginary honour. I do not write to impute any blame to you, Edward ; you acted from the impulse of what you deemed your duty, and even while you pronounced the dreadful sentence of separation, the tenderness of my affection for you was augmented, and my own pangs were forgotten in the admiration of the motive, which prompted you to take so fatal a step.

I die, Edward, but without any reluctance, save that I could have wished to live 'til I had reached the age of twenty-one, in order to have bequeathed to you that fortune, which was the cause of all our misery, and which must now fall to my next of kindred, as the lawful heir. Life had no charms for me from the moment that I ceased to live for you ; from that evil and inauspicious moment every prospect was darkened, and not even a wish was left to gild the gloom of my existence.

Pardon me my weakness, Edward ; I do not wish to give you pain, or to wound the feelings of your too susceptible and tender heart ; all that I desire is, that, now and then, in the intervals of study, and in the remissions from those public duties and employments, which you must one day fill, you will recall Mary to your recollection, and drop the mingled tear of affection and of compassion over the memory of her, who sealed her love for you with her life, and who loved you even in death. Edward, beloved of my heart, let not the loftiness of thy spirit droop ; give all thine exertions, and all thy talents to thy country ; she needs their aid ; all that I request for myself from thee, is an occasional sigh of pity and of love, in those moments, when my Edward retires to commune with his own heart in solitude, and to be still.

I am too much exhausted to write more, Edward ; my sight grows dim ; my hand falters, and my heart but faintly

vibrates to the pulse of life. Farewell, my Edward, and may thy life be a life of public utility and of public honour, and when the vault of all thine ancestors shall receive thy bones, may the voice of thy country's praise, and the silent throbbings of thy country's gratitude, erect a monument of never-dying fame over all the lustre of thy words and actions. While yet the life beats in my bosom,

I am thine most affectionately,

MARY.

(To be continued.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

NATURE DISPLAYED *in her mode of teaching language to man, or a new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently, suited to every capacity ; adapted to the French.* By N. G. Dufief, of Philadelphia. Second edition, with considerable additions and corrections. Philadelphia, printed at the press of John Watts, 1806.

THIS book was noticed in our first Volume, but as the reviewing department is now transferred to other hands, and as we are now favoured with a *second* edition of M. Dufief, the whole work will be reviewed *de novo* with the consent of the former reviewer.

A book with so very long, and so very pompous a title page ought to contain something out of the common way : and if the reader will attend us through our review, he will soon find, that N. G. Dufief is a *very extraordinary* writer.

This book is ushered in by an inflated and a turgid dedication, which will speak its own merits in much more intelligible language, than can be given by any remarks of ours ; so take it, as Pope says, in the very words of Creech, when he quotes this notable couplet from that notorious translator and poet ;

“ Nought to admire’s the only thing I know,
To make men happy : and to keep them so,”

The exquisite beauty and pathos of the last words of Creech’s second line, of course, will not be lost upon the reader of discernment, and of taste.

So much for Mr. Creech, who was a very great man *in his way* : Now for M. Dufief whose dedication is expressed, as philosopher Godwin would say in the *very highest style of man*.

“ August and sacred manes of Locke, and Condillac, and you, virtuous Sicard, who, by the effulgence of your genius, have illumined the most dark and abstract subjects, and, by a most scrutinizing attention to the faculties of the mind of man, reinstated a

portion of his race in the possession of such characteristics of humanity as nature withheld ! accept a small but sincere tribute of veneration and gratitude in the dedication of the following work
by The Author."

We are at a loss how to comment upon this *sublime* dedication, but we will attempt to *parallel* it with a *piece* of *composition*, equally *fine* and equally *interesting*, by an eminent lawyer in Britain, who is generally deemed to be very profound in *his way*, that is, in the way of a *real-property* lawyer ; of his powers of eloquence, and his flourishes of rhetoric, take the following specimen ; it is to be found in the aforesaid lawyer's preface *about* and *concerning* (that we might speak *legally*) the Right Honourable Charles Yorke, who was, *seduced* into becoming the Lord high chancellor of England, and who, soon after this *seduction*, put an end to his own life. These are the words of the English lawyer.

" He, (Charles Yorke) was a modern constellation of English jurisprudence, whose digressions from the exuberance of the best juridical knowledge were illuminations ; whose energies were oracles ; whose constancy of mind was won into the pinnacle of our English forum at an inauspicious moment ; whose exquisiteness of sensibility, at almost the next moment, from the impressions of imputed error, stormed the fort of even his highly-cultivated reason, and so made elevation and extinction contemporaneous ; and whose prematurity of fate has caused an almost insuppliable interstice in the science of English equity."

See a book called " the Jurisdiction of the Lord's House of Parliament, by Sir Mathew Hale,"—and an introductory preface by T. Hargrave, Esq. the Editor, 1796. pref. page 181."

This sublime effusion of Mr. Hargrave we do not presume to understand, in all the fulness of its elevation ; perhaps, indeed, Mr. H. might wish to leave *upon record* this salutary admonition to his brethren of the long robe ; namely,—“ That a lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood, is an *avowed enemy to his profession*."

Certainly, Mr. Hargrave has never yet shown himself an avowed enemy to his profession by writing intelligibly.

Neither are Mr. H. and his legal brethren, the only people who shrink, with dismay and terror, from the perpetration of the crime of writing intelligibly ; for our worthy friend, N. G. Dufief, entertains, to the full, as great a horror of being un-

derstood, as can any lawyer in the universe; witness these words, in a note subjoined to his amazing dedication, with which we have already regaled the reader.

“To those, who are born deaf, and, consequently, dumb, Sicard by *physical* means renders the most *metaphysical* abstractions visible.”

Now, if this is not absolute, stark, staring, nonsense, it is so nearly allied to it, as to present to our mental optics a very strong family likeness.—Metaphysical abstractions are the results of an inquiry into the properties of matter, such as its impenetrability, its divisibility, &c. &c. into the faculties and operations of the human mind, as perception, memory, thought, reasoning, &c. into the immortality of the soul; and into the being and attributes of God; none of which are cognizable to any of the *human senses*, and, consequently, cannot be *visible*, notwithstanding N. G. Dufief's round assertion,—“that Sicard, by *physical* means renders the most *metaphysical* abstractions visible.”

No, Sir, the Abbé Sicard can no more render the most *metaphysical* abstractions visible, by *physical*, or by any other, means, “to those, who are born deaf, and, consequently dumb.” than he can to you yourself, N. G. Dufief.

In addition to the high and the lofty dedication to Locke, Condillac, and Sicard, M. Dufief favours us with another dedication, to his mother, which is dutiful enough, and informs us, that this excellent lady “strove to exalt his (Dufief's) sentiments by fixing *generous* principles in his breast—that she displayed her *personal* valour in the field, as well as her delicacy at home; and that Louis the eighteenth, the present exiled king of France, wrote unto her a letter, full of regret that she was a *woman*, as that circumstance prevented him from making her a *knight* of the order of St. Louis; but that he sent her his *portrait* in lieu of the knight-hood; which portrait she was to wear “attached to a riband similar to that of the order, with which he wished it were in his power to decorate her person.”

Next follows the preface to this second edition, which begins thus:—

"The great success, with which this work has been honoured, notwithstanding the *new* doctrines, which it inculcates, and the opposition of *short-sighted prejudice*, impressed me, &c. &c.

Yet notwithstanding the opposition of these *short-sighted prejudices*, we find from his own confession, that it was necessary for him to correct several blunders, which had wandered abroad in the first edition, for he says, in the very second sentence of his preface ;—

"The result has been the *suppression* of several passages, and the adoption of *numerous corrections*."

M. Dufief, then, informs us that he has been "—induced to add also the *Lecteur Français*, a selection of French pieces particularly calculated to give the last polish to the acquirement of the French language, on the *principles*, developed in his *preliminary discourse*."

We are, then told, that all *other selections* made for the use of persons learning French, are, in very deed, not to be compared to his selection, which he assures us—"is *choice* and *pithy*, and, while it conveys instruction, it cannot fail to amuse."

Moreover, we are given to understand, that this second edition is printed on a smaller type *cast for the purpose*, and contains—"in substance, *four hundred pages* more than the first edition."

M. Dufief then invites,—but let M. Dufief speak for himself ;

"Besides those, who wish to learn French, and their *respective instructors*, I invite the *learned*, the *curious*, and all those, who are desirous of observing by what *simple* means Nature produces great effects, to read with attention the *preliminary discourse*. I am the more strongly induced to make this request, as the *principles*, therein developed, have prepared a *very extensive reform* in the *science of instruction* ; and I flatter myself, that those, who have duly reflected on language, its effects on the human mind, and the powerful influence of *methods*, which are the *pinions* of the mind, will not accuse me of forming an *exaggerated* idea of the *utility* of *this production*."

This, we trust, the reader will allow, is a *very modest* confession of M. Dufief, in his own favour ;—but modesty is the peculiar, and the distinguishing characteristic of *great minds*. It was said by a gentleman, who saw the notorious Daniel

de Foe standing in the pillory, for the *seventh* time, and exhibiting a face of the most perfect unconcern upon all the apparatus of infamy, with which the laws of his country had seen it meet to adorn him ;—" *the very modesty of this fellow is impudence.*"

M. Dufief, then, pours forth his tribute of applause and of acknowledgement, to Mr. Watts, who, we are informed, " came about two years since to Philadelphia from England, with few resources, but some letters of recommendation, and his own *learning and talents* ;" Which last have broken forth in a most marvellous manner, " in *correcting the press* of Messieurs Poyntell and Co. during the printing of *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, and some other works of the *same class*," and in translating some French books.

Nay, Mr. Watts is now in the very act of translating Marmontel's literary life, a book, which N. G. Dufief asserts, (and who shall presume to contradict so *profound* a critic as N. G. Dufief ?) to be " by far the *most interesting* work, that has appeared for many years."

It must not pass unnoticed, that M. Dufief styles Marmontel, " *the virtuous French moralist.*" What definite meaning M. Dufief attaches to the words, " *virtuous moralist,*" we cannot presume even to conjecture ; probably, Mr. Dufief cannot himself tell ; but whosoever will be at the trouble of perusing Marmontel's memoirs, will find that, " *this virtuous French moralist,*" broke down every barrier of moral obligation, and of moral honour, and sank far below even the degraded level of the *pagan* code of morality, throughout the whole career of his life ; His life which was a youth of profligacy and of debauchery and an old age of impotent desire and disappointed pride.

But it seems, according to M. Dufief, that the lustre of Mr. Watts' genius shone forth in the most august splendour, when " he manufactured a *printing ink*, which has the rare property, (a property *so much desired among us* !) of never turning yellow, &c &c &c."

When Gilbas de Santillane had an interview with the keeper of a certain public house on the high road to Valladolid, in order to concert a plan of providing some dinner for the said

Gilblas, who, at that time, happened to be hungry, it was discovered, after much and mature consultation, that the poor famished Santillane could have some hashed mutton, and a *fowl*, for dinner. Accordingly, quoth Gilblas, in due time came the dinner, which I, forthwith, discussed; and the landlord brought in his bill, wherein I assure you, *the fowl was not forgotten.*

N. B. We have great reason to believe that this same fowl was a *goose.*

Mr. Dufief concludes his preface by saying that, "upon the whole, the present edition possesses advantages, which *I could not have expected* in the commencement of it."

We cannot but congratulate M. Dufief on the "advantages, which this present edition possesses,"—and we, also, sincerely hope, that these advantages will be greater than we ourselves expect "in the commencement of it"—although to say truth, our expectations, at present, are *very moderate.*

And, now, we enter, with all due reverence and awe upon that wonderful wonder of wonders—*The Preliminary Discourse*;—concerning which M. Dufief, himself, speaks so highly in his preface; and which he so earnestly presses upon the attention of the *learned* and the *curious.*

This preliminary discourse is ushered in by the following important observation, which is, to the full, as *new* as it is *profound.*

"Those, who, as observers of men and things consult the historic page, have discovered, that trifling incidents often give birth to events and revolutions of the highest influence on the condition of mankind."

Having thus prepared the reader for what mighty matters he is to expect, when the great mysteries of M. Dufief and of Nature are unfolded to view, N. G. D. informs us that—"a fortuitous circumstance first directed the observing spirit of Locke toward the *human understanding*—"that the apple falling from a tree awakening the exploring powers of Newton, and gradually leading to the investigation, and afterwards, to the glorious discovery of the eternal laws, that govern the universe naturally presents itself in this review,"—and that *in like manner*,—(that is to say, Messrs Locke, Newton and Dufief

were *alike* impelled, &c.)—"trivial circumstances" first led N. G. D. to bring forth this work, "in which"—to use M. Dufief's own words; and where shall we find any other words sufficiently qualified to do justice to his own sublime discoveries?—"in which the *true method* of acquiring languages is pointed out; a method, *hitherto altogether unknown*; a method, in a word, which follows *Nature's process* itself, which is *the most expeditious*, that can be devised, and which is applicable to *all* languages."

It appears, from this preliminary discourse, that these were the "trivial circumstances" which led M. Dufief to the manufacturing of the marvellous book, which is the subject of our present consideration;—namely,—That N. G. D. came to Philadelphia in 1793, and was extremely anxious to learn the English language; to accomplish which purpose he bought "the three great English historians, Thomson and Milton, and two grammars, Boyer's dictionary (in *quarto*), and Sheridan's dictionary;—that he had just agreed with an English teacher, to begin, as is usual, a course of *grammar*, and *grammatical exercises* on the *rules*;" that the yellow fever drove him from Philadelphia to Princeton; that in the hurry of his flight, and in the greatness of his fear, he left his *two grammars* behind him; for which, however, he wrote to Philadelphia, but in vain, all communication with that unfortunate city having been forbidden. M. Dufief, then, in the true spirit of *pathos*, adds,—"I was more sensibly affected by *this omission*, (the loss of two *English grammars*) than by *all the misfortunes*, that had befallen me in the *French Revolution*."

After giving up several days to listlessness, and irresolution, however N. G. D. taught himself English by "the successful and *amazingly quick* method, which *Nature* kindly dictated,"—which method, he says, has "impressed him with the *genius* and *analogy* of the English language."

This marvellous method M. Dufief, "after considering the *operations* of the *understanding*," tells us, is—"to acquire *whole sentences*, the words of which are already connected together, rather than solitary words, without any connection or interest."

M. Dufief adds in a note, these words,—“ In pursuing this plan, I, *unwittingly*, followed the advice of D'Alembert, who, in his posthumous works, printed at Paris, in 1799, makes this remark:—“ Would you acquire a language *speedily*, and are you possessed of memory? *get a dictionary by heart, if you can; and read a great deal.*”

And this is the *new*, the *expeditious* mode of learning a language! the mode that is to supplant and annihilate the *grammatical* method of teaching, which “ *the ignorance* and the *prejudice* of mankind have so long induced people to pursue.” To learn *grammar rules*, it seems, is *tedious* and *disgusting*; therefore, say M. D'Alembert and M. Dufief,—“ *get a dictionary by heart, and read a great deal.*”

But what child, in his senses, could be prevailed upon to *get a dictionary by heart*? That father must be far gone, indeed, who could see, without a tear, his child, even *reading* a dictionary; how much more, then, would it grieve him to see his boy lumbering his head by *getting a dictionary by heart*? Besides, we know, that it is not in the nature of things, that children shall “ *read a great deal*,” it is necessary that their tasks be short, and simple, and that they be allowed to delight themselves, and to promote their health and growth by spending a great portion of their time in bodily amusements, and bodily exercises.—“ *Get a dictionary by heart*,” however, say Messrs. D'Alembert and Dufief, and “ you will acquire a language *speedily.*”

It will readily appear, from what has been already said, that N. G. Dufief's *new* and *expeditious* method of teaching the French language is to make his unhappy pupils get off a great number of French *phrases by rote*;—that is, committing to memory a given number of words, to which they attach *no definite meaning*, and which they *do not understand*. Neither does M. Dufief deny this; but rather glories in his having discovered such a *very simple* method of teaching; his words are—“ The pre-eminence of *this* method (thereby meaning the *phrase* method) as I now perceived, was so powerfully supported by reason, that I formed an unalterable resolution to adhere to it; to make it prevail by every mean in my power; and utterly to renounce *the trite jargon of the*

schools; thus I once more adopted, what *graybeard prejudice* calls *Rote*, and what it is welcome still to call so; but which is the *only method*, by which mankind acquire their native tongue."

N. G. Dufief is next so obliging as to inform us, that he had written a book called "*The Grammatical Companion*," which was *good for nothing*; in which instance, we, by no means doubt the accuracy of M. Dufief's judgment; but that "he had obtained a larger subscription than was necessary to defray the expense of printing; and, which, of course, in the event of publication, left a balance *highly acceptable in his favour*." "The approving voice of some to whom the work had been submitted, and the flattering hopes of success," (although Mr. Dufief, himself confesses, that the book was *naught*; no doubt its wit, as Falstaff says was as thick as Tewksbury mustard,) "which they held out to me, were additional motives of encouragement: to extricate myself, however," (continues this *great philosopher*,) "from the labyrinth into which these circumstances had involved me, and to put an end to the conflict between my *principles* and my *interest*, in the moment of *enthusiasm* for Condillac and *true philosophy*, I committed the *grammatical companion* to the flames, regardless of my time or my labour."

Bravo, bravo, N. G. Dufief! what a sacrifice! what a sublime effort of morality, not to publish a book, which he knew to be founded on "*erroneous principles*." Such an amazing effort, surely entitles M. Dufief to the same appellation, that he bestows upon M. Marmontel, namely that of "*the virtuous French moralist*."

After the successful termination of "this *conflict* between his *principles* and his *interest*," he says that "Far from proposing, at *that time*, to publish a work *on language*," (Q. is this a work *on language*, which we are now reviewing? "I shrank from the undertaking: I was resolved, however, to *investigate* the subject; and in *reflecting* on the *human understanding*," (true, indeed; for very few people have cast *greater reflections* upon the human understanding, than has N. G. Dufief) "and the influence of signs upon it, which was principally suggested to me by Condillac," (poor Condillac!!)

"I became convinced, that *no one* can have pretensions to the character of a *grammarian*, without being previously, a *meta-physician*; that is to say, without being capable of *analyzing* the faculties of the *soul*, and tracing the *ideas to their very source*."

All this, of course, means, if it *mean any thing*, that N. G. Dufief is, "capable of *analyzing* the faculties of the soul, and tracing the ideas to *their very source*."

And, in order to prove that he is *so capable*, M. Dufief subjoins the following note. "True grammar is, *in fact*"—(only observe how scrupulous N. G. D. is as to the *matter of fact*)—"the *continuation of the science of ideas*, this will be admitted, when *the mist*, which envelopes *education* shall have been *dispelled*."

Now—"as the *mist* which envelopes our *education* is not yet dispelled" we shall consider it as a great favour done unto us, if M. Dufief will condescend to explain to us what he means by—"grammar being *in fact*, the *continuation of the science of ideas*."—Nay, we shall consider it as no small obligation conferred upon us, if N. G. D. will stoop from the loftiness of his "*abstracted and analytical*" intellect, to inform us what he means by—"the *science of ideas*."

Of this note, and of its meaning and import, we are not ashamed to profess ourselves utterly ignorant, and shall with all due thankfulness receive from M. Dufief, or from *any one else* aught that may tend to throw the least light upon an assemblage of words, which is to us, at present, as full of darkness and of obscurity, as are chaos and old night; as free from the imputation of sense, as they are of wit and merriment,

(To be continued.)

AN INQUIRY into the present state of the foreign relations of the Union, as affected by the late measures of Administration, Published by Bradford, Philadelphia; Brisban and Brannan, New-York; Andrews, Boston; and the principal Book-sellers in the United States.—1806.

A MIDST the shaking of the nations all around us; at this awful and portentous hour, when the fashion of this

world is passing away ; when old things are changed and all things are becoming new ; when empires, and kingdoms, and nations are rolled together as a scroll, and wrapped in all the horrors of a more than Stygian darkness, are lost in the dread profound of tyranny and death ; when the fiercest of all the fiends, that feed upon the misery of man, is cutting down every bridge, by which honour and humanity can retreat into the society of men ; when that fiend is blotting the sun with clouds of carnage, and is laying for ever low, in an untimely tomb, all that dignity, and tenderness, and wisdom, and charity, and affection, and confidence, can add of lusture and of love to the human race ; it is incumbent upon religion, and morality, and literature, and policy to join hand in hand in one common bond of indissoluble amity and concord, and raise an effectual barrier to stem the rolling of that tide of desolation which has swept away its ancient mounds, and threatens to deluge the fair face of earth with the waters of bitterness and of death.

•The last twenty years have presented to the world the important and the awful spectacle of a great and a mighty people, rising in all the fury of revolutionary phrenzy, and shaking off, like dew-drops from a lion's mane, the incumbrances of a despotism systematized and regulated by the polished, but the unrelenting hand of a specious and a deceitful refinement ;— of a people running the whole circle of human misery ; cradling all the elements of society in blood ; performing all the revolutions of governmental existence, from the wildest and the most lawless anarchy to the dreadful, the soul-benumbing calm of *individual despotism* ; of all the royal and princely potentates, of all the dominations, and kingdoms, and thrones in Europe combining and confederating together to destroy that people : of the enterprizing energy, and the irresistible enthusiasm, with which that people, so hemmed in with foes, and so begirded round about with enemies, put back all their assailants, and, under the daring auspices of the colossal mind, and the giant-grasp of one man, have placed themselves upon the pinnacle of human power, already dictate laws to half the world, and are, now, proceeding, with hasty strides, to cast the chains of their horrible dominion over the remainder of the earth,

How were all these events produced?—Hear the words of one of the greatest statesmen, which the world has ever produced, in ancient or in modern times ; of *that statesman*, on whose wisdom and magnanimity are now turned the eyes of all the friends of humanity and of social order, as a rock of refuge, and a strong tower of defence, against the evils and the dangers, which encompass them round about.

“ I would, really, wish to ask, if Gentlemen have never heard of a people called the Romans, a set of republicans, who conquered the world in the old time ; and whom the *modern Romans* take as their model in every respect?—Among the nations that fell under the Roman yoke, there were but few, whom they were able to fetch down at a blow,—to reduce in the course of a *single* war. All their *greater antagonists* were not reduced ’till after repeated attacks, ’till after several *successive* and *alternate* processess of war and peace ; a victorious war preparing the way for an advantageous peace ; and an advantageous peace again laying the foundation of a successful war.

“ This was, at least, the conduct of a *great* people ; a people not to be put aside from their purposes by every transient blast of fortune.—They had *vowed the destruction of Carthage* ; and they never rested from their design, ’till they had seen it finally accomplished.

“ The emulators of their fortune in the *present day*, are, in no less degree, the emulators of their virtues ; at least of *those qualities*, whatever they may be, that give to man a *command over his fellows*. When I look to the conduct of the French Revolutionary rulers, as compared with that of their opponents ; when I see the grandeur of their designs ; the wisdom of their plans ; the steadiness of their execution ; their boldness in acting ; their constancy in enduring ; their contempt of all *small obstacles*, and *temporary embarrassments* ; their inflexible determination to perform such and such things ; and the power, which they have displayed, in acting up to that determination ; when I contrast these with the *narrow views*, the *paltry interests*, the *desultory* and *wavering* conduct, the want of all *right feeling* and *just conception*, that characterise so generally the governments and nations opposed to them, I confess, I sink down in despondency, and am fain to admit, that if they shall have conquered the world, it will be by qualities, by which they deserve to conquer it.—Never were there persons who could shew a fairer title to the inheritance which they claim

“ The great division of mankind, made by a celebrated philosopher of old, into those, who were formed to *govern*, and those who were born only *to obey*, was never more strongly exemplified than by the French nation, and those who *have sunk*, or *are sinking*, under their yoke. Let us not suppose, therefore, that, while these qualities, combined with these purposes, shall continue to exist, they will ever cease, by night or by day, in *peace* or in *war*, to

work their natural effect ; to gravitate towards their proper centre ; or that the bold, the proud, the dignified, the determined, those who *will* great things, and will stake their existence upon the accomplishment of what they have *willed*, shall not finally prevail over those, who act upon the very opposite feelings ; who will never push their *resistance* beyond their *convenience* ; who ask for nothing but *ease* and *safety* ; who look only to stave off the evil for the *present day*, and will take no heed of what may befall them *on the morrow*"

But it does not, therefore follow, that it would be *better for the world*, that France should possess the sceptre of *universal empire*. We all know what was the condition of the kingdoms of the earth, when they were reduced into *provinces* of the Roman republic ; a condition full of misery, and full of anguish, of barren sorrow, and irretrievable destitution.

When no nation exists to check oppression, or to oppose tyranny, what is to prevent them from exerting their baneful influence in its fullest extent ?—If Britain fall in the present contest, in which she is engaged, the *other nations of the earth fall with her* ; for what is to resist the combined force of France and of Britain, wielded by the giant-arm of the foremost man of all this world ?—Listen, yet once again, to the *warning voice*, and while you listen, pause, and ponder upon the words of wisdom and of truth.

"Do we expect, that, from some cause or other, from some combination of passions and events,—such as no philosophy seems capable of explaining, and no history probably can furnish an example of,—the progress of the *French Revolution will stop where it is* ; and that Bonaparte, like another Alexander,—or rather like that adviser of Alexander, whose advice was *not taken*,—instead of proceeding to the conquest of *new worlds*, will be willing to sit down contented in the enjoyment of those which he has already ?

"The great objection to this hope, to say nothing of its baseness, is it utter extravagance. On what possible ground do we believe this ?—Is it in the general nature of ambition ! Is it in the nature of French ambition ? Is it in the nature of *French revolutionary* ambition ? Does it happen, commonly, to those, whether nations, or individuals, who are seized with the spirit of aggrandizement and acquisition, that they are inclined rather to count what they possess than to look forward to what remains to be acquired ?

"If we examine the *French revolution*, and trace it correctly to its causes, we shall find that the scheme of *universal empire* was *from the beginning*, that which was looked to as the *real consummation* of its labours ; the object, *first in view*, though *last to be accom-*

plished, the *primum mobile*, that originally set it in motion, and has since guided and governed *all its movements*.

"The authors of the Revolution wished to *destroy morality and religion*. They wished those things as *ends*; but they wished them also as *means*, to a higher and more extensive design.—They wished for a *double empire*; an empire of *opinion*, and an empire of *political power*; and they used the *one* of these as a *mean* of effecting the *other*.

"What reason have we to suppose, that they have *renounced* those designs, just when they seem to touch the moment of their *highest and fullest accomplishment*? When there is but *one country* between France and the *empire of the world*, is it, *then*, the moment, in which we choose to suppose, that all opposition may be withdrawn, and that the ambition of France will *stop of its own accord*?—It is impossible not to see in these feeble and sickly imaginations, that *fatal temper of mind*, which leads men to look for help and comfort from any source rather than from their *own exertions*."

It is not, *now*, the question, whether or not Britain is to preserve her independence, as a nation; but whether or not *all the countries of the earth* are to receive laws, and ordinances, and imposts, and burdens, and chains, and fetters, and all the bitterness of irremediable slavery from the Emperor of the French? What kindness, what favour, has *America*, a *republic*, a country breathing the spirit of liberty and of independence, a country, the excellence of whose government is a standing reproach to, and a broad libel upon the horrible features of despotism, to expect from *him*, who has waded through slaughter to a throne, and has shut the gates of mercy on mankind?

And now, therefore, even now, is the hour come, when every American must lay his hand upon his heart, and say,—
"we will suffer no *foreign* power to intermeddle with our laws and our government.—That tree of liberty which our fathers planted in this extended continent, and bade its foliage overspread the land; that tree, which these, our fathers, watered with their blood; that tree, to defend which against all the deadly attempts of the most infatuated and perverse despotism, that ever degraded the character of man, they repaired to the field, clad in iron garments; we will not suffer to be hewn down, and cast into the fire, by the merciless and the vindictive sword of *another Caligula*, who wishes that mankind had but one neck, in order that he might exterminate the

whole human race at one blow ; by the sword of one who rears the structure of his fame, and builds the temple of his honour, on the destruction and annihilation of all the rights, and all the privileges of insulted and degraded humanity ; of *one*, who clothes the colossal form of his imperial sway in the subjugation of a prostrate and an abased world."

At this rough, this trying, hour, when every thing upon every side, is full of traps and of mines, when earth below shakes, and heaven above menaces, when ruin's unfathomed gulph yawns beneath, and all the elements of social safety are dissolved ; in the midst of this chaos of plots and of counter-plots ; in the midst of this complicated warfare against public opposition, and private treachery, *the Americans* are called upon to preserve themselves, and every thing that can be near and dear unto their hearts, against the unrelenting fury of another Attila, who has led forth his swarms of barbarians conquering and to conquer ; and has commanded his hordes of banditti to lay waste the earth.

The fiend of carnage goeth before his van, and desolation hovers on his rear ; his foot-steps are floated in human blood, his eye knoweth no pity ; neither does his heart feel any mercy.—He hath cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war upon a panting and a wearied world. And it is not the feeble arm of submission or of fear, that can, again, put the muzzle upon their mouths, and, again, throw the chain around their necks ; it *can* only be done by the resistless energy of *national glory*, and of generous indignation, the unconquerable mind, and freedom's ardent flame.

Are we to learn ought from the page of history ; is experience of the past to regulate our future conduct ; or is the understanding of man drunken, so that it cannot perceive ;—is the common sense of all the human race asleep, so that it cannot feel, neither can it be taught any thing conducive to life, and light, and health, and peace, and safety from destruction ? If it be not yet *too late*, consult the volume of former times, and learn, that a *military conqueror* is, of all the pests, and all the scourges of humanity, the direst and the worst.

When the bastard of Normandy, more commonly known by the name of William the Conqueror, had subdued England

by the force of arms, what was the condition of its inhabitants?—Its nobles, and its great men were driven out from their possessions, and either slaughtered at home, or compelled to wander as exiles and outcasts on a foreign land; and the people were ground down to the most intolerable slavery; they were forced, under pain of death, *to extinguish every light in their houses at eight o'clock in the evening*, whatsoever distress of sickness, or of sorrow, might require the need of aid and of compassion; they were exposed to every cruelty, which the *lawless* and the *licentious* Norman soldiery, could in the uniformity of their systematic brutality devise; they were oppressed, starved, insulted, imprisoned, tortured, murdered at the will of a capricious, and a disorderly mob of the Conqueror's military followers.

And not contented with all these enormities, William actually ordered the whole extent of that part of Northumberland, which lies between the rivers Humber and Tees, to be laid waste, and every habitation to be consumed with fire; by which barbarous edict more than *a hundred thousand families* perished, either by the immediate effects of the flames and of the Norman sword, or by the more lingering destruction of cold and of famine, in the thickets, and in the forests, or on their own desolated plains, which had been blasted by the breath of tyranny.

But William was the *king of England*, and intended that the crown should descend to his posterity;—policy, therefore, would restrain, in some measure, the atrocity of his iniquitous despotism; lest, while he utterly wasted the people, he, also, annihilated his own sovereignty.

But no hope of any mercy, either dictated by humanity, or taught by policy, have the Americans to expect, if they bow their necks to the domination of a *foreign usurper*.—He has no wish to be himself the immediate sovereign of this land; but to subject it to the iron sceptre of one of his vassals; so that all the glory, and the honour, and the virtue, and the integrity, and the happiness, and the knowledge of this country, are to be trampled under foot by *the slave of a slave!!!*—by the servant, the tool, the instrument, of one, *himself not free*, but to *himself enthralled*, yet lewdly dares our ministring upbraid!

When this scourge of the human race sent his legions of destruction to the confines of Hannover, they met with *no resistance*, the people *submitted at once*, and became the *voluntary slaves* of the victor.—And what was the consequence of this *tame*, this *base surrender* of themselves?—why even this was the consequence;—their possessions and their property were given up to the pillage of an ignorant and a disorderly banditti; the men were slaughtered in heaps;—nay, even *infants*, were wantonly murdered;—and *women*, of the *highest order and respectability* were *violated in the open streets*, with every mark of outrage and of insult which the brutality of an *intoxicated soldiery* could inflict.

All these, and more than all these indignities, and injuries are reserved for the *American people*, if they yield the land of their fathers unto the *enemy of mankind*, the *murderer* of his *prisoners*, the *poisoner* of his *own sick and afflicted troops*.

In the better days of Holland, ere she had yet learned to prostrate all her honour, and all her independance at the foot of unbridled tyranny, and of profligate atheism; when Louis the fourteenth menaced entire destruction to the Dutch, the Prince of Orange—(he who was afterwards the third William on the British throne)—was asked what he would do, when the French had driven him out of every spot of his hereditary dominions, by their superior numbers, and their superior force? The intrepid hero replied;—“*I will fight every inch of ground, and will die in the last dyke.*”

The hour is coming when every one, *who loves his country*, must adopt the language of the illustrious William, if he own himself under the influence of any one tie, which humanity can bind round the heart of man.—Is he a *father*, and will he not rather die than live to see his boys massacred, and his daughters dishonoured?—Is he a *husband*, and will he look on tamely, and behold the wife of his bosom violated by outrageous lust, and lawless cruelty?—Is he a *son*,—a *brother*,—and will he wish to preserve his life, only that he may behold his aged father, and his honoured mother basely butchered; or that he may hear the agonizing shrieks of his sisters, as they vainly struggle, with ineffectual cries, and unre-

garded supplications, against the unhallowed attempts of brutal force ?

If it shall be necessary, then, we will go up to battle ; and as fathers, as husbands, as sons, and as brothers, we will offer ourselves a sacrifice, to preserve our children, our wives, our parents, and our sisters, our government and our country, from the hands of the ravisher and the spoiler. If a breach be made in our citadel, we will fill up the gap with our bodies ; we will raise a rampart of living power, against which all attempts of hostile invasion shall fail, and be as nothing. Those that survive the contest shall live to witness the glory and the happiness of their country, the peace and the security of all that to them are dear ; and those that perish in the shock, shall die rejoicing, in that they fall for the preservation of the honour, the independence, the uprightness, the felicity, the existence of the land, which gave them birth ; of the land, which supports and protects all that is near and precious to their souls.

Such will ever be the sentiments of every *genuine American* ; of every American, that is true to the best interests of his own country ; even to his extremest hour, when death stands victor by, he will lay his hand upon the tumultuous boundings of his beating bosom, and say, " Oh ! my country, thine shall be my last throb, and thine my latest sigh."

— " Non ante revellar,

Exanimem quam te complectar, Roma, tuumque
Nomen, *Libertas*, et inanem prosequar umbram !

I will not be torn away from thee, *O America*, 'till I embrace thee in thy *last agony* ; thy name, also, *O Liberty*, will I venerate and cherish ; and will follow after and pursue the very semblance of thy shadow, even when it can avail no more.

" Res videas quo modo se habeant ; orbem terrarum, imperiis distributis, ardere bello ; urbem sine legibus, sine iudiciis, sine jure, sine fide, relictam direptioni et incendiis"—says Cicero, and he says truly ; for what man of common honesty will deny, that the world, all its different governments being divided amongst themselves, is wrapped in the flames of war ; that the city—the state, without laws, without judi-

cial tribunals, without right or equity, without public faith, is given up to plunder and fire, or incendiaries.?

It was the opinion of the *all accomplished* Sir William Jones that, in times of national adversity, those citizens are entitled to the highest praise, who by personal exertions, and active valour promote, at their private hazard the public welfare; that the second rank in the scale of honour is due to those, who in the great council of the nation, or, in other assemblies legally convened, propose and enforce, with manly eloquence, what they conceive to be salutary or expedient on the occasion; and that the third place remains for those persons, who, when they have neither a necessity to act, nor a fair opportunity to speak, impart in writing to their countrymen such opinions, as their reason approves, and such knowledge as their painful researches have enabled them to acquire. With these restrictions, the sword, the tongue, and the pen, which have been too often employed by the worst passions to the worst purposes, may become the instruments of exalted virtue; instruments, which it is not the right only, but the duty of every man to use, who can use them; paying always a sacred regard to the laws of that country, which he undertakes to defend, to advise, or to enlighten.

It must have been a sense of this duty, and a consciousness of this right, which has impelled the author of the publication now under review, with no motives, as is manifest from the whole spirit of the work, of factious ambition, or of private interest, to present to the public his sentiments on a subject no less interesting at the present awful hour, than important to all the ages which are yet to come.

The dedication breathes a spirit of such high and honourable patriotism, that we cannot refrain from gratifying ourselves by presenting it to the reader.

Dedication to the American People.

“The author of the following pages is proud of dedicating to the *happiest and almost the only freemen* on earth, the fruits of a zealous ambition to contribute something, as a claim to their approbation, in the attempt to discharge a duty, that he owes to his country. However unworthy his labours may be of those for whom they are wrought, and however deficient they may be in the views, which they give of our great and interesting concerns; it is hoped, that they will not be altogether abortive, in what was one of the princi-

pal objects in their publication, the excitement of an anxious and general inquiry into the present *gloomy aspect of our political relations.*"

"As you are the sources of all honour and power in the republic, it must be from those, whom you invest with the authority of the state, that all the good, or all the evil, which Americans suffer or enjoy, must be derived. Posterity will never give to your instruments the credit or the blame which they may deserve, without recurring to those, who exalted and confided in such representatives of the nation. If the honour of the American people is tarnished by those, who are unworthy to govern them, *you alone* have the power to take the rusting glories of the nation out of the hands of those, who defile them, and consign the great charge to the keeping of others, who will not throw a disgrace upon *your name*.

"Whatever of splendour,—whatever of fame,—whatever of heroic grandeur you have received from those, who nobly bled and died for their acquisition, they are entrusted to *your* prudence,—to *your* wisdom, and to *your* spirit to preserve. These have never been *so much in danger*, at any æra in the history of your country, as they are at *this hour* :—and if *you* fail to step forth, and vindicate the honour of the nation, and secure its solid and vital interests ; you cannot prove yourselves to be men full of the holy ardour of freedom, by a conduct, which comes only from the cold apathy of sluggards.

"The eyes of the world are fixed upon this *great republic*, of which they have heard so much, and from which the friends of liberty have promised the brightest of manly virtues :—you have it in your power to be honoured or disgraced.

"That your glory may not set after having shone upon your republic for only the short period of thirty years—that your death may not soon follow after your birth,—that you may not fall before you have done something worthy of the heroes, who founded your great empire,—that you may live for a long succession of ages, as a monument of human greatness founded upon the most exalted of human virtues,—that liberty may ever shed her hallowed glories over your happy land,—is the fervent prayer of one, who is neither a *British agent*, nor a *French intriguer*,—no disgusted subject of democratic intolerance,—no disappointed seeker after public honours—but one who glories in the appellation and character of an

INDEPENDENT AMERICAN."

(To be Continued).

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

In our first number, of the second volume of this work, we requested biographical communications of American excellence, either living or dead ; but no such communications have been transmitted. We, again, urge the request ; and we, also beg our correspondents to favour us with any observations, by which the understanding might be enlightened ;—the heart amended ;—and the moral and physical strength of this country permanently augmented. All such communications will be gratefully received by us, and inserted, under their respective heads, in this publication, with all due punctuality, and with all convenient speed.

We have, however received from Charleston, the conclusion of the review of "*Alfred*," a poem written by a young gentleman of Carolina, at the early age of eighteen years. The review is by the pen of *the Archer*, to whom we are under so many and so great obligations for effectual aid in this literary undertaking. The review bears the stamp of that smooth, easy, elegant simplicity of diction ;—that amenity of disposition ;—that refined taste, which accords with truth ;—those softened, tender feelings of the heart, which cherish all the domestic charities, and adorn all the dear relations of life ;—and that ardour in the cause of sound morality, and of social virtue,—which so particularly characterize all the thoughts, words, and deeds, of this amiable and interesting writer.

With this opinion of the author, and of the review, in question, we considerably regret, that we are not able to insert this piece of criticism in our present number ; but it shall most certainly, appear under its appropriate title, that of American Literature reviewed ; in our publication for the next month.

We are, also, sorry that we are obliged to postpone, till February, the insertion of "*The Archer, No. 5*," which we have received from Charleston. The labours of *the Archer*, in the cause of religion and virtue have been uniform and

strenuous, and cannot fail of being effectual. For his aid given to us, hitherto, we offer to him the throbbings of a grateful heart, and the most open, the most undisguised expressions of esteem and affection, ardent, unequivocal, and perpetual. To the continuation of his intellectual support, we look forward with high hope and expectation, because we know, that the first wish of his soul is to promote the best interests of humanity, by enforcing the indispensable, the eternal laws of moral obligation, and of moral honour.

We have, also, received the following communication from a correspondent, whose name is to us, as yet, unknown.

For the Editors of the Monthly Register, Magazine,
and Review of the United States.

Gentlemen,

These observations of mine I know to be founded on truth, and derived from attentively studying the character of my countrymen, and if you will insert them in your Magazine, you will oblige
A Native American.

As we most earnestly wish to oblige the native Americans, when it can be done consistently with justice, we shall here insert the observations of our correspondent, without either comment or remark.

"Much has been said, in all ages, about the necessity of encouraging literature, as one of the best means of increasing the power and honour of a nation; and a free government has been thought to be the most favourable to the interests of literature. But a free government *alone*, is not sufficient:—the *trading spirit*, when carried to excess, will counteract every effort of intellect. Holland was, once a republic, had once a free government, but it never encouraged literature; a Dutchman seldom or ever, either bought or read a book, besides his ledger and a volume of arithmetic; and the consequence was, that this miserable peddling principle soon destroyed all sense of national honour and character, and gave up Holland an easy prey to her more intellectual neighbours.

"Neither is Holland the only place, in which the trading spirit stifles literature; here in America, where we have also, a free government, the same peddling spirit chokes literature, in a much greater degree than any real lover of his country likes

to see. Not long ago, I heard a woman, here, in Long-Island, say to her husband ;—Why dear me, you are not going to buy another book !—You will ruin yourself in buying books ; why, you know, it was but last month, you gave *six pence for an almanac*.—

“ The husband is a neighbour of mine, and worth between sixty and seventy thousand dollars.—I was in New-York the other day, in a book-store, where a subscription-paper was handed round for a little volume of poems, to be published by a young American, and every man present, immediately buttoned up his breeches’ pocket, and said,—I’ll wait and see what it is, before I subscribe.

“ Now suppose, that this same caution had always guided the conduct of men, how could any works of genius have been produced, since no man will write, any more than he will do any other work, without encouragement, and the prospect of being paid for it ?—If the people in Europe had always shrunk from patronising literary efforts, and waited till they should see what they were, the Europeans, at this moment, would be no wiser, and no better informed than the savage Indians, that border upon our back settlements, or than the lady herself, who scolded her husband for having given *sixpence for an almanac*.

I am, Gentlemen,

Long Island,
Dec. 18th. 1806.

Yours, &c.
T. V—T.

N. B.—The observations, with regard to Holland, are not quite correct, for she has produced many excellent theologians, and some good classical scholars.

We have, also, been favoured with the following remarks, to insert which at least, shews our honesty, if it do not discover our prudence.

GENTLEMEN,

I am a plain man, and have had only a plain education, such as this country in general affords ; I am a merchant in this city, and, let me tell you, can afford to spend my money, as well as other people. And so I take in your Magazine, and must tell you fairly, that though I like some parts of it tolerable well, yet the style is very often very bad. Why,

there is that Wanderer No. 1.—I was forced to call out for Johnson's dictionary, at every line, while I was reading out loud to my wife and two daughters, to find out the meaning of so many hard words, as you use. And you must know, a gentleman does not like to be stopped, when he is reading off hand, and out loud, before his family; and, then, you use too many epithets, why you write *prose run mad*; and Ned's father never made such a long speech to such a little boy about that drowned woman; why I never made a speech a quarter so long to my eldest son, George, who is now more than fourteen, he will be fifteen, come the fourth of July next; that you must confess is not natural; and, then, why should the drowned woman be a *large* woman?—I should be glad to know that; and moreover your sentences are too long; what do you think Pope, an English poet, says about them there long sentences?

—"Swift for a close sententious style,
But Hoadly, for a *period of a mile*."

My eldest daughter Molly, who is looking over my left shoulder, while I am writing to you, says, that her French master told her as how, one Moliere, as used to write French plays, used to call up his cook-maid, and read his plays to her, because, says he, says Moliere, if my cook-maid don't understand them, the public won't, and the public isn't a bit wiser than my cook-maid.

Now, gentlemen, if you will only mend your style, and shorten your sentences, and make your Magazine better, you will much oblige—

Your humble servant,

A PROMOTER OF LITERATURE.

New-York, Dec. 27th, 1806.

P. S. I do not put down the name of the street, where my house is, for fear you should find out who I am.

We, the Editors of this work, do hereby, solemnly, pledge ourselves to pay all the attention to the criticism of this *promoter of literature*, which it *merits*. We feel much hurt, at the gentleman's not putting down the name of the street, where he lives, because we wish much to *find out* so valuable a correspondent; we, however, console ourselves with the hope, that he will, ere long, be able to *find himself out*.

In answer to his complaint about the hard words, and other grievances in the Wanderer, and in the tale, we say, that, to oblige so judicious a critic, we will, in future, desist from the use of hard words, retrench the number of our epithets, endeavour to write prose *run sober*, and not permit Edward's father to make any more long speeches.—In reply to the very sagacious question of—why should the drowned woman be a large woman, we beg leave to ask why she should *not* be a large woman?

We have *no* cook-maid; what, then, shall we do, in order to adopt Moliere's admirable plan? Will the *promoter of literature* himself, undertake to supply the cook-maid's place; or will his eldest daughter Molly, venture to officiate in that important capacity? That same Moliere, who, as the French teacher informed Miss Molly, used to write French plays, and call his cook-maid up stairs, causes a *learned lady*, in one of his plays, to declare, that the heart in the human body, lies on the *right* side; and, on being asked, if the heart did not lie on the *left* side, this female Solomon, gravely replies; No, the heart used to be placed on the *left* side; but it is, now, *changed*.

Emboldened by such high authority, we venture to ask,—if the public, which, in Moliere's time, used to be no wiser than his cook-maid, is not now changed and gone over to the *right* side?

THE EDITORS.

The note, immediately subjoined, shall close the fourth section for this month.

GENTLEMEN,

In page eleven of your magazine for December last, are these words,—“his elder brother, who was some years older than *him*.” Now, this is *false grammar*; *him* should be, *he*.—And is this the wonderful magazine we were taught to expect; in which you cannot write eleven pages, without *bad grammar*? It would be well, if, before you take upon you to correct others, you would learn to correct yourselves, or you will hear further from, one, who keeps his eye upon you.

CAUSIDICUS,

NEW-YORK, January 1st. 1806.

We think, from the stile of this note, that our correspond-

ent would, with more propriety have subscribed himself *Cynicus*, than have adopted his present appellation. This fierceness in the cause of grammar reminds as of the Roman lady, who, as Juvenal tells us,—“for breaking Priscian’s, broke her husband’s head.”—We, however, plead guilty to the charge, and confess that *him* ought to be *he*. Whenever Lord North was driven hard by the opposition, in the British house of commons, about his egregious blunders in endeavouring to oppress the Americans, he, for lack of argument (for all the Argument was against him) used to put off his antagonist with a story. Now, as we are precisely in the same predicament with Lord North,—for the argument is, in this instance, entirely against us, we must endeavour to pacify the terrible Causidicus, who keeps such a watchful eye upon us, with a little anecdote.

Soon after Edmund Burke had printed his pamphlet upon “the propriety of making peace with regicide France,”—Malone, the indefatigable Malone, the laborious commentator upon Shakspeare, one morning, rushed into Burke’s study, pamphlet in hand, and, with a most ghastly visage of dismay and horror, exclaimed,—Oh! Burke, Burke, what is to be done? In the name of all that is shocking look here.—The old man put on his spectacles, and found that he had written *we*, instead of *I*.—well, my dear,—said Emund,—and is this all? All?—replied Malone, groaning in the very disquietude of his soul.—All?—why, Burke, are you mad?—do you not see that this is downright *false grammar*?—True,—answered the veteran statesman,—and if the errors of a single page fill your fine, your exquisitely feeling mind with so much anguish and misery, what sufferings will you not endure if you peruse the whole work?

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

WE have been favoured with the following note on our selection of the Poetry for the month of December, 1806.

GENTLEMEN,

I am astonished to see, that you have *no original* poetry in your Magazine; nothing but extracts from Beattie and Burns, now, gentlemen, unless you insert some *original* poetry, your magazine will fall to the dogs. No body wants selections from poets already in print; we want something, that never has been in print; wherefore, I am, your's sincerely.

A CRITIC.

HAERLEM, Dec. 14th, 1806.

This note of a *critic* is too important to be passed over without observation.—In the first place, our selection for the last month contains *no* extract from Burns. And pray, why does this *critic* want *original* poetry? Has he read, and is he well acquainted with all the good poetry which is now written; if he be, how came it to pass, that he attributes to Burns, that, which Burns did not write; or does he know how to distinguish good poetry from bad:—is he ignorant of the extensive, and the permanently beneficial effects, which a judicious selection of poetry has, in softening the heart, in refining the taste, in enlarging the understanding, and in exalting the imagination; is he yet to learn, that from the vast variety of poetical productions, which are now in print, and a great portion of which is very improper to be presented to the young mind, a well-chosen selection might be rendered more useful and more delightful to the reader, than any new poetical effusion, unless that effusion be peculiarly excellent; does he imagine that namby-pamby nonsense about Cupid, and Venus, and sighs, and tears, and flames, and darts, and kissings, and squeezings, and orange groves, and myrtle bowers, can be ever calculated to improve the mind, or to

amend the heart; to fan the flame of industry, and of genius; to rouse the spirit of honourable emulation; to sooth the long hours of toil, and solitude; or to exalt man in the dignity of thinking beings?

These are, indeed, the petty criticisms of petty critics; who may, perhaps, be able to count ten upon their fingers, to know Paul from Peter, and to distinguish a cow from a horse; but if they object to a selection from such poets, as Beattie, Burns, Thompson, and many other bards of higher fame, will never be found guilty, if they be ever accused, of ought inclining towards a comprehensive intellect, or a feeling heart.

We shall, however, from time to time, insert *original* poetry, when communicated to us, provided, that it has a tendency to combine instruction with amusement:—whatever poetical communications do not bear this stamp of utility and delight upon their features, we shall, without remorse, send *hesternæ occurrere cana*.—And in the absence of a sufficient number of new poetical contributions, we shall still continue to present to our readers a selection from the best and the most approved poets.

In the *People's Friend*, for the 29th of November, 1806, we inserted some lines on General Moreau, written by a gentleman, who stiles himself *Lodinus*. These verses are too exquisitely beautiful to be confined to the fleeting pages of a daily newspaper:—*Lodinus*, do you not remember the advice given to the Sybill?

——“*foliis tantum ne carmina manda;
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis;
Ipsa canas, oro.*”—

Lodinus! we know, that thou dost remember it; for, even from thy boyish years, thou hast given thyself up to classic lore.—Why longer conceal your name, from the public eye, since you well know, that the flame of genius never burns so bright, as when it is fanned by the breath of public praise?

The address to General Moreau's fair partner, towards the close of the following verses, could be produced, only, by one whose heart-chords vibrate to all the finer feelings of domestic bliss.

TO GENERAL MOREAU,

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

Chief of the pensive mien, and brow severe,
 Great in thy vict'ries, greater in thy woe !
 Accept the social sigh, the social tear,
 And all a nation's welcome can bestow !
 Majestic exile ! fated to resign
 The plumed helm, the faulchion's massy glare
 Oh still the warrior glance is thine,
 And glory imag'd there !
 Methinks, thy deeds of daring now
 Are written on that lofty brow ;
 Still o'er that form their recent lustre shed,
 Like summer's twilight, when the sun hath fled†
 And, oh forgive the bard, whose infant lyre,
 E'er now, attun'd to love alone,
 Hath never glow'd with martial fire,
 Nor struck the trumpet tone—
 Forgive, if, trembling at the task, he frame
 A feeble verse, unworthy of thy name.
 Ah ! he had learnt a loftier flight
 On Suabia's plain, or Brigaw's height ;
 When *Alb's lone summits, clad in age,
 Shook to the dubious battle's rage,
 And, through her forests, dark and drear,
 The cry of carnage met the ear.

†Or Where the warriors form was seen to glide,
 At midnight, o'er the torrent tide !
 And, e'er, round Strasburgh's spiry head
 The silver gleam of morn was shed,
 Rush'd through the cannon's kindling roar,
 And fearless scal'd the embattled shore.
 ‡Or when, amid the dangers of retreat,
 'Twas thine to gather laurels from defeat ;

* Mountains in Germany, where several important engagements took place between the army of the Rhine and Moselle, under Moreau, and that of Austria, under the Arch-duke Charles.

† The passage of the Rhine, at Strasburg, was effected in the night.

‡ Moreau's celebrated retreat of the black forest.

Firm through the encircling foe to hold thy way,
O'er wilds of hostile shade ; through paths unknown to day.
Yet, welcome from the field of fame !

Oh, welcome, stranger, to a tranquil shore,
Where war hath ceas'd to sadden, but in name,
And moss-grown trenches point their blaze no more.

Oh, long,
May injur'd greatness seek reclusion here ;
For every virtue find a votive song,
For every grief a tear !
And, thou, fair partner of thy soldier's care,
Glory's best gift—his Angel in despair !
Think not, the laurel he hath won,
Moist with thy tears, and nurtur'd by thy sigh,
Is sever'd from its native sun,
So soon to wither, and to die.—
Ah no—the sacred leaf to guard,
Shall beauty wake full many a bard,
And, bending o'er thy pious toil,
Protect thee with a sister's smile !

LODINUS.

Notwithstanding the unfinished form of these lines, and the irregularity of their rythm in some places, their excellence fully proves Lodinus to be capable of striking the deep sorrows of his lyre, with a master's hand and poet's fire.

—
“ The following lines are beautiful, and pathetic ; the sentiments are uncommonly tender, and are expressed in the unaffected language of nature and genuine simplicity.”

So writes our Charleston correspondent, *The Archer*, from whom we received the verses ;—we beg leave to add, that they were written by a young lady from Scotland, at the early age of seventeen.

TO A FAITHLESS LOVER.

I

The tears, I shed, must ever fall,
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,

And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

2

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene ;
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
Even, when, by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think, that e'en in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

3

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails ;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of withered joy ;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

4

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye :
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself, despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due ;
Ungenerous youth !—thy boast how poor ;
To win a heart,—and break it too.

5

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start ;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest, and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all ;
Friendless, forsaken and forlorn,
The tears, I shed, must ever fall.

These lines, also are sent to us by *The Archer* ; we insert them, as we received them, without comment.

DELIA'S GRAVE.

1.

My love was sweeter than the rose,
 Wash'd with the morning dew ;
 But cold she lies, as wint'ry snows,
 Beneath this lonely yew :
 From hence my sorrows, and my care,
 Will with my days, increase ;
 For ah !—my love lies buried here,
 And with her all my peace !

2.

Where daisy-dappled banks invite ;
 Or by the fountain clear ;
 Or upland slope could yield delight,
 If Delia, she was there :—
 Attun'd to love, our hearts were true,
 When wandering through the grove ;
 Each bird hung forward from its bough,
 To hear the voice of love.

3.

Where beds of flowers their fragrance breathe,
 —The woodbine bower among—
 There, as she wove the civic wreath,
 She charm'd me with her song ;
 Delicious, *then*, the balmy gale,
 That kiss'd the thistle's beard :
 The myrtle-grove, and elm-clad vale,
 Her lovely hands had rear'd.

4.

But, *now*, alas !—nor purling rill ;
 Nor daisy-dappled dale ;
 Nor myrtle-grove ; nor sloping hill ;
 Nor odour-fanning gale ;
 Nor violet bank ; nor roseat bower ;
 Nor shade of alder tree ;
 Can, since my Delia is no more,
 Diffuse their charms to me.

The Archer has likewise, sent us the following verses, with these introductory remarks.

" Perfect grief shuns ostentation, as sedulously, as genuine piety.—The wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze on the sacred hoard of treasured woe ;—but never sounds a trumpet before it in the streets, —A true child of affliction wrote the following lines."

Come *smiles*, come gay attire, and hide
 The anguish rankling in my breast ;
 I'll lay my sable garb aside,
 And *seem* to cold inquirers *blest*.
 Yes,—I will happy triflers join,
 As when grief's dart beside me flew,
 And peace, and all its joys were mine,
 And sorrow, *but by name* I knew ;
 Ere death had seal'd the cruel doom,
 And call'd thee, Mary, to the tomb.
 Hard was the stroke,—but oh ! I hate
 The sacred pomp of grief to shew ;
 Thron'd in my breast, in secret state,
 Shall live the reverend form of woe ;
 For observation would degrade
 The homage to her empire paid.
 I hate the tear which pity gives ;
 I'm jealous of her *curious eye* ;
 The only balm my heart receives,
 Is from my own unheeded sigh.
 When veil'd in night, to sleep a foe,
 I bend before the throne of woe,
 A *face of smiles*, a *heart of tears* ;
 So in the church-yard realm of death,
 The turf increasing vendure wears,
 While all is *pale* and *dead* beneath.

A LOVELY WOMAN.

Wise, beauteous, good ! O, every grace combin'd,
 That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !
 Fresh, as the floweret, opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves,
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !
 Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
 That heard remote, along the vale decay !
 Yet, why with these compar'd ?—what tints so fine,

What sweetness, mildness can be match'd with thine ?
 Why roam abroad, since recollection true,
 Restores the lovely form to fancy's view ?
 Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile ;
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where meekness beams ineffable delight ;
 That brow, where wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien ;
 Still, let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to virtues easy sway.
 By thee inspired, *O virtue*, age is young.
 And music warbles from the flattering tongue ;
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure, heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
 But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resistles on the view the glory streams,
 Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
 And beauty dazles with angelic charm.

A CAUTION TO FEMALES.

When the keen Halcyon o'er the watery plain
 Spreads his gay plumage in the blaze of day,
 Lured by the splendid tints the finny train
 Leave the dark ooze, and near the surface play ;
 Side-long they glide,—now flounce above the stream,
 Charm'd is their eye, their fears no more abound.
 And, now, the plunderer, with his lynx-like beam,
 Unerring darts, and scatters ruin round.
 So the coy maiden, from the peaceful groves,
 Is lured by man's gay garb and winning wiles ;
 Pleas'd she beholds the pest,—anon she loves,
 And the soft passion every care beguiles ;
 When, strait, the ever-watchful spoiler springs,
 And to the poor charm'd wretch o'er-whelming ruin brings.

*SIXTH SECTION.**Retrospective History of America.*

IN consequence of the great number of communications, sent to us, some of which we have inserted, and, also, in consequence of the notices of new American publications, which it is of importance to insert, we have no room for any portion of the retrospective history in the publication for this month.

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

(Continued from page 63. Vol. 2.)

IN reply to the foregoing arguments, in favour of this bill, the opposers of it said—that, though the national flag had been grossly outraged, and the national honour violated by Great-Britain; yet, that the mode of redress now proposed, was calculated to be as injurious to ourselves, as to Great-Britain.—If carried into effect, said they, it first places greater means in the hands of our enemy than she already possesses; And secondly, we shall not be able to maintain the course which it points out, for any length of time.

In proof of these assertions, continued the opposers, we need only remark that by the resolution now before the house, we are prohibited from importing from Great Britain *any* articles, however necessary they may be to our comfort or convenience at the same time we are permitted to carry *any* articles to her market. The effect will be that our productions will accumulate in the hands of British merchants, without any means on their part to pay for them—of course, debts to a large amount, will become due from the British merchants, to American citizens. Even at present, there is some reason to doubt, if the balance of debts owing, be not in our favour.—If so, what will become of the second thing, proposed to be resorted to; namely, sequestration? The balance of injury must be against us. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury says, that there is not less than *one hundred millions of Dollars* of amount in American property, at the mercy of British cruizers. With this fact staring us in the face, would it be politic to expose so much property to British retaliation? When the mover spoke of the amount of British depredations, he ought to have stated, to what amount the depredations have been *recently* committed. It is believed, that it cannot exceed six millions of dollars. Ought therefore, the United States to resort to measures, which, in the opinion of every man, will

justify retaliation ? Besides, from what source are we to get a supply of the articles heretofore derived from Great Britain ? From that Island we get all the manufactures of iron, hardware, cotton, and coarse woollens. From her East India possessions we import a great variety of useful articles ; and from her West-India colonies we import one article—spirits, which pays *one sixth* of our whole amount of duties. The amount we get from her colonies will be found to be, two millions, five hundred thousand dollars. It is objected to this last, that a substitute can be found in the product of domestic distilleries, which pay no duties. True, but are we prepared to sacrifice so large a portion of our revenue, as is derived from the duty on this article ? For it must not be forgotten, that other kinds of Spirits are exported from the United States ; while all we import from British settlements is consumed in this country. If the importation of British manufactures be stopped, from what source are we to be furnished ? France, it is granted, has some manufactories ; and she takes about one fourth of our cotton—but are we, without some more powerful reason than this, to cut off the market of the agriculturalists for this article, to the annual amount of *ninety thousand bales*, at present exported to Great Britain ?

But the greatest injury, to the United States, will be the destruction of the revenue, occasioned by this measure. The present revenue may be estimated at twelve millions of dollars, of which five millions four hundred thousand are paid on importations from Great Britain, and her dependencies. We have an appropriation of eight millions of dollars, for the payment of the principal and interest of our public debt. Should we remain at peace this debt would be extinguished by the year 1816. But if this shall be adopted, the operations of the government and of the community, must be necessarily embarrassed. Recourse must be had to a direct taxation, which this community will be unable to pay, for want of a market for its produce—The consequences must follow ; that your merchants will be bankrupted, and your agriculturalists ruined.

The next consideration, with the opposers of this bill, was the effect which such a measure was likely to produce on Great Britain—We will allow, said they, that a claim might

be raised among the merchants and manufacturers of that country, and by that means induce the minister to relax in the course now pursued. This apparent lenity, however, would be at best, but of short duration. It would expire with the last echo of the noise which produced it.

But an appeal, said the opposers, may be made to the very supporters of this measure, whether or not we can ourselves *endure a non-importation* for more than six or eight months. To answer the demands of absolute necessity, we are altogether at present unequal. We are alike deficient of materials on hand, as we are destitute of manufactories, and manufacturers. And though in the heat of debate, and with actual aggressions before our eyes, the pulse of patriotism may beat high, yet it may be justly doubted if we are yet prepared to make any great sacrifices, where our domestic comfort and happiness are concerned.

One mean, however, said the opposers, we have in our power i. e. a *partial non-importation*. There are some articles which we can obtain from other countries.—Let us then prohibit these from Great Britain. By such a measure, we shall do ourselves little injury ; we shall equally, with the measure proposed, show our indignation at the recent insults offered to us by that nation ; and we shall make a fair experiment whether or not such conduct on our part, is the most likely to produce an equitable, and permanent influence on the future proceedings of that government towards the United States.

It was also contended by some of the opposers of this bill, that, even several of the subjects in dispute were not worth the serious representations which had been made concerning them—the carrying trade for instance. It is problematical, said they, whether or not this privilege is of any advantage to the country. The voyages are too circuitous, and the capitals necessary for these undertakings, too large, and are also kept too long out of our own nation, to give any real, or decided benefit. To illustrate these remarks, we have only to consider ; that the merchant in this employ, transports foreign produce from Batavia, and the West India islands, to the United States, and after storing the cargoes for some time, he re-ships the same to continental European markets ; in some in-

stances he proceeds with his profits from thence to China—takes in a cargo of teas, and returns home; in other instances he goes to England, purchases the manufactures of that country, and then makes a circuitous voyage of two or three years, employing that capital, which ought all this time to have been laid out in the purchase of our domestic produce.

As editors, looking at every thing which passes under our review, we cannot help here remarking; that we think, the opposers in the above case have altogether mistaken the principles of the carrying trade. See page 29-30. of the present volume of our Register.

As bearing particularly upon the subject in question, the speeches of Mr. John Randolph, deserve, and demand, a distinct notice. His opposition to the measure being unexpected by the house, seems on that account to have produced the greater effect—it was felt like an electric shock. Roused from the lethargy of infatuated democracy, the attention of every man was rivetted on the speaker; while with uncommon, though unequal talents, he poured into their ears truths, which most of them had been unaccustomed to receive, and perhaps, from the inveteracy of habit, were still unwilling to admit. We should transgress our limits, were we to take notice of every remark which is to be found in the speeches of this gentleman. We must content ourselves therefore with a brief analysis. To give a more correct view of the sentiments, style, and versatile powers of the orator, we shall frequently be obliged to quote his own words, and if the reader feel equal pleasure in the perusal, which we have done in the transcription, our end will be abundantly answered.

We will, however, say of these patriotic effusions of Mr. Randolph, in the words of Quintilian.

“*Monumenta rerum posteris quærentibus tradidit. Frequentant ejus domum optimi juvenes, et veram viam, velut ex oraculo, petent. Hos ille formabit, ut vetus gubernator, littora et portus, et quid secundis flatibus, quid adversis, ratis poscat, docebit, et communi ductus officio, et amore quodam operis.*”

“He has delivered down to posterity, who may inquire after them, the monuments and records of these transactions. Young men of character and ability will be desirous of *his* company and conversation, and will learn from him, as from an oracular decision, the path, which it is their interest or duty to follow. He will instruct

them, and will form their minds; and, like an experienced pilot, will shew them what is necessary to direct and preserve the vessel, when the gale is prosperous, or when the storm is raging. He will be led to this by a sense of duty and of common good, and even by the very pleasure and satisfaction he finds in the office itself."

We will, also, add, in allusion to these orations, in the words of Athenagoras, a christian philosopher of Athens, who flourished under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, towards the close of the second century;

" Ὑμεῖς, ὡς πάντα ἐν κασὶ καὶ φύσει παῖδια Χρηστοί, καὶ μετριοί, καὶ φιλαγαθοί, καὶ τῆς βασιλείας ἀξιοί, τοῦτοις τοῖς λόγοις ἐπινεύσατε." —

Which being interpreted is

"Ye, who from your natural disposition, as well as from your education, are, in all things, good, and kindly affectioned, moderate, and worthy of the state, be favourable to these speeches."

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS ; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS ; AND
NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

** * Authors and Book-sellers, in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-Street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this date they cannot be inserted for the next succeeding month.*

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A collection of the Essays on the subject of Episcopacy, which originally appeared in the Albany Centinel, and which are ascribed principally to the Rev. Dr. Linn, the Rev. Mr. Beasley, and Thomas Y. Howe, Esq. with additional notes and remarks. New-York. T. & J. Swords.

An Experimental Inquiry into the Chemical and Medical Properties of the Static Limonium of Linnæus. By Valentine Mott, citizen of the state of New-York, and president of the American Æsculapian Society. T. & J. Swords.

A Catalogue of Plants contained in the Botanic Garden at Elgin, in the vicinity of New-York. Established in 1801, by David Hosack, M. D. professor of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College, and Fellow of the Linnæan Society of London. T. & J. Swords.

The Catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. To which is annexed, a Catechism, designed as an explanation and enlargement of the Church Catechism : recommended by the Bishop and Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of New-York. The third edition. T. & J. Swords.

The Domestic Chaplain : being fifty-two short Lectures, with appropriate hymns, on the most interesting subjects, for every Lord's day in the year. Designed for the improvement of families of every Christian denomination. By John Stanford, M. A. T. & J. Swords.

A Collection of Hymns for youth ; by John Stanford, M. A. T. & J. Swords.

Means of preserving Health, and for preventing Diseases, founded principally, on an attention to air and climate, drink, food, sleep, exercise, clothing, passions of the mind, and retentions and excretions ; with an Appendix, containing observations on bathing, cleanliness, ventilation and medical electricity ; and on the abuse of medicine ; enriched with apposite extracts from the best authors—Designed not merely for physicians, but for the information of others : To which is annexed a Glossary of the technical terms, contained in the work. By Shadrach Ricketson, physician of New-York. 12mo. Price \$1 25. New-York. Collins, Perkins & Co.

The Medical Repository, and Review of American publications on Medicine, Surgery, and the auxiliary branches of Science. 38th quarterly number. By S. L. Mitchill, M. D. and Edward Miller, M. D. T. & J. Swords.

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French, and king of Italy ; with two engravings, &c. &c. by George Bourne. Baltimore. Bourne. Price \$2.

Geographical compilation, for the use of schools ; being an accurate description of all the empires, kingdoms, republics, and states in the known world—with an account of their population, government, religion, manners, literature, universities, history, civil divisions, ecclesiastical hierarchy, and principal cities. The whole arranged in an alphabetical form. By D. L. C. Teacher of Geography, Baltimore.

REPUBLICATION OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

Massillon's Charges to his Clergy, translated from the French. 1 vol. 8vo. Price \$1 75. New-York. Brisban & Brannan.

The Life of Malesherbes. 12mo. Price bound 87 1-2 cents. Brisban & Brannan.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland ; written by himself—containing an account of his life and writings, interspersed with anecdotes and characters, of several of the most distinguished persons of his time. Price \$2. 8vo. and \$1. 12mo. Brisban & Brannan.

The Christian Institutes : or, the sincere Word of God. Being a plain and impartial account of the whole faith and duty of a christian. Collected out of the writings of the old and new Testament : digested under proper heads, and delivered in the words of scripture, by the Right Rev. Father in God, FRANCIS, late Lord Bishop of Chester. New-York. T. & J. Swords.

Observations on the disease called the Plague, on the Dysentery, the Ophthalmy of Egypt, and on the means of prevention. With some remarks on the Yellow-Fever of Cadiz, and the description and plan of an Hospital for the reception of patients affected with Epidemic and contagious diseases. By P. Assalini, M. D. one of the chief Surgeons of the Consular Guards, &c. Translated from the French by Adam Neale, of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of that city, and late Surgeon of the Shropshire Regiment of Militia. To which is added, a Letter concerning the Seasoning, or Yellow Fever of the West-Indies. By George Pinckard, M. D. T. & J. Swords.

The Works of the Right honourable Edmund Burke—To be comprized in 4 vols. 8vo. from the last London edition—Vol. first. \$2. Boston: J. West and O. C. Greenleaf.

Sermons on different subjects; left for publication by John Taylor, L. L. D. late Prebendary of Westminster, Rector of Bosworth, &c. Published by the Rev. Samuel Hayes, M. D. Usher to Westminster School. To which is added a Sermon by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. for the funeral of his wife. Price bound and lettered \$1 50. Walpole, Thomas and Thomas.

The Stranger in France. By John Carr, Esq. Third American edition, common paper. Price 87 1-2 cents—Fine paper, one dollar. Brattlebro. W. Fessenden.

Poems, written on different occasions, by Charlotte Richardson; to which is prefixed an account of the author, by Catharine Cappe. Price 50 cents. Philadelphia, Kimber, Conrad, &c.

The Christian Character Exemplified from the papers of Mary Magdalen A——S. late wife of Frederick Charles A——S. of Goodman's Fields—selected and revised by John Newton, Rector of St. Mary, Woolmoth. Kimber, Conrad, & Co.

In the Press of T. & J. Swords, New-York.

Darwin's Botanic Garden, 2nd edition.

Poems, by Richard B. Davis, a work which has been long expected.

Fowler's Exposition of the Book of Common Prayer.

A selection of Hymns for the use of Ebenezer Church, New-York.

In the Press of Brisban & Brannan, New-York.

Life of Dr. Beattie, by Sir James Forbes, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Carr's Stranger in Ireland, 1 vol. 12mo.

West's (Mrs.) Letters to a young Lady on her entrance into the world, in 1 vol. 12mo.

A Voyage to Terra Firma, on the Spanish main, in South America, during the years 1803 and 1804, by F. Dupon, formerly agent to the French government at the Caraccas, in 3 vols. 8vo.

In the Press of Collins, Perkins & Co. New-York.

A Quarto Family Bible, with Ostervald's notes, and Brown's Concordance, accompanied with historical engravings, &c. N. B. This work will be ready for delivery in the course of the present month.

The Introduction to the English Reader, by Lindley Murray a new edition.

French Homonyms—by John Martin, professor of languages in New-York.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

John Conrad & Co. of Philadelphia, have issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a translation from the German of M. A. Wickaid's work, entitled the History of the Practice of Medicine, with notes and observations; by Benjamin Shultz, M. D. in two vols. 8vo. price \$2 per vol.

Messrs. John Conrad and Co. have also announced their intention of publishing, under the direction of Mr. Brown, an annual register of the United States. To commence the first of the present month.

A humorous work is announced from the Battlebros' press under the title of Political Farago; or a Review of Politics in the United States, by Peter Dobbins, Esq. R.C.U.S.A.

The trials of Col. Smith, and S. G. Ogden have been prevented from being published by inevitable obstacles—but they are now in the press of Brisban and Brannan and will soon be given to the Public.

E. Sargeant will publish in about fifteen days, "The life of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, interspersed with a great number of original anecdotes, by B. C. Walpole Esqr." A relation of the celebrated family of that name.

Belsher and Armstrong, of Boston, will very shortly publish the trial of T. O. Selfidge Esqr. for the murder of Austin. It will be received for sale by E. Sargeant of this City.

Col. Trumbull, of this City has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, (early next summer, price ten dollars.) two small prints, one presenting the death of General Warren, at the Battle of Bunker's-Hill; the other, the death of General Montgomery, at the Attack of Quebec,

Samuel Wood, of this city, proposes printing by subscription a pathetic work, entitled, the Penitential Tyrant ; or Slave Trader Reformed : a Poem in four parts. By Thomas Branagan. This work has had one impression, but is now enlarged, by the author, and corrected.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The person, who signs himself IGNATIUS must excuse us from inserting his communication in our Magazine, which shall never be used as the medium, through which ought tending towards impiety, or obscenity is to be conveyed to the public. We are alike at open war with blasphemy and ribaldry, and all their supporters, from the arch-theomachists Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and Condorcet, down to those illiterate, vulgar, ignorant scribblers, yclefped Thomas Paine, and William Godwin.

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. III.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES COMPATIBLE WITH FREEDOM.

(Continued from page 71. Vol. 2. No. 2.)

LITERATURE, and the liberal arts, indeed, seemed to reach a high degree of splendour under the reign of the royal Mécenas of France, the fourteenth descendant of the house of Bourbon. But what effects did they produce? Did they mend the morals of the people; did they purify the heart of the French nation, and turn it from the error of its ways to the wisdom of the just? Did they diffuse the blessings of peace and of religion throughout all the corners of the kingdom? No; the *great mass of the people* still remained in ignorance and in slavery, groaning under the burden of intolerable oppression; while the heart's-blood of their fathers, their husbands, their sons, and their brothers, flowed in torrents, bedewing the soil of other lands, and, with their bones, whitening far distant shores, to gratify the childish, but destructive vanity of their grand monarch, who was *the great patron of the arts and sciences*.

Full *seven-tenths* of the French people derived no benefit from this so loudly vaunted encouragement of the arts and

R

sciences; it lessened not the burdens of their misery; it fed not their wives and children; it enlightened not their minds; it amended not their hearts. And, as for the higher orders of society, those, who immediately ranged themselves, in gilded rows, under the banner of royalty, did they set an example of decency, of sobriety, of temperance, of chastity, of mercy, of benevolence, of wisdom, of justice, of honour, of integrity, to the world?—No, no, no—Was not the king's own life one continued series of lewdness, and of lust, of cruelty and of superstition; of childish folly, and of military capering, of pitiful pride, and of ostentatious vanity? Did he not ruin and exhaust his people by his endless wars, his continual and exorbitant imposts and extortions, so that he laid the broad and the sure foundation of that *revolution*, which, *for a time*, crumbled the throne of France into annihilation, and struck a blow in Europe, that was then heard, and is now, alas, still too loudly heard, throughout all the confines of the habitable world?

And was not licentious profligacy *the order of the day* throughout all his court? Was not an open and a shameless disregard of all the sacred and hallowed duties of *connubial union* tolerated, nay, encouraged? Were not immorality, and barefaced, practical atheism, but flimsily hidden under the beggarly, bare-worn, cloak of monkish mummery, and fantastic foppery, avowed and cherished? Finally, did they not turn their backs upon, and despise, both by word and deed, whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report, whatsoever was virtue, and whatsoever was praise?—

This man appears to have affected to patronize the arts and sciences, that they might serve as an embellishment to his court, as the splendid veil, which might cover from vulgar eyes the misshapen and horrible features of a corrupted and an odious despotism. The iniquities of the tyrant were varnished over by the borrowed merits of the patron; and the name of a monster, black with every crime, and foul with every deformity, was engraven on the tablets of prostituted

genius, and handed down to posterity as the guardian-angel of merit, the liberal and the munificent dispenser of rewards and favours to talents and to worth.

But the arts and sciences require a more extended range for exertion and for experiment, than will ever be admitted by the *jealous and distrustful policy of monarchs and of courts*; they must be free as that chartered libertine, the air, or the noblest and the loftiest display of their powers can never be called into action. If they are cherished only as the trappings of royalty, and the ornaments of a palace, their spirit of fire is palsied, and they become servile, corrupt panders to luxury and effeminacy, cowering under the wings of despotism. For this species of patronage assumes the tone of authority, and limits to its own petty standard of acquired taste, those exertions of the artist, which should be left free and uncontrolled to follow the magic workings of a mighty imagination; whence all original conception, all bold and daring enterprize, are nipped in the bud, are blasted in the very sources of existence, by the benumbing power of frivolous coxcombry, and childish ignorance.

One of nature's bards, who is, now, himself, drooping under the pressure of poverty, and age, and privation, of sight;—who was, once, a common seaman in the British navy;—I speak of Rushton, the blind poet of Liverpool, in England;—expresses nearly the same sentiments, in his elegy on the death of Burns, the ever to be lamented voice of Coila, the child of genius, who was born to uphold the dignity of the Scottish Muse;—

1

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves,
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

2

No wonder, then, that thou should'st find
The averted glance of half mankind,
Should'st see the *ely, slow, supple* mind

To wealth aspire,
While want, neglect, and scorn combin'd
To quench thy fire.

3

While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,
The high perch'd storm-cock pours his song ;
So thy Eolian lyre was strung,
'Midst chilling times ;
Yet cheerly didst thou roll along
Thy routh of rhymes.

4

And, aye, that routh of rhymes shall raise
For thee a pile of lasting praise ;
Haply, some wing, in these our days,
Has higher soar'd ;
But from the *heart* more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

5

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbia's waters glide,
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride,
Thy witching verse.

No man can esteem, or admire that, which he does not comprehend ; because, as there are no other means of obtaining knowledge than through the medium of the senses, and the power of combining and arranging ideas is proportioned to the number or the paucity of the primary images received by the organs of sensation, it is evident, that no one can really *feel* either pleasure or pain from what has never made any *impression* upon his senses. Let this be applied to *would-be* patrons and sciolists of every description, and we shall see the glaring absurdity of such people affecting to be persons of taste, and to admire that, which could never possibly have made any impression on their organs of sensation, either through native dullness, or through that weakness of mind, which systematic dissipation gives, and which entirely precludes all power of that *close and vigorous attention* to objects,

without which no taste or judgment in discriminating what is beautiful or deformed, can ever exist.

If this truth be kept in view, it will readily appear how detrimental to the improvement of the arts and sciences must be their liability to receive the dictates and directions of men, who, from their general habits of ignorance and of intellectual idleness, cannot, possibly, entertain any regard for the higher productions of genius, which must be to them, for ever, as a fountain sealed, and a volume closed. We have seen, in Europe, that the puerile and contemptible propensities of a man of very exalted rank and power, even of a *monarch*, by extensively diffusing *his* patronage, have introduced affectation and conceit into the sculpture of a whole nation, a false and a meretricious glare of colouring into her painting, and the gloomy, dull, dungeon-like style of building into her architecture.

It is manifest, then, that the assistance, which the arts and sciences receive from *private* patronage, even though that patronage should be the result of *royal* munificence, is but as a drop of water in the ocean, in comparison with the infinitely more extended benefits, that would accrue to them from *public and national encouragement, from governmental institutions*. *Private* patronage is generally found to possess a tendency to corrupt the public taste, and to degrade the arts and sciences from that independent and dignified rank, which they ought to hold, and to bend them down to the debasing suit and service of vanity and folly.

Hence, is seen the necessity of those *great national* institutions, by which public improvement and public instruction are promoted. By the diffusion of *general* instructions the instances of *individual* excellence are multiplied; because the powers of the human mind are almost uniformly, (always indeed, except in some few cases of drillism and idiocy) increased in vigour proportionally to the incitements to action, which are applied; and the greater number of stimuli, which are applied, of course, the greater number of men will start forward in the walks of intellectual greatness, and the larger will be the phalanx of genius in every department of mental pursuit.

Under the auspices of *national institutions* for the purposes of education, the literary body of a kingdom becomes more ample and extensive; and, as the number of those, who are addicted to liberal and enlightened pursuits increases, the love of honourable fame and the desire of intellectual pre-eminence lift up a nation from the debasement of mere animal and sensual existence, into a life productive of utility and abounding in virtue; they exalt a people in the dignity of thinking beings. In such a state public honours and public recompenses are decreed to the sages and the benefactors of the human race. The rough marble is hewn into shape, and laboured into form, and expresses the lineaments and the countenance of humanity; the canvass glows with living colours; and songs of praise are sounded forth in celebration of the deeds of worth; and all the deathless honours, which sculpture, poetry, painting, and music, can bestow, are heaped upon the name and the memorial of all those, who have deserved well of their country and of mankind.

Thus there exists a reciprocity of assistance, and a bond of mutual attachment between the arts and sciences and liberty. *She* protects and cherishes them, calls them from darkness into light, from annihilation into existence; watches over the weakness of their infancy, and guards them with maternal care and tenderness, 'till they arrive at the maturity of manhood: and, *they*, in return for all this kindness, attend constantly in her train, and decorate her altar with ornaments that never fade; engrave upon her tablets memorials of affection and of applause, which shall remain to the last syllable of recorded time.

It has, also, been urged, that the arts and sciences are productive of luxury, and that luxury is pernicious to freedom. But *they* may exist in *free governments* without administering to luxury. It is true, that in countries, where private patronage alone exists, and, in consequence, taste is confined to a few; where the means of *public* and of *general* instruction are denied, the mere gratification of personal vanity is, perhaps, almost the only incitement, which prompts the wealthy and the noble to encourage and to patronize the liberal arts. The *patron* barter for and buys the production of genius, and

feels no other pleasure from its contemplation, than knowing that it is in his exclusive possession. He values the paintings of Raffaello d' Urbino, and the sculpture of Michael Agnolo, only because they adorn his *own* apartments ; and he receives delight from looking at the wondrous displays of human ability and of human invention, by which he is surrounded, because he fancies, that the *possession* of what most other men have *not money enough* to buy exalts him in the scale of superiority over his fellow-men.

It is this *monopoly* of their products, not the arts and sciences themselves, which constitute luxury. If *national schools*, for the purpose of improving the fine arts, were erected, they would not be incentives to luxury, but would diffuse a spirit of refinement, and a consequent amelioration of morals, and political decency, throughout the whole of their people, by raising them up from their vegetative state of ignorance, their degradation of mere animal life, to the elevated height of mental exertion and of intellectual enjoyment. Private mansions might, then, be the abodes of neatness and of convenience ; but *public* and *national* buildings should display magnificence and splendor, the sublimity of architecture, the decorations of painting, and the majestic simplicity of sculpture.

In the proudest times of Athenian greatness ; when the people of Athens were victorious over all their enemies, both by sea and land ; when a thousand talents were collected into the public treasury, to answer any unforeseen and pressing emergency ; when magnificent temples were reared in honour of their Gods, and crowded with splendid monuments in celebration of their heroes, their greatest men could not be distinguished by their manner of living from their fellow-citizens. Their houses, their apparel, their equipage, their attendants were neither more expensive, nor more gorgeous than those of their neighbours. Neither Miltiades, nor Aristides, could be known by any external decoration, in the streets, from the meanest citizen of Athens.

(To be Continued.)

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN :

A MORAL TALE ; BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 2. page 83.)

CHAPTER 2.

Sir George Gawky visits Edward—description of Gawky's person—his grief for the loss of Mary—he sings—the consequences of his singing—Edward visits Scotland—seat of General Wemys—Kirk-Largo—description of St. Andrews—Edward sees Mary's form rise from the bosom of the German main—poem to Mary in heaven—Edward is in danger of being married to an old woman—Edward is taken up as a spy at Dundee—encounter between Edward and a widow—description of the scenery between Dundee and Perth.

WHILE Edward still held Mary's last dying letter in his hand, and was wetting it with the tears of agony, he heard a great scuffle in the passage, and his servant's voice crying out—You cannot see my master, Sir, 'till I have announced your name ;—in answer to which a most coarse, barbarous, dissonant voice growled out—My name is Sir George Gawky, Baronet ; your master do know I well enough. Saying which, in he rushed and presented to Edward his amiable person ; he was in his twenty second year, very stoutly made, but loosely and awkwardly put together ; he stooped forward so much, that his shoulders rose nearly to a level with his head ; his red hair hung dangling down in a long shining tail upon his back, his head was small and narrow, his forehead low and scanty ; his eyes were little, and resembled those of a pig ; his nose was laden with a large lump of flesh on the tip, and looked for all the world like a saddle of mutton.

This amiable creature was Sir George Gawky ; his father had been originally a shoe-black, and afterwards an attorney,

and had acted as agent and steward for the Earl of L——, in whose service he had amassed a large fortune, with part of which he had bought a baronetcy for his son George.

“Oh Lord, oh Lord! what shall I do, what shall I do?”—cried Gawky, as he ran roaring and bellowing round the room, and scratching his head, and stamping violently with his feet, while the tears ran down his ugly face;—what shall I do, what shall I do? Oh Lord, oh Lord!—Edward seeing Gawky in deep mourning, and out of powder, imagined, that he was lamenting the loss of his father, who had been dead about a week, and, accordingly began to administer comfort to him, by saying, that his father was of a good old age, and had provided for his family before he died, and much other common place cant and stuff of that kind, which, he thought, was calculated for the meridian of the young baronet’s brain, when Gawky interrupted him by saying—Good now, I beant a crying for my vather’s death, that’s what I beant. I never cried about that all, at no time; I only put on mourning, and attended his funeral yesterday, because it is the custom, and people would call I hard-hearted if I did’nt, good now; why my vather have left I all his property, both in land and in the vunds, and why should I cry because he be dead? no no, I beant a crying for my vather, good now, but I be a crying for the loss of the vinest gurl that ever was; she died the day after my vather died, oh Lord! oh Lord! what shall I do, what shall I do? I be in such an agony, nothing can be like it; only veel what a sweat my forehead be in, Ned; only veel how wet it be!

Edward.—There is no occasion for that, Gawky, I will take your word for being in a perspiration, just as well without feeling your forehead, as with it; but, pray, who was this marvellous girl, that had the power to entrap the affections of the all-accomplished Sir George Gawky Baronet; and whose death has so grievously affected you?—Gawky—why, it was Mary Courtney, good now;—Edward—Heavens and earth! Mary! what! Mary Courtney! was you in love with Mary Courtney?—Gawky—Yes, that’s what I was, good now; why you didn’t know her, did you?—Edward—Yes.—Gawky—And was she not a most monstrous vine gurl?—

Edward—Yes.—Gawky—Very well then, and so I was in love with her, and wanted to marry her; for she had a monstrous great fortune besides her beauty; and her fortune and mine put together would have made I the richest man in all the country.—Edward—Did Miss Courtney ever return your affection?—Gawky—Yes she did, good now.—Edward—In what way?—Gawky—Why, I wrote her a letter about two months ago, and told her as how my name was Sir George Gawky Baronet, and as how I expected that my vather would soon die, and leave I a good estate; that I had seen her once at a County Ball, and was willing to marry her, and settle half her own fortune upon her, and would wait upon her at her guardian's, as soon as ever she wished.

Edward—And what answer did the young lady return to your letter?—Gawky—Why she did'nt return no answer at all, good now; but her guardian sent me my own letter again, with these words written at the bottom of it—Sir, my ward never listens to such awkward impertinence as fills that letter, which I now return to you; if you presume to come to my house, I shall order my servants to show you the door.—Well, says I, this be all a fetch of Mary's, and she do want I to go down and see her as fast as possible; so I took my horse and down I rode to her guardian's; but as soon as ever I got there, and told the porter that my name was Gawky, the fellow grinned in my face, laid hold of me by the collar, dragged me into the stable-yard, and nearly drowned I by pumping water upon I; and then, sent I away in that there miserable nasty pickle; howsomdiver, I do mean to bring an action of assault and battery against the rascal for it, that's what I do; and my vather would have conducted the suit his own self, and I should have saved the expence of employing an attorney, but only vather died too soon. But, as sure as you live, my not going to see Mary, killed her; for she, soon after, was taken very ill, and died in a galloping consumption for love of I. Oh Lord, oh Lord! what shall I do, what shall I do? She surely died for love of I.

No doubt—replied Edward, putting Mary's letter into his pocket, lest the baronet should perceive her name, and trouble him with coarse questions, as to his acquaintance with that lovely martyr,—no doubt; but you must not give way too

much to your grief. Pray do you leave Bath soon?—Gawky—Yes, I shall leave Bath to-morrow; and I mean to spend the whole of this day with you, Ned, in order to get rid of my melancholy for the loss of poor Mary.—Now heaven forefend, said Edward, mentally, that this booby should annoy me by his company in my present situation:—he, therefore, bowed to the baronet, and said,—You will have the goodness to excuse me, Sir George, but I am engaged this evening.—Gawky—Well, then, Ned, if you be engaged, I be sorry for it, because I do not very well know what to do with myself the rest of the day; however, I'll sing you a song, as I learned on the very day as my vather died; but you must vurst tell I what your servant's name be?—Edward—His name is Robert Trusty.—Gawky—What, Robert with an *R*?—Edward—Yes, Sir George, and Trusty with a *T*.—Here-upon, the baronet, without any invitation on Edward's part, struck up, and roared out:

“Altho' I be a handsome man, I be a gay deceiver.”

These words were delivered in tones so barbarous and discordant, that a little terrier dog, which lay sleeping on Edward's hearth-rug, alarmed at the noise, awakened, flew at, and fastened upon the baronet behind.—Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do? Oh Lord, oh Lord!—roared out Gawky in dire dismay,—that there nasty dog will bite all the flesh off my bones, good now.—Edward, with his finger and thumb applied to the dog's throat, instantly extricated Gawky from danger, and putting the little animal out of the room, said,—I am very sorry, Sir George, to see, that my dog has no more manners than to attack his master's company so rudely; but I hope, that he has not hurt you.

At this the baronet went to the looking-glass, and carefully examined what injury he had received; at length, he said—that there dog have not bit I, to be sure; but, good now, he have a torn my breeches and shirt uncommon, that's what he have.—Edward—I am very glad, that you are not really hurt; as for the rest, it is merely nothing.—Gawky—nothing! nothing isn't it? I say nothing too; why the dog have teared out a great piece of my breeches behind, besides tearing my shirt into the bargain; why the breeches, good now, be black

satin, as I bought but last week on purpose to go into mourning for my vather ; and as for my shirt, it is one of my very best ruffled lace shirts ; and that, let me tell you, master Ned, is no trifling loss.—Edward—you may send for my tailor in — street, and he shall make you another pair of black satin small clothes, at my cost ; and you may take any one of my ruffled, lace shirts, that pleases you best.

Here Edward rang the bell, and ordered his servant to send for his tailor to measure the baronet, and, also, to provide him with a shirt ; he then said—Sir George, you will amuse yourself in my study, and excuse my leaving you, as I am engaged. He, then, left the baronet, who waited till the tailor and valet had furnished him with what he wanted ; and, then, he departed, well pleased to think that, instead of losing, he had, actually, gained by the attack of the dog upon his rear ; for, in addition to the apparel, which he obtained at Edward's cost, he put his own shirt and small-clothes into his pocket, in order to have them mended for farther use.

Edward, immediately, repaired to his father, and told him that he must endeavour to calm the agony of his heart, by wandering alone for a while. His father, who feared, from Edward's wild and haggard aspect, that his son's brain would wither, readily consented to a measure, which appeared likely to effect the desired end. Accordingly, Ned made directly for the highlands of Scotland, in order to behold nature in all her rugged grandeur, where she reared her head in wild and sullen majesty, presenting scenes congenial to the emotions of his saddened soul.

He travelled down to Leith, and passed over the Frith of Forth into the kingdom of Fyfe, directing his march along the sea shore, musing upon her, who was, for ever lost to him. On his road to St. Andrews, he came to Wemys' castle, the seat of General Wemys ; the romantic, retired, lonely, lovely situation of the castle ; its spires and turrets, peeping out from between the old and lofty leafy tenants of the soil ; its secret winding walks ; its rude, unpolished, rustic seats, embosomed in the deep recesses of the wood ; the solemn stillness all around, save the gentle beating of the waves against the shore ; all conspired to sooth the anguish of Ed-

ward's heart, while he exclaimed, in the words of his favourite bard.

" These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes, where antient bards inspiring breath
Ecstatic drew ; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms."

Edward roamed onward till he reached the height, which commanded the view of the town of Kirk-Largo beneath ; where the wood, the lawn, and some elegant mansions, half concealed amid the trees, the town at a little distance, and, beyond all, filling up the back ground, lofty mountains terminating his view ; mountains, on whose tops rested the mild, serene, but inimitable and inexpressible sky-tints of a lovely autumnal evening ; gave new life unto his frame, and raised the blended emotions of delight and of anguish in his heart, when he recalled to his recollection, that it was just such an evening, when in the preceding autumn, he had sate with his Mary on the brow of a hill near her guardian's house, and, with her, his arm encircling her slender waist, had gazed upon the setting sun, whose declining orb, slowly wheeling towards the west, was then gilding the woods and distant hills that bounded the horizon of their view.

With solitary steps and slow, brooding in all the bitterness of a wounded spirit, on the memory of her, whom he loved, Edward strode over the burning marle of this waste and wilderness of life ; till his attention was called from the scene within his bosom, to survey the stupendous prospect all around. On one side, the eye was lost in the boundless bosom of the deep, for there Germania's broad blue ocean mixes with the sky ; the Frith of Forth presented to his view a huge expanse of water, beyond which he could just discern, dimmed and obscured by the distance, the city of Edinburgh, the lofty hill called Arthur's seat, and, beyond all the long range of the Pentland mountains. On the other hand appeared a vast extent of country, in some places cultivated, but mostly consisting of high hills, either quite bare and naked, or affording a scanty pasture to a few half-starved ragged sheep ; with, here and there, a division, that opened to his sight the extended ridges of the *highlands*, whose heads, enveloped in eternal mist, lost themselves in the clouds.

In the after-noon of a very sultry day Edward reached the town of St. Andrews. After resting a while at an inn, he went out to survey the library of the united college, a spacious and elegant room, richly furnished with books ;—adorned by a bust of the present sovereign of the British empire, and, also, by a bust of Robertson the historian : this apartment was likewise illuminated by a gorgeous display of the genealogy of the Scottish kings ; a melancholy monument of the fleeting forms of human greatness ; a monument, which might read a useful lesson to royalty, even in the midst of all its power ; might teach it so to number its days as to apply its heart unto wisdom, justice and mercy.

Edward, then, paced the ruins of the cathedral, an awful specimen of the desolation, which the madness of fanatic enthusiasm can effect. He stood on the point of a rock, which gave him a full view of the cathedral's ruins, vast, awful, and magnificent, and, now, more particularly impressive as the fast approach of the shades of night threw a darker, browner horror over all the objects of his view ; for here, the pilgrim oft

“ At dead of night, 'midst his orisons hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling, all precipitate, down dash'd,
Rattling aloud, loud thundering to the moon.”—

“ To some, yon abbey, dank and lone,
Where ivy chains each mouldering stone,
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom ;
But Edward, musing, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear ;
Could rove each desolated aisle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile :
And dauntless view, or seem to view,
As faintly flash the lightnings blue,
Thin, shivering ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance, with silent sweep, the shaggy vaults along.”

Edward's mind was impressed with a reverential awe ; and filled with a calm, serene, and holy melancholy, he turned,

with satisfaction and with complacency, to survey the broad expanse of the great German ocean, on whose gently-undulating bosom hung a mass of clouds, dark, lowering, gloomy, and terrific. He stood alone, no creature was nigh, no voice of merriment was heard, no murmur, no sound, not even the sighing of the breeze, nought but the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

As Edward still stood on the summit of the rock, against whose base the unwearied billows ever beat, with his eye intently gazing on the ocean, his distempered imagination saw a thin, light form rise from the bosom of the oozy deep; it floated, in silent, solemn pomp, along the surface of the swelling wave; it ascended slowly over the summit of that rock where Edward stood; it was his Mary's wan and shadowy form; dim, and in tears, she rode in the murky mist: and as she passed, she stretched her pale hand over Edward's head; her cheek was whiter than the driven snow; her eyes were lustreless and hollow; her fair form, fading, drooped; with noiseless and inaudible foot-steps, she glided athwart the airy regions of the vaulted sky, and, then, for ever, vanished from her lover's sight.

Edward, in wild and delirious agony, threw himself on the ground, and poured out the effusions of his anguished, lacerated heart, in deep and piercing tones.—

1

“Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

2

“Oh Mary, dear, departed shade,
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans, that rend his breast?

3

“Can I that sacred hour forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding stream we met,
To live one day of parting love.

4

" Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image, at our last embrace,
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last.

5

" The stream it kissed it's pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

6

" The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray ;
'Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

7

" Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

8

" My Mary, dear, departed shade,
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

(To be continued.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

IN accordance with our promise, made in the Magazine for the last month, we hasten to lay before the reader the conclusion of the review of *Alfred*, with which we were favoured by the *Archer*, and the insertion of which we were, very reluctantly on our part, obliged to defer 'till the present time.

ALFRED; AN HISTORICAL POEM.

WRITTEN BY A CAROLINIAN OF 18.

(Concluded from page 392. Vol. 1.)

“Lav’d by the wide Atlantic, hostile fleets
Ravag’d his shores.—He spoke,—from nodding groves
Huge oaks descend,—bend into ships,—up-plough.
The foamy wave, and guard with watchful care
The queen of isles.—Full proudly o’er the main
Triumphant rides the fleet: while *commerce’ sails*
By prosp’rous zephyrs fill’d, bear from all climes
The produce of each soil.

“ Now learning smiles ;
Now rise Oxonia’s walls, by Alfred’s hand
Up-rais’d.—The youths with bright ambition, throng
To taste the Aonian spring.—From heav’n descends
Religion, in her snowy vesture clad,
And all the virtues smiling in her train.
Call’d from long slumbers by his quick’ning voice,
The tuneful bard awakes ; sweet poesy
With music, hand in hand, her sister join’d,
Trips o’er the mead, and sings on every hill ;
The distant mountains catch the waving sound,
And echoing vales prolong the raptur’d strain.

“ Now sacred law the subject’s right secures ;
Not e’en the felon dies, whate’er his crimes,
Till by twelve peers condemn’d.—The common law,
Offspring of Alfred, into system grows,

And reigns supreme, and guards the spacious realm.
 Hail! prince of princes! Hail thou first of men!
 Born to command, and save, and bless mankind.
 Hail! Albion! prosperous in thy happy sway;
 Free to all good, as reason would be free.
 No furious faction fill'd thy realm with rage,
 And rous'd thy sons to blood.—Foul anarchy
 Fled hissing from thy shores—Fair order rose,—
 Peace by her side, and smiling, walk'd the land,
 Dispensing every joy.—Bless'd in thy prince,
 And in thy sons, and in the gifts of heaven,
 What raptures fill'd your bounds, as time roll'd on;
 Each day with pleasure fraught; each joyous scene
 The morning gilded, and seren'd the eve.

“ Oh how unlike in these degen'rate days,
 In thoughts, in words, in deeds, *philosophists*!
 Alfred ennobled, they *debase* the mind;
 He lov'd true liberty, they rank excess:
 Religion's schools, with virtue, science-fraught,
 By *him* supported, flourished through the realm;
 Schools of impiety, base stews of vice,
 Founded by *them* corruption wide bespread;
 He wove the web of love,—they burst the loom.
 From carnage wide, from desolation drear,
 The land a garden blooms, new nations rise.
 Hail! Alfred! Father, saviour of the state!
 O'er vernal fields, with every beauty gay,
 O'er peaceful climes *they* bid wild havoc stalk,
 Whelm plains in blood, inflame the lofty dome,
 While furious *sophists* light the angry fire.

“ Just is the portrait, then, Columbia, judge—
 Embrace true wisdom, and *thy God adore*;
 The *atheist* spurn, and *real freedom* claim.
 Thy spacious fields, in gayest vestments rob'd,
 Wave wide their golden harvests: India's corn
 Rears its green head, and shakes its silken crest;
 And crops of every form, and every dye,
 Here grace the plains, and there the hills adorn.
 The various tints of colour spread around;
 From bolder strokes, to shades of nicer touch;
 From live carnation to vermilion's glow;

From azure deep to hues more delicate,
 In lively contrast charm the lingering eye.
 In simple grandeur winds Ohio's stream—
 Old Hudson feels incumbent freighted barks,
 And joyous rolls them to the destin'd port.
 Gay scenes of pleasure, innocent as gay,
 Amuse the senses, and the soul refine.

“Thy *Constitution*, glorious monument
 Of worth and wisdom ; where the sister-states
 In union, harmony, and love combin'd,
 Sublime around their common centre roll.
 Of *vice* beware, shun *vain philosophy* ;
 And peace, contentment, virtue, and pure bliss,
 Conjoin'd, shall reign, *religion's* sun shine forth,
 And, with unmingled glory, light the world.”—

Having brought the republication of the poem of “*Alfred*” to a conclusion, we shall now, agreeable to the promise, which we made in the *ninth* number of our *first* volume, offer some remarks, in as brief a manner as the subject will allow, on the general merits and defects of this performance.

With regard to the historical events, upon which the poem is founded, we have already stated our opinion. They are interesting, and of that commanding nature, which is well calculated to excite the noblest feelings, and to support the dignity of the historical muse. Of the management of the plot, what may be termed the business of the poem, we wish we could speak in terms of equal approbation. We do not say there is any thing unnatural in the arrangement, or in direct violation of established rules ; but the incidents are, in general, too much crowded, and some of them are dismissed with a precipitancy, which, in our opinion, takes away a good deal from the interest of the work.

We cannot, however, withhold our applause from the exquisite description of the discovery by the wandering prince of the fair Elfrida ;—the lines beginning with,

“From a dark grove, beneath the mountain's brow,”—

present a charming picture of the meeting of this faithful pair ; and the address of Elfrida to Alfred, previous to his hazard-

ous visit to the Danish camp, is replete with the purest sentiments of conjugal affection, and does equal honour to the head and heart of the youthful author.—The battle is well described. The meeting of Holgar and Oscar ; the fall of the latter, and the circumstance of Oddune revenging his death, with some other proofs of nice discrimination in catching particular occurrences in the heat of the action, shew more judgment, than we should have expected to have found in so young a writer, and convince us, that he has studied the best masters with more than ordinary attention.

But that, which has afforded us most pleasure, is the incident of Elfrida saving the life of her beloved hero. It is introduced with peculiar felicity, and is managed with great success. Heroism ever commands applause, even when displayed in the conduct of the warrior, to whom we naturally look for deeds of noble daring ;—but when it glows in the *female bosom*, and is lighted up by the pure flame of wedded love, the pleasure we receive is in proportion to the surprise we experience, and common applause is heightened into admiration and rapture. The general pardon, which Alfred extended to the Danes, is here judiciously introduced. It is not only perfectly consistent with the character of the English prince, but is precisely what would have naturally flowed, *at such a moment*, from a noble and generous mind ; delighted with the prospect of the peace and happiness of his country, and gowing with transport at this last and strongest proof of the affection and fidelity of his wife.

As the work advances, the plans of wisdom and policy, which occupy the soul of Alfred, are related with considerable effect. The contrast between the pure philosophy of that great and good man, and the pernicious doctrines of *modern sophists*, is drawn in strong colours, and gives a value to the production ; far above the praise of just and animated description, and of elegant and correct language. In the apostrophe to America, the young poet, in describing her natural beauties, has proved that he possesses powers of no common order ; and the advice, which is contained in the concluding lines, ought to strike deep into the heart of every real lover of his country.

Of this poem it may be said, that the style is, in general, good, and the numbers, with very few exceptions, uncommonly smooth and harmonious. The pause is varied with considerable judgment; and instances are rare, where the ear is grated by a harsh collocation of words, or an unskilful assemblage of discordant syllables. The first ten lines, in the opening of the poem, would not suffer by a comparison with some of our best compositions in blank verse. The author is sparing of the metaphor; and this is, in our opinion, a proof of his judgment; but when he uses it, he generally does it correctly, and consistently with the best rules laid down for composition. From the construction of his verse, he has, evidently, been very conversant with Thompson, and, we think, we can, sometimes, perceive him borrowing with considerable freedom. In the picture of morning, the following line,

“His beams dance *on the misty mountain's top*,”

reminds us of Shakspeare's celebrated description, where

———“The morn in russet mantle clad,
Stands tip-toe *on the misty mountain's top*.”—

We mention this to put the author on his guard. We do not mean to say, that he was conscious, at the time, of copying so closely from Shakspeare, but such strong coincidences ought to be studiously avoided. We are, however, instantly, gratified with a beauty, which more than compensates the want of originality in the preceding line. We allude to that part of the same passage, where the sun's beams

“Gild the soft plumage of the warbling tribe.”—

This is one of those delicate touches, for which it will be in vain to look, except in the productions of him, who paints from nature. Elfrida's request to Alfred,

“Partner of all my hopes, and all my fears,”—

(of which we have already spoken) reminds us too forcibly of some of those beautiful expressions of tenderness, which Eve addresses to the father of our race ;—but, perhaps, it is scarcely possible to describe with truth the fine feelings of conjugal affection, without imperceptibly gliding into the manner, and borrowing, almost insensibly, the inimitable language and sentiments of Milton.—

In the description of the retreat of Alfred, we find “ *envi-roned round with fens.* ”—This is evident tautology. In the following example there is a defect in the measure of the second line, which, from the general correctness of the author, we did not expect :

“ Both armies stood, while front to front oppos’d,
The gen’rous heroes fought.—*Empire* in suspense
Hung on their swords.”—

To make the measure perfect, for *empire* some word of one syllable must be substituted. We will take this occasion to remark, that, although in heroic verse the eleventh syllable is admissible, it ought never to occur but at the conclusion of a line ; as in the following instances :

“ Worth makes the man, the want of it the *fellow.* ”—Pope.
“ Yon trembling coward, who forsook his *master.* ”—Home.

We know, that each of the following lines of Gray contains eleven syllables :

“ *Full many a gem of purest ray serene,—*
Fall many a flow’r is born to blush unseen. ”—

But it will be observed, that, to suit these lines to the measure, we are forced to read the words in italics as if they consisted only of three syllables ; and this we are enabled to do from the word *many* ending with a vowel, and being immediately followed by another. In the apostrophe to Columbia the words *corn* and *adorn* occur at too short a distance from each other, and excite a sort of jingling sensation, which destroys the character and beauty of blank verse. At the 237th

line we are sorry to observe the following instance of inattention :

—————" Full proudly o'er the main
Triumphant rides the fleet ; while *commerce' sails*
By prosp'rous breezes fill'd, bear from all climes."—&c.

The sails of commerce will not admit the abbreviated genitive case with any degree of propriety or elegance. To some this remark may appear unimportant ; but they, who know the value of a correct ear, and of an habitual attention to smoothness of versification, will not think it altogether undeserving their notice.

Upon the whole, when we consider this poem as a scholastic exercise, and the production of a youth of *eighteen*, we cannot withhold from it our warmest approbation. But while we thus indulge our feelings in expressions of commendation, we are led to inquire, where are the talents, which gave such unequivocal proofs of early excellence ?—We are, by no means, of the number of those, who recommend poetry as a profession. The muses are agreeable companions, but we do not wish to see the whole of time devoted to their service. They require too much attention for the serious occupations of life, but they have charms to enliven the gloom of a vacant hour, and to soften, by the witchery of song, the rigours of severer studies. In a country, like this, where the arts are yet in their infancy, the rising sons of genius are loudly called upon to exert their talents for the honour of the land, which gave them birth. It is not, we think, risking too much to infer, that the Author of Alfred is capable of producing a work, which might confer no mean dignity on the muse of Carolina. The flowers of genius and of taste, which opened, with such beauty, in the fair morning of his days, are now fully blown, and enriched with matured fragrance. Can we cease, then, to regret, if they are suffered " to waste their sweetness in the desert air ?"

NATURE DISPLAYED, &c.

BY N. G. DUFIEF.

(Continued from page 93. Vol. 2.)

TRUE grammar,"—says M. Dufief,—“is, in fact, the continuation of the science of ideas.”

This assertion, as Gifford says, completely staggered us.—We should be loth to be found correcting a mad-man; and yet mere folly seems unequal to the production of such exquisite nonsense.—Seriously, if the world shall be made wiser by this marvellous discovery, that “grammar is the continuation of the science of ideas,”—we shall be very forcibly reminded of what Pausanias tells us, when he says, that the Nauplians of old learned the art of pruning their vines by observing, that they thrived better after they had been browsed upon by an *Ass*.—The words of the Greek historian are,—“Ὡς ὁ ΟΝΟΣ ἐπιφαγὼν ἀμπέλιν κλημα, ἀφρονότερον ἐς το μίλλον ἀπέφηνε τὸν καρπὸν.”—We all know, that the ass was a favourite of Silenus; and, for that reason, the *ass's* head was;—but why tell what all the world knows?

An idea is an image impressed upon the organs of sensation by some material object: words are merely arbitrary signs to designate certain things; language is made up of words; and grammar is the reduction of a language into general and fixed rules. There is no necessary connection between the idea and the word, which is used to express that idea; for every different language employs a different word to express the same idea; nay, almost every different language uses more than one word to express the same idea; and every language is in the habit of occasionally changing certain words, which were wont to express certain ideas, and of adopting other words to designate those ideas. But the ideas, or images of material objects, never change; they must always remain the same, as long as the Almighty God continues to make the senses of man the inlets to human knowledge.—The sun—the moon—the ocean—all remain the same, and the ideas, which they impress on our minds, remain the same, by whatever numerous or different names these material objects may be called, or their ideas, or images expressed in different lan-

guages, or in the same language.—There being, then, no necessary connection between ideas and words, how is grammar “a *continuation* of the science of ideas?”—Indeed, we do not scruple to declare that we are altogether ignorant of the “science of ideas” itself, much more of its *continuation*; having never yet heard, that ideas were ever reduced to a science.—Where are they arranged; how are they classed; under what general rules and principles are they marshalled?

Until we are informed of these high matters in science, we must beg leave to be excused from endeavouring to affix any meaning to that, which we do not understand; and far, indeed, very far from us and from our friends be the temerity of attempting to discover the meaning and the import of the *philosophical effusions* of N. G. Dufief.

Next follows M. Dufief's *new* and *expeditious* method of teaching the French language. The reader, probably, will, very gladly dispense with any further notice of this plan, when he is informed that,—“it contains three Vocabularies, collections of familiar and proverbial phrases, and numerous dramatic selections, &c.”—*all of which*,—note, gentle reader!—*all of which* the pupil is “to learn by rote;”—as a prelude, we suppose, to entering upon D'Alembert's plan of —“getting a dictionary by heart.”

We are, then, informed, that—“the Abstract Nouns of this vocabulary—(*i. e.* the second vocabulary)—have been ranged in alphabetical order; though it might have been more *philosophical* to class them according to the probable order of their admission into language; this would have cost much labour, while the advantage offered to the learner would be inconsiderable.”—And in a note subjoined to this observation we are told,—“that it would, perhaps, be the most difficult problem, that a *metaphysician* could solve.”—

In which last remark we entirely concur with M. Dufief, and, moreover, are of opinion, that even his *metaphysical* prowess, marvellous as it is, would not be competent to the performance of such an undertaking.

We have, then, another note to tell us, that—“the French language is universally acknowledged to excel in this respect,

—(i. e. in articles, pronouns, prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, and interjections,)—and, hence, derives that *clearness* or *precision*, which is its great characteristic:—Ce qui n' est pas clair,—says Rivarol,—n' est pas Français; ce qui n' est pas clair c' est encore Anglais, Italien, Grec, ou Latin.”—

And is it so, Sir? and do you, really, believe your friend Mr. Rivarol, (*—anglice Rigmarol?*)—when he says—“ that which is *not clear* is *not French*” ?—What, then, are we to understand by the following advice from a celebrated *French* statesman to Mr. D'Alembert?—“ Je ne veux point admettre dans les arrêts de Conseil un *vrai trivial*, une clarté *trop familière*. Je veux un *vrai de recherche*, une clarté *elegante*, une naïveté *fine*, toute brillant de termes pompeux, relevés inopinément de phrases arrondies, de *vocatifs intermédiaires*, et d' adverbess *indefinis*.”

It is necessary that this *statesman's advice* should be generally understood, for it is of great importance; we shall, therefore, translate this notable passage for the benefit of the mere English reader.

“ I would not allow the admission of a *trivial truth* in the decrees of council, or a *clearness*, which is too easy and familiar. I choose to have a subtle kind of truth, an elegant perspicuity, an artful, a refined *naïveté*, all brilliant with pompous terms, unexpectedly elevated with a roundness of phraseology, with *intermediate vocatives*, and *indefinite adverbs*.”—

Now the assertion of M. Dufief and M. Rivarol, that what is *not clear* is *not French*, reduces us to this dilemma, either to conclude, that Messrs. Rivarol and Dufief know not what they say, or that the *state-papers*, and *official dispatches* of the French politicians are *not French*.

The truth is, that nothing can be more characteristic of French Statesmen, than the doctrine laid down in the letter to Mr. D' Alembert, to which we just now alluded. At first, they are always sufficiently *unintelligible*—(see the dispatches of Charles Maurice Talleyrand, as furnishing a very satisfactory specimen of French *clearness* and *precision*)—they make abundant use of their *vocatifs intermédiaires*, and their *adverbess indefinis*, and succeed to admiration. They have language without meaning, words to delude, and ideas to blind the mul-

itude ; but when their end is obtained, when they *acquire the power*, their style is altered, their tone is changed, and their language becomes *perfectly intelligible*.

It must never be forgotten, that in every department of society, in religion, in literature, and in politics, the French have, always, maintained *one uniform system of deception*, alike when bending before the throne of the Bourbons, or writhing under the bloody domination of their unrelenting republic, or offering the incense of unblushing slavery to the present God of their idolatry. Their mode of arguing has always been full of sophistry, and full of fraud.

So much for the bold position, that what is *not clear is not French*.

After dwelling, at great length, upon the wondrous benefits of his plan, M. Dufief, (who has certainly copied, with much aptness, the example of his worthy predecessor, honest Dogberry, who, without any scruple, openly declares,—“And please your worship, an I were *as tedious as a King*, I could find it in my heart *to bestow it all* upon your worship,”)—observes in a note, as a confirmation of the superiority of his *new* and *expeditious* mode of teaching the French language, so infinitely superior to all the “*trite jargon! of grammar*,” that—“many people could be produced in every nation, who write with *propriety* and *elegance*, but who could not, with propriety, answer the *commonest grammatical questions*.”—

But we would beg leave to ask M. Dufief, how a language can be said to be written with *propriety* and *elegance*, if it be not written with correctness and accuracy?—Now the universal voice of the wise and the learned, in all ages, has required, that all well-educated persons should write a language with *grammatical accuracy*, in order to distinguish their compositions from the miserable effusions of the untaught and ignorant multitude, who mangle and murder all language at their pleasure, and, whenever they write, present a mass of matter, as unintelligible, as were the jabberings at the tower of Babel, when men were confounded in their speech ;—or as incomprehensible as the sounds, which proceeded out of the mouth of Cerberus, who is reported to have uttered a leash of languages at once.

But it seems, according to M. Dufief, that people can write with propriety and elegance, although they know nothing at all of grammar.—This is, indeed, a jubilee for the ignorant, and the dull ; for, as all the rules, which have been hitherto found necessary to reduce language into symmetry and form, to give it strength, correctness, ease, and elegance, are declared to be null and void, the dunces are invited to advance in shoals, and to challenge all the hitherto best and most approved writers in every language to meet them in this *new* literary combat, where people can write with propriety and elegance, unshackled by the restraints, and unfettered by the bondage of grammatical accuracy.

M. Dufief, who is, *himself*, never fatigued by making new discoveries, now tells us, that—“It will, I believe, (—N. B. N. G. Dufief’s *faith*, in this instance, surpasseth all understanding,)—be conceded to me, that *Language*, and *Grammar* are two very different objects, and, consequently, no way analogous ; the *former* as physical, the *latter* as metaphysical.”

Pray, what is meant by saying, that language is *physical* ? is it, that language is *natural*, in the strict sense and acceptance of that word, as excluding art ?—If this be the meaning of M. Dufief, his assertion is incorrect ; for all language, which is spoken, and written, is the offspring of art and not of nature ; since nature only gives the voice, or organs of sound, or, in other words, the capability of emitting inarticulate, and of imitating articulate sounds ; and art does the rest ; she teaches the tongue to learn all those varieties of speech, the possession of which so eminently distinguishes man from all other animals ; that faculty, peculiar to man, which raised the admiration of Socrates, and induced him to use it as one of his chief arguments to demonstrate the being of God ; these are his words, which we need not translate for so very profound a scholar, as the author of “*Nature Displayed*.”

—“Και μὴν γλωτταὶ γε πάντων τῶν ζῶντων ἐχούτων, μόνῃ τινι τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐποιήσαι οἶαν, ἀλλοτε ἀλλαγὴ ψαύουσαι τῷ στοματός, ἀβρὴν τε τῇ φωνῇ, καὶ σημαίνει πάντα ἀλλήλοις, αὐ βούλομεθα.”—

Or does M. Dufief mean, by language being *physical*, that—but why should we multiply questions upon this head, since *nonsense is inexhaustible* ?

And what is meant by grammar being *metaphysical*?—Oh! we recollect ourselves, and we beg M. Dufief's pardon;—we recollect that M. Dufief has already explained what he means by grammar being metaphysical, namely, that it is—“*the continuation of the science of ideas.*”—A sublime discovery, on which we have before commented with admiration and astonishment.

Having thus informed us, that language is physical, and that grammar is metaphysical, M. Dufief, with his accustomed modesty, subjoins the following note, which we transcribe for the edification of the reader :

“Grammarians have continually confounded grammar with language and *vice versâ*. This strange perversion of ideas has been the cause of their *ill success, all over the world*. Instead of boasting of teaching language by grammar, (which was, in fact, placing the cart before the horse) they should have said, they taught *grammar* by *language*.”

Euge, bene, recte, bravo, da capo !!!

M. Dufief, next informs us, that nature teaches children *phrases* first; his words are these—“the following, which is the result of *repeated observation*, proves this position to be correct, and throws some light on the subject.”

M. Dufief, then proceeds to throw *some light* on the subject, by saying that,—“Phrases taught children by nature are always verbal preludes to actions performed to give them pleasure or pain; and those very actions necessarily attract their attention on language, as they are not performed, until the phrases, that have given rise to them, have been uttered. *Children, of course, learn phrases first*; with regard to *single words*, they obtain them, when their opening minds are capable of abstracting, from the phrases they have acquired, such words as they want, in order to form, by analogy, regular combinations, or phrases of their own.”—

Now, until M. Dufief had thrown *some light* on this subject, we must confess, that we were so much in the dark, as to fancy, that *phrases* were made up of *single words*, and, that, consequently, each single word, which enters into the composition of any given phrase, must be learned before the phrase

itself could be learned. We always thought that this was as self-evident, as that well-known axiom, that—every whole consists of all its parts.—But now, if we may believe M. Dufief,—the whole is not equal to all its parts,—neither are phrases made up of single words ;—for the learned author goes on to say,—“that children are instructed in language by *detached phrases*, and not otherwise, every *discerning* mother, (—N. B.—the discernment of the mother ought to be very acute in this instance,)—will be ready to acknowledge.”

Lest, however, any one should be inclined to doubt M. Dufief's own great authority, he calls in the aid of *another wonderful philosopher*, even that of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, the President of the United States, whose philosophical sanction to N. G. Dufief's philosophical plan of instruction is thus introduced to our notice.

“I am happy to find, that Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, was of *my opinion*, when he wrote the following, in a letter, which he did me the honour of addressing to myself.”

“The proposition to teach a language *by phrases*, is new as a method ; *although, besides infants learning their native tongue*, we have seen persons learn a foreign language that way.”

This step has been taken with M. Dufief's usual judgment, for Mr. Jefferson's *profound philosophy*, and *extensive knowledge of language*, are already fixed, by the publication of that scientific wonderment, *Notes on Virginia*, on a basis too firm and too broad to be moved or shaken even by the praises of the author of *Nature Displayed*.

But not willing, that the public should rest altogether on his own, and Mr. Jefferson's authority, on this important subject, M. Dufief procures the assistance of another, a third person, of equal importance, *in matters of philosophy*, with himself, and the President of the United States ;—his words are these,

“I know a little girl, *two years old*, who has at her command an infinite number of phrases, and whose conversation is *absolutely interesting*, &c, &c, &c.—”!!!——

Who, now, can presume to doubt, in contradiction to the fact of three such very respectable philosophical authorities,

as M. Dufief, Mr. Jefferson, and *a little girl two years old*,—that children learn *phrases* first, and *single words* afterwards ;—that the light and heat of the sun are of no use ;—that anarchy and *self-government* are better than virtue and social order ;—and that atheism and profligacy are more beneficial in their effects than are religion and sound morality ?—

For the present month, we will take leave of—the Author of *Nature Displayed*, by applying to him the words of a well-known author, whom we need not translate, as he writes in the French language.

“ Il—(i. e. M. Dufief)—possede l’antiquité, comme on le peut voir par les belles remarques qu’ il a faites. Sans lui nous ne saurions pas que dans la ville d’ Athenes les enfans pleuroient quand on leur donnoit *le fouet*.—Nous devons cette decouverte a sa profonde erudition.

On second thoughts, however, we will translate this passage for the benefit of the mere English reader,—“ He—(i. e. M. Dufief)—possesses the knowledge of all antiquity, as we plainly perceive by the sagacity of his remarks. Had it not been for him, we should never have known *that the children in Athens cried when they were whipped*. We owe this discovery to his profound erudition.”

(*To be continued.*)

AN INQUIRY into the present state of the foreign relations of the Union, as effected by the late measures of Administration, &c.

(Continued from page 103. Vol. 2d. No. 2.)

THE aim and end of the work now under review are disclosed by the author in the following words :

“ I would urge the inquiries ;—Whether—(*or not*)—the national honour has been preserved untarnished? Whether—(*or not*)—the national dignity had been ever kept in view by those, who are delegated to watch over it? Whether—(*or not*) the true

and solid interests of the country, as effected by the critical relations of the times, had been provided for with prudence and firmness? Whether—(*or not*)—the resources of the country had been applied with economy and to their best possible purposes? And, in a word, Whether—(*or not*)—all difficulties had been encountered with a firm moderation, and an intrepid air of independent defiance, tempered with charity and attended by justice?"

Before we proceed in our examination of this work we beg leave to remark, that it is not correct to write the word *whether* without its respondent *or*, as thus—resolve *whether* you will *or* no—Shakspeare. When our foreign trade exceeds our exportation of commodities, our money must go to pay our debts, *whether* melted *or* not.—Locke.

We must also apprise our reader, that we intend to make large and frequent extracts from the work before us, because the importance of the matter which it contains, and the force and eloquence with which the sentiments of the writer are urged, require this tribute of applause to be paid to him, whose genius and knowledge confer honour on his country; whose manly intrepidity presses the most solemn and momentous truths upon the attention of his fellow-citizens; and whose strength of reasoning, and keenness of sarcasm, have unravelled and exposed the most intricate web, that fraud, and malice, and corruption, and hypocrisy, and cowardice, and treachery, and falsehood, have ever woven, against the welfare, the existence, the character, and the honour of a nation, throughout all its bearings, connections, and dependencies.

After proving, with an energy and precision of reasoning, which neither argument can oppose, nor sophistry elude, that America is, notwithstanding the rolling of the Atlantic main between her and Europe, intimately connected with foreign nations, through the medium of her extensive and increasing commerce, the author sketches this bold and masterly picture of the civilized world.

"Certainly, if there ever was a period, which demanded a wisdom, almost celestial, in the administration of human affairs, it is the period present with us. This is a crisis, which seems to display what has just passed within our memory, and what would, in other days, have astonished the world, as the mere prelude to changes, which no intelligence could foresee, and which no intelligence can

completely follow; as the mere sports of children to be outdone by the labours of giants. We see empires, states, kingdoms, republics, rising, falling, suspended, or destroyed, with the celerity of the air-built fabrics of the brain;—the old potentates of Europe, seated upon trembling thrones, under which has been worked the mine of public opinion, ready to be sprung at any moment; or, else, tumbled from their proud exaltation, and made to give place to the bastard spawn of lawless royalty;—kingdoms changed into republics, and, by a Napoleon process, again converted into kingdoms; the sceptre of the Bourbons gone to a man, who is but of yesterday, and a new Charlemagne trampling upon the nations of the west. We see arts, intrigues, treachery, force, persuasion, and whatever else can be devised in the councils of usurping ambition, used to annihilate every difficulty, that may possibly be found in its bloody road to universal empire, and to secure a supremacy among nations, by blasting the power of every people, who dare to hold up an independent front. A new arrangement of things, in which France is to stand as controller of the world, exalted in triumph, upon the ruins of liberty and right, seems rapidly *progressing* to a full accomplishment. The prospect may soon be converted into a fatal reality: a short interval was seen between the establishment of a dictator in Rome, and her conquest of the world: and the first generation of the legions of Marius, who saw Italy and the capitol well-nigh overwhelmed by the irruption of barbarians from the Baltic, reposed under the olive-trees of Antioch, and witnessed the profound stillness of universal peace, when Augustus received embassies from Scythia and from India, imploring his protection and purchasing his friendship.

“Opposed to an inundation so threatening, our attention is arrested by the open and covert machinations or force, and all that is left of the old pride and strength of the remaining independence of Europe, brought as protecting bulwarks and mounds of defence. And first and foremost in the gallant contest for the liberty of the world, and mainly fighting for existence, Great Britain is seen moving on the wings of the wind, and carrying the tempests of her indignation, and the thunders of her vengeance, into every climate;—or she is beheld, seated on the proud cliffs of her island, looking with contemptuous triumph, towards the fields of Agincourt and Cressy,—determined to maintain her glory untarnished, and the integrity of her empire untouched, she is resolutely fixed in opposing her mortal enemy, Napoleon, with all her strength, and will hold out the contest, until honourable peace shall close the strife, let the fortune of the other powers of Europe, be propitious, or humiliating as they may.

“This is a tremendous contest, the struggles and throes of which, conjoined with the uproar of the tearing up of the foundations of Europe, excite a political tempest, the wind of whose commotion reaches the western shores of the Atlantic, and comes in blasts loud and strong enough to awaken us from our slumbers. Is it nothing to know, that the face of the world is changing? That

France rules the continent of Europe, with an almost uncontrolled dominion, and that Great Britain reigns unresisted mistress of the ocean? Is it nothing, that new relations, new concerns, new commercial and political maxims, and an altered state of things, calling for corresponding changes of measures, are every where rising to view? Is this radical revolution in the world to leave *us, alone*, unaffected; and shall we be able to journey in the beaten track of ancient times, and meet no crossings nor dangers in our way? Is this a season for acting, as if the old apparatus of politics was still in motion, when all the turns of government were nothing but the mere operations of machinery? Do the navigators of our vessel of state see no indications of approaching hurricanes, against which to provide with expedition and firmness? Or shall we, by the miraculous interference of heaven, ride safely over the yawning waters, that have swallowed up so many others in their merciless fury?"—

The author then points out the necessity of a *wise* and an *efficient* administration of government in this country, in order to preserve to us our property, our liberties, and our lives, from the hand of the spoiler; and glances, with admirable sarcasm, at the puny and ineffectual resolves of those *would-be* statesmen, and *soi-disant* philosophers, who have never yet done aught, but woo, with shameless and unabashed front, the means of weakness and debility;—who, like the plagues, that were scattered over the land of Egypt, have withered and destroyed the prosperity of this country;—who have made their native land the victim of their vices, reducing it to the humiliating necessity of supporting their temporary consequence, and of sinking under their crimes; like the lion, that perishes, by the poison of those vermin, which find shelter in his mane, while they are stinging him to death.

"To derive the full and ample benefits of such a temper and zeal of independence, we should know, that they can come only from legislators and statesmen, who are disposed in principle to deal with men and with realities, and not from speculators, given to devising schemes for a state of things never to be seen, and to weaving moon-beam mantles for aerial beings, the nameless progeny of a morbid imagination. We should be aware, that much wisdom, great firmness, and an entire exemption from the visions of Utopian doctors, are requisite for the practical management of the concerns of a great empire. We should feel assured of the important truth, that these iron times cannot be worked upon by rules, which would be too fanciful, and too refined, even for a gold-

en age : and we should remember, that the fabrication and the show of philosophic gew-gaws belongs to other hands, than those entrusted with the keeping of our national safety.—A misplaced confidence in visionary theorists and projectors may make their folly the more conspicuous, but it would be an aggravated self-reproach, for men, mourning over the ruins of their country, to reflect, that the folly, which destroyed them, drew all its mischief from their own infatuation.”—

The author, now, takes a view of our foreign policy ; and, first, of the policy, which we have pursued towards Great Britain. He shews, that, from the recent improvements in the art of navigation, distant countries are brought so much into contact with each other, as to render foreign relations an object of the utmost weight and importance to every enlightened statesman. He treats, with the most lordly and sovereign contempt the moon-struck visions of those petty pedlars in politics, who declare, that America ought to “*abandon the ocean,*” —and—“*to relinquish commerce altogether.*”—His words are these,

“ This visionary spinning and weaving of new-fangled, unprofitable stuff, should be confined to the damp vaults of the under-ground, mystery-work rooms of the doctors of political bedlam.—The labour may serve to amuse them, and to entertain their successors with the rarest of cobweb-texture ; and I care not how fine they make their work, if it be even too subtle for the touch, and elude all the powers of the most perfect natural vision.”—

The author, then, shows, very forcibly, the great benefits resulting to America from her foreign commerce ; and, likewise, that all the nations in the civilized world are straining every nerve in order to extend their commercial interests ; that Britain chiefly owes her present lofty and dignified situation, as the great bulwark against the menaced desolation of the human race, to the extent of her commerce ; and, that, notwithstanding the apparent influence of France,—“ the balance of the world must lie in the hands of that nation, which holds the commanding sceptre of the ocean.”—

The necessity of peace,—of honourable peace, is strongly inculcated, as conducive to all the best interests of America, on account of her scattered commerce, the infancy of her state—

establishment, the comparative thinness of her population, and the improving condition of her agriculture. The conduct of our present administration towards Britain is now examined; and at the very commencement of this inquiry, we are presented with the following spirited and masterly sketch of the state of Europe.

“To estimate our political situation aright, it is necessary that we cast an inquiring look over the European world, the centre of all political motion; and I would address myself to the plain understanding of my countrymen, to judge, whether or not we have nothing to fear from that over-grown, restless power, that now scourges, and oppresses the nations on the other side of the Atlantic? Can it be of no importance to American security that, in the hands of one single monarch, centre all the vast military power, all the prodigious resources of every kind, that come from the bosom of France;—all the navy, all the wealth, all the industry, that Holland did once so proudly boast;—and all that Flanders, with her iron boundaries, and fortified provinces, and hardy soldiers, born, bred, and living, in camps, and garrisons, can add to these dangerous advantages?—Are we indifferent to the truth, that this same monarch has gained to his dominion the whole of Switzerland, and that all Italy is in his complete possession? And can we be still easy, and tranquil, under the reflection, that Spain is but one of his auxiliaries; and that all the wondrous wealth of her mines, all her vast American possessions, and the commanding and extensive line of her European coast, are, to all uses and effects, the property of Napoleon? And do we still sleep in sound slumbers, while he is stretching his iron arm over Germany, and creating kings, and unmaking emperors, and new-modelling every thing, that every thing may be prepared for his seizure? Is it nothing to the United States, that Spanish, Dutch, and French America, touching our boundaries, and lying by our shores, are, now, no longer, separated, and held by different powers, but all united property, managed and controlled by one single arm? Are we such wretched politicians, as to imagine, that all this gigantic power, animated by a vast genius, which knows no rule, but the earth-compassing ecliptic of his ambition, cannot, and will not if he be unchecked by some equal and jealous rival, cramp, grind, and tyrannize over America? Are we such miserable moralists, as to look for the sudden moderation, and satiated appetite of usurping ambition, and do we think, that its march will be stopped by any thing but unconquerable force? And do we know so little of the nature of man, as to suppose, that, imperial pride, exalted over Europe, will suffer American Independence to insult it with her lofty deportment?”—

“Rely upon it, Americans, that the wide range of Napoleon’s vision will rest, only, when it can take in the supreme command of all the extended relations of the universe. *He is for change,—*

because change does away the old order of things, and kills the veneration, that institutions of long existence create in the human breast ; which veneration for antiquity is a corroding reproach, against all his pomp and state, the work of modern intrusion. *He abhors republics*, because despotism is his trade ; he detests republican America, knowing, that she once felt a yearning sympathy for republican France, which he has strangled to death ; and because the rights and blessings, which we enjoy, as the off-spring of our liberty, are a satire upon his gloomy and Turkish dominion. We may be assured,—that the hyæna, which has devoured the directories, the senates, and the consulates of France, eat up the burgesses of Switzerland, preyed upon the helpless king of the Sicilies, and mashed in his ravenous jaws the collective body of their High Mightinesses of Holland, will seize, in some future, unsuspecting moment, upon the fair goddess of American liberty, if we are not vigilant and wary, and unless the British lion confine him to his cadaverous range among the entombed empires of the continent of Europe.”

The means both direct, and indirect, by force, and by fraud, which Napoleon has in his power, and doubtless in his will, to injure or to destroy the commerce of America, are pointed out with great force and precision ; and Bonaparte’s influence over our executive is proved, but too plainly, by numerous instances of the tame, the patient endurance, with which that executive has submitted to the frequent insults and exactions of the Emperor of the French.

The purchase of Louisiana is shewn to be a poor, pitiful expedient of peddling policy ; and the insecurity of the American tenure, in this newly-boughten territory is thus expressed,

“ The people of Louisiana are already French ; and they would crowd in flocks, to the standard of their country, raised upon their shores. They are men of French habits, of French prejudices, accustomed to a foreign dominion, not yet reconciled to ours, because they derive, as yet, none of the advantages, that were promised to them from it ; and they feel themselves degraded by the late transfer and sale of their persons and properties. They have been insulted by a magistrate put over them, without one conciliating, but with many repulsive properties, and one, whose studious business it seems to be, to alienate any little affection, that may rise in the bosoms of the Louisianians, for the American people, and their republican institutions.—Louisiana is, at this moment, if France chooses to seize upon it, *her’s without resistance.*”

(*To be Continued.*)

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS, *by* Thomas Moore, Esq.—*Philadelphia: published by* John Watts, 1806. 8vo. p. 306.

THE experience of all ages proves, that *women* are either the guardians of their country's honour, or the sources of their country's death.—That, in proportion, as they faithfully discharge the great and the hallowed duties of daughter, sister, wife, and mother, do they produce, and rear, and form those children, who, in the fulness of their strength, and in the maturity of their manhood, will, as statesmen, as warriors, as divines, as lawyers, as artists, as merchants, as citizens, and as peasants, each, in his respective capacity, affirm and strengthen their native land, by upholding and preserving their own integrity and truth untarnished, and, above all, by bowing themselves down unto the earth before God, the Judge of all, through the *divine Mediator*, knowing their own strength, feeling their own infirmities, ever vigilant against their foes foreign and domestic ;—and, having done all, still committing themselves, and their cause, to *Him*, who judgeth righteously ;—to *Him*, who holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand ;—who rolleth the waters together, as they were a garment ;—who doeth according to his will amidst the armies of heaven ;—and, in whose sight, all the inhabitants of the earth are as—*nothing*,—*as less than nothing* : and that, in proportion, as the women of any country give themselves up to work unrighteousness ; to disregard the moral and the social ties : to encourage the rejection and the dissolution of all religious obligation and principle, thereby preparing and disciplining the mind for the breaking up of every bond of established government, however just, and however reasonable ;—then are they the foul and the feculent sources of all those misshapen conceptions, all those political abortions, and all that horrible spawn of *Jacobinism* and *infidelity*, whose faithless machinations, and bloody deeds inevitably effect the disruption of all social order, and bury all human happiness, in one common grave of universal ruin, while the earth is bursting asunder, and hell is yawning from beneath.

It is the firm, the unbending conviction of this sacred, this never-to-be-forgotten truth, which has made every wise and every good man, in all ages, and in all climes, labour, in the conflicting, convulsive agony of his soul, to fix the temple of *female chastity*, and *female honour*, upon a firm, and a lasting basis.

It was the conviction of this truth, which made one, who had, indeed, drunken much too deeply into the deadly bowl of false philosophy, and revolutionary madness, endeavour to retrace his steps from the guilty gloom of a more than midnight darkness into the regions of the morning, and the light of the day. His name is now erased from the list of proscription, and he deservedly stands among the foremost of the children of his country's confidence, and his country's honour.—Let his words be listened to, with that attention, which his wisdom deserves, and his eloquence invites.

“Almost all the relative duties of life will be found, more immediately, or more remotely, to arise out of the two great institutions of *property* and *marriage*. They adorn, preserve, and even constitute society. Upon their gradual improvement depends the progressive civilization of mankind; on them rests the whole order of civil life. We are told by Horace, that the first efforts of law-givers to civilize men, consisted in strengthening and regulating these institutions, and fencing them round with rigorous penal laws.

“Oppida cœperunt munire, et ponere leges,
Neu quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.”

l. Serm. 3. 105.

“A celebrated ancient orator, of whose poems we have but a few fragments remaining, has well described the order in which human society is gradually led to its highest improvements, under the guardianship of those laws, which secure property, and regulate marriage.

Et leges sanctas docuit, et chara jugavit
Corpora conjugii; et magnas condidit urbes.

Frag. C. Licin. Calvi.

“Nothing can be more philosophical than the succession of ideas here presented by Calvus: for it is only, when the general security is maintained by the laws, and when the order of domestic life is fixed by marriage, that nations emerge from barbarism, proceed, by slow degrees, to cultivate science, to found empires, to build magnificent cities, and to cover the earth with all the splendid monuments of civilized art. These two great institutions con-

vert the selfish as well as the social passions of our nature into the firmest bands of a peaceable and orderly intercourse ; they change the sources of discord, into principles of quiet ; they discipline the most ungovernable, they refine the grossest, and they exalt the most sordid propensities ; they become the perpetual fountain of all that strengthens, and preserves, and adorns society ; they nourish the individual, and they perpetuate the race. As they were, at first, the sole authors of all civilization, so they must, for ever, continue its sole protectors. They, alone, make the society of man with his fellows delightful, or secure, or even tolerable. Every argument and example, every opinion and practice, which *weakens* their authority, tends also to *dissolve* the fellowship of the human race, to replunge *men* into that state of helpless ferocity, and to condemn the earth to that unproductive wildness, from which they were both originally raised, by the power of these sacred principles ; which animate the activity of exertion, and yet mitigate the fierceness of contest ; which move every plough, and feed every mouth, and regulate every household, and rear every child ; which are the great nourishers, and guardians of the world. *The enemy of these principles is the enemy of mankind.*—Around these institutions all our social duties will be found, at various distances, to range themselves ; some more near, obviously essential to the good order of human life ; others more remote, and of which the necessity is not, at first view, so apparent ; and some so distant, that their importance has been sometimes doubted, though upon more mature consideration, they, also, will appear to be out-posts and advanced guards of these two great fundamental principles ; that man should securely enjoy, and freely transmit the fruits of his labour ; and that the society of the sexes should be so wisely ordered, as to make it a school of the kind affections, and a fit nursery for the common-wealth.”—

And let the sisters of the song lend to philosophy their effectual aid, in supporting the great cause of moral obligation. And, first, let Lucretius speak ;—for, even, Lucretius, that *atheist* of ancient times, surrounded as he was by the degrading licentiousness, and the corrupting superstitions of paganism, and darkened as he was by the gloomy horrors of unbelief, far surpassed, in *political wisdom*, all the way-ward spawn of infidelity in these our days ;—he well knew, that, without a strict regard to sound morals, no community could be long holden together ;—that unless the most sacred respect were paid to the *connubial union*, man would speedily go back from the blessings of social order, would soon be degraded to that level of ignorance and of barbarity, which characterizes the hordes, that are scorched upon Arabia’s burning plains ; and

marks the solitary stragglers, that pine beneath the frozen climes of the northern and the southern poles.

These are the words of Lucretius :

——“ *Mulier conjuncta viro concessit in unum,
Castaque privatæ Veneris connubia læta
Cognita sunt, prolemque ex se videre coortam ;
Tum genus humanum primum mollescere capit.*

——*Puerique parentum
Blanditiis facilè ingenium fregere superbum.
Tunc et amicitiam cæperunt jungere, habentes
Finitima inter se, nec lædere, nec violare.
Et pueros commendârunt, muliebrequæ seceum,
Vocibus, et gestu, cum balbè significarent
Imbecillorum esse æquum miserier omnium.”——*

Listen, yet, again, and ponder upon the words of *him*, who was learned in all the learning of his times, who combined in his capacious, and comprehensive intellect, the depth of the philosopher with the sublimity of the bard.

“ Hail *wedded love*, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else !
By thee adulterous lust was driven from man
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin, or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil’d, and chaste pronounc’d,
Present, or past, as saints or patriarchs us’d.
Here *love* his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels ; not in the *bought smile*
Of harlots, *loveless, joyless, unindear’d*,
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mixt dance, or wanton masque, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv’d lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.”——

It was the same conviction, that, *by the virtue, or the profligacy of its females must the safety and the happiness of every nation rise or fall*, which prompted *that statesman*, towards

whom the eyes of the world are even yet turned, as their hope of refuge, to deprecate the introduction of *female licentiousness* into his country ;—that ill-fated country, which was, then, about to witness, and speedily thereafter, did witness her own unutterable degradation, under the ominous, and the baleful influence of *that minister*, who unites, in his own precious character, the starched gravity of a solemn coxcomb, with the drivelling of an ideot.

These are the precepts of political wisdom, which that enlightened and intrepid statesman, then uttered, in his own place on the floor of the great legislative assembly of his country ; and which precepts,—(*will posterity believe it?*)—were, then, utterly disregarded, and voted down by a set of ministerial hirelings, who could not more effectually have conspired and plotted against the very existence of their country, if they had been paid for their traitorous exertions, by their country's vindictive and implacable enemy, than they have done by the whole of their conduct during the course of their *official* life.

“What I am now speaking of, however, is not the danger of the political principles of France, but the *still surer*, and *more dreadful* danger of *its morals*. What are we to think of a country, that having struck out of men's minds, as far as it has the power to do so, *all sense of religion*, and *all belief of a future state*, has struck out of its system of civil policy, the institution of *marriage*?—That has formally, professedly, and by law, established the connection of the sexes, upon the footing of an *unrestrained concubinage*?—That has turned the whole country into one universal *brothel*?—That leaves to every man to take, and to get rid of a wife,—(the fact, I believe continues to be so)—and a wife, in like manner, to get rid of her husband, upon less notice, than you can, in this country, of a ready-furnished lodging?”

“What are we to think of uniting with a country, in which such things have happened, and where, *for generations*, the *effects must continue*, whatever formal and superficial changes prudence and policy may find it expedient to introduce in the things themselves?

“Do we suppose it possible, that, with an intercourse subsisting, such, as, we know, will take place, between Great-Britain and France, the morals of this country should continue what they have been? Do we suppose, that, when this *Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes*, when that revolutionary stream, the Seine, charged with all the *colluvies* of Paris,—with all the filth and blood of that polluted city,—shall have turned its course into the Thames, that the waters of our fair domestic flood can remain pure and wholesome as before?—Do we suppose these things can happen?—Or is it,

that we are indifferent, whether they happen or not : and that the *morals* of the country are, no longer, any object of our concern?—

“ Sir, I fear, the very scenes, that we shall witness, even in the course of the present winter, will give us a sufficient foretaste of what we may expect hereafter ; and show, how little the *morals* of the country will be protected by those, who should be their *natural guardians*, the higher and fashionable orders of society. In what crouds shall we see flocking to the hotel of a Regicide Ambassador, however deep in all the guilt and horror of his time, those, whose doors have hitherto been shut, inflexibly, against every Frenchman, whom no feeling for honourable distress, no respect for suffering loyalty, no sympathy with fallen grandeur, no desire of useful example,—and, in some instances, I fear, no gratitude for former services or civilities, have ever been able to excite to show the least mark of kindness or attention to an emigrant of any description ; though, in that class are to be numbered men, who, in every circumstance of birth, of fortune, of rank, of talents, of acquirements of every species, are fully their equals ; and whom the virtue, that has made them emigrants, has, so far forth, rendered their superiors !—A suite of richly furnished apartments, and a ball and supper, is a trial, I fear, too hard for the virtue of London.

“ It is to *this side*, that I look with the greatest apprehension. The plague, with which we are threatened, will not begin, like that of Homer, with inferior animals, among dogs and mules, but in the *fairest and choicest* part of the creation ; with those, whose fineness of texture makes them weak ; whose susceptibility most exposes them to contagion ; whose natures, being *most excellent*, are, for that reason, capable of becoming *most depraved* ; who, being formed to promote the happiness of the world, when strained from that fair use, may prove its bane and destruction ; retaining, as they will do, much of that empire, which nature intended for them, over the minds and faculties of the other half of the species.—The woman tempted me, and I did eat,—will be to be said, I fear, of this second fall of man, as it was of the first. Sir, we heard much, last year, of the necessity of new laws to check the growing progress of vice and immorality. I suppose, we hardly mean to persist in any such projects. It will be too childish to be busying ourselves in stopping every little crevice and aperture, through which vice may find admission, when we are going to open, at once, the flood-gates, and let in the whole tide of French practices and principles, ’till the *morals* of the two countries shall have settled at their *common level*.”

With all these sentiments, interwoven in the very texture of our minds, and twining round each and every fibre of our hearts, we sit down to review—“ The epistles, odes, and other poems, of Thomas Moore, Esq.”—a book, which was first published in London, and, is now, reprinted in Philadelphia, for the edification of the American public.

This same Thomas Moore has been long known, as the author of a book, called—"Little's Poems,"—an especial production, which is, to say truth, neither more nor less, than a mass of the most beggarly, bare-worn blasphemy, and vulgar obscenity, that ever raised the contempt of the wise, and the detestation of the good, done into rhyme, for the benefit of the ladies and gentlemen, whom it might concern.

Goldsmith said of Theophilus Cibber,—that, as he grew older, he grew *never the better*.—The same may, very justly be said of Mr. Moore; for, as we shall presently find, the volume, now under review, is not, one whit, better calculated to sustain the cause of morality, than are the poems of Thomas Little, Esq.

Seeing, that this is the case; and that Mr. Moore still continues his laudable endeavours to place a *prostitute*, the *common spouse of all the town*, upon the *same level* with a *virtuous woman*; therein concurring with that pious philosopher, William Godwin, who undertakes to prove in his book, mis-called *Political Justice*, that *marriage* is a *wicked monopoly*, and that all men and all women ought to be *common*, indulging themselves in promiscuous sexual intercourse, like the brutes, that perish; and, also, that if a man *murder his own father*, he, the parricide, is no more culpable, than is the knife, or the dagger, which he plunges into his father's heart;—seeing all this, we were very much surprised to find, that the *Earl of Moira* had suffered such a book to be dedicated to him.

The Earl of Moira stands, and deservedly stands, among the fore-most of the greatest and the most exalted characters of Britain, for his magnanimity in public, and his amiable qualities, in private life.—*Great men*,—says Edmund Burke, are the guide-posts, and the land-marks of the age, and of the state, in which they live.—What they do, and what they sanction, therefore, is of the utmost weight and importance, and should neither be hastily sanctioned, nor lightly done.

In what one capacity can my Lord Moira justify his permission to let such a book be dedicated to him?—As a *statesman*,—when the principles and the practice recommended

and enforced by Mr. Moore go, directly, to annihilate the very existence of the state?—As a *husband*, a *father*,—when Mr. Moore's doctrines, and precepts lead inevitably to the seduction of his wife, and the ruin of his daughter?

My Lord of Moira, do you think, that Sir Philip Sydney, whom your Lordship considers as the finished model of your own excellence, the great example of your own laudable imitation;—that Sir Philip Sidney, the most gallant warrior, the most profound statesman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would have suffered *his name* to stand at the head of a volume, which contains language fit only for those hordes of miscreants, that frequent or inhabit *bordels* and *bagnios*?

If your lordship hesitate, pray, read Sir Philip Sidney's letter to his own son, while on his travels through the European continent, and, when you find, that that intrepid hero, that flower of knightly courtesy, most earnestly, and most affectionately entreats his son, to be, above all things, *firm to his country*, and *true unto his God*, all your lordship's doubts will be, for ever, laid at rest, upon that point, at least.

No,—my Lord!—Sir Philip Sydney was too *good a statesman*, not to know that *his country*,—*your country*, my Lord, never could have any thing to fear from the *arms*, but that she must, always, have every thing to dread from the *profligacy* of France;—he, the pink of perfection, the glass of fashion, the honour and the ornament of the human race, well knew, that no nation,—no government, could ever perish *but* by its *own hand*,—and by its *own consent* to die;—and that every nation signs the death-warrant of its own freedom and happiness, the moment that it forsakes its God, and tramples upon that great *moral code*, which was delivered by *Him*, in order to regulate the conduct of men, in all their duties and capacities, individual and collective.

Mr. Moore's opinion of *this country* may be gathered from his preface, wherein he says,—“Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened, that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage, which I derived from it.—The impression, which my mind received from the character and manners of those

republicans, suggested the epistles,—6—7—8—which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie. How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people, whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt, which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for, is, *the fidelity of the picture*, which I have given; and, though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

“ I went to America, with prepossessions, by no means, unfavourable, and, indeed, rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where unfortunately, discontent at home, enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to, as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation, which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress,—*intentata nites*.—Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that—“ freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree, as to border upon a state of nature;”—and there certainly is a close approximation to *savage life*, not only, in the liberty, which they enjoy, but in the violence of party-spirit, and of private animosity, which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe, that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists, too often, are so forgetful of their cause, as to imitate.

“ The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and, indeed, the unpolished state of society, in general, would neither surprize, nor disgust, if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which might be looked for in a new and unexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in *most of the vices*, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel, that this *youthful decay*, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represents every sanguine hope of the *future energy and greatness* of America.”

The opinion of such a writer, as Mr. Moore, who, scarcely ever pens a single line, without shewing, that he is not only

ignorant of all the sources of national strength and national honour, but that he is, also, an open, and avowed enemy to all the principles of social order and decency, can never be a matter of any importance to those who are capable of sound reasoning and comprehensive reflection.—But as Mr. Moore's book, probably, will be read by many people in Britain, in consequence of its being dedicated to the Earl of Moira, and as the British people are most deplorably ignorant of the real state of this country, and of the American national character, we feel it to be a duty incumbent upon us, to examine these remarks, which, otherwise, as far as relates to their own intrinsic worth, we should content ourselves with passing by, in secret derision, and in silent scorn.

It seems, according to Mr. Moore's opinion, that the Americans are—"arrived at maturity in most of the vices of civilization."—If this be so, Sir, how comes it to pass, that, while in *your country*, in Britain, the gibbets every where groan under the number and the weight of the wretched victims, which are continually immolated upon the shrine of your penal code, which, like the laws of Draco, are written in blood ;—while your citizens are alarmed, by day and by night, with the depredations and incursions of robbers, house-breakers, foot-pads, and highway-men ;—while swindling, forgery, and every species of fraud, is carried on, to the most daring extent, and with the most consummate ingenuity ;—and while your numerous dungeons are all crowded with debtors and felons ;—here, in *this country*, we, seldom, have occasion to take away the life of a human being, as a forfeit to the laws of the Union ;—we have very few plunderers by night, or robbers by day ; we need not, neither have we so much as an armed police, even in our most populous cities ; and the crime of forgery is rarely committed—and our prisons are for the most part nearly empty ; containing chiefly, not Americans, but the scum of your *own country*, even Britain.

The "*rude familiarity* of the lower orders," which so much offended the fine feelings, and the exquisite sensibility of Mr. Moore, is a necessary consequence of our popular

form of government, which allows every man to know and to feel his own independance ; and teaches him to scorn that servile posture, that bated breath, and whispering humbleness, that lowly bending, and that bondman's key, with which the vassal in the old, and worn-out dominations of Europe, approaches his feudal lord.

That philosopher must, indeed, be squeamish, who will not compound with a little rudeness to himself for the solid acquisition of much substantial comfort and happiness to myriads of his fellow-men.—The fair statement of the question is this,—whether or not the *mass of the people* here, in America, be able by the exertions of their own industry, to provide plentifully for themselves, their wives, and their little ones?

And it requires but a very slight acquaintance with this country to be well assured, that here, *every poor man*, if he be industrious, can provide abundantly for his family, by *any kind* of labour, manual, or mechanical ;—for here, the lower orders of the people are free from those imposts and burdens, that exorbitant price of all the necessaries of life, and those scanty wages of productive toil, which, so often, sends the European labourer supperless to bed, and moistens his pillow with the sweat of his brow, and bedews his couch with the tears of unavailing anguish, while his children cry unto him for bread, and he has none, where-with to still their wailing, and to appease their hunger.

And, pray, sir, is it, because the natural resistance of things, the various mutations of time, and ten thousand other circumstances, not now to be enumerated, have rendered the British government only an approximation towards that which is right, that you envy us our *form* of government ;—do you malignantly carp at us, for having cast off that slough of feudal slavery, which still disgraces, and weakens the better parts of the *English constitution*, even amended, and settled as it was in that ever-memorable revolution of 1668?

At the close of this review, we shall examine more fully Mr. Moore's attacks upon the American character ; which attacks we shall show to be founded on the grossest ignorance, and the most vulgar illiberality of the writer.

As for his censure upon the scurrility of our *public prints*,

it is, to our shame be it spoken, but too true ;—for, with some very few exceptions, the *American newspapers*, and *party-pamphlets*, are so replete with low, dirty abuse, despicable personality, ignorance, misrepresentation, impudence, and falsehood, that they are a disgrace to humanity.

Mr. Moore concludes his preface in these words, with an assurance, at least, equal to his other powers.

“ With respect to the poems, in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public, for intruding upon their notice such a mass of *unconnected trifles*, such a world of *epicurean atoms*, as I have here brought in conflict together. To say, that I have been tempted by the *liberal offers of my bookseller*, is an excuse, which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic ; yet, I own, that, *without* this seasonable inducement, these poems, very possibly, would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions ; they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy, which is as favourable to *poetical*, as to *female* beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times, like the present, require talents *more active, and more useful*. Few have, now, the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret, that I have had *the leisure* to write them.”—

Those, who know London, and who are well aware how all its streets and all its corners swarm with pimps, and bawds, of every description, cannot wonder, that it should produce a mercenary bookseller, sufficiently mean and base, to be the pander to Mr. Moore’s licentiousness, and to act as the mid-wife, which brought to the birth this misshapen lump of conceived iniquity, this miserable abortion, which the incubation of heated ignorance upon profligacy, could alone engender.

To the obstetrical efforts of that laudable *accoucheur* of the muses, Mr. James Carpenter, Old Bond street, London, Book-seller to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York,—is the British public indebted for the safe delivery of Mr. Moore’s base-born brat ;—and we, in *this* country, owe to the presiding care of Mr. John Watts, of Philadelphia, that indefatigable mid-wife to all *virtuous* publications, the introduction of this illegitimate bantling to the notice of the American community.

Mr. Moore regrets, that he had—" *the leisure*,"—to write these poems ;—that he, or any other being in a human shape, had the *inclination*, thus to poison the living waters of social existence, in their springs and in their sources, must be matter of deep regret to every one, who wishes well to the best interests of his species, at all which interests, these poems, so far as in them lies, stab, and endeavour to destroy. But that Mr. Moore had *leisure* to write them, can, surely, never be an object of regret to the *British people*, who, at this awful, and trying hour ;—this hour, big with the destruction of nations, and labouring in the convulsive throes of menaced and impending ruin to all the inhabitants of the civilized world, must look for their defenders, their statesmen and their warriors ;—*not* from among those, who can indite a *filthy song*, and troll a *drunken catch* ;—but from the midst of those, whose comprehensive mind can explore the situation, temper, soil, and clime, of a country, and can bind the various powers and the various orders of a nation, in one sublime form of policy, that shall lift its head aloft amid the wrecks of time, shall repress all transgressions, foreign or domestic, against the established institutions ; and shall cause religion, and morality, and public faith, and public love, and industry, and impartial laws, to watch the unbending guardians of the state.

(To be Continued.)

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

IN pursuance of our promise in our number for the last month, we here insert *The Archer*, No. 5, which was communicated to us from Charleston.

We will no longer detain the reader from the pleasure of perusing an essay, which combines sound wisdom with elegance and perspicuity of style ; and which proves how sweet are the words of truth, when breathed from the lips of love. We must, however, add, that the miscreant, who can read the few closing periods of the following essay, without shedding a tear, richly deserves, that pity may never sooth him with a sigh, nor ever pleasure glad his cruel heart.

“ Quid munus reipublicæ majus, aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus.” CICERO.

THE ARCHER.

“ Shoot folly as it flies.”——POPE.

No. 5.—CHARLESTON, AUGUST 30, 1806.

“ Stedfast, and true, to virtue’s sacred laws,
Unmov’d by vulgar censure, or applause ;
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong,
Resolve, not quick, but once resolv’d, be strong !
In spite of dulness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up, assur’d, with conscious pride,
Alone, than *err* with millions on your side.”——CHURCHILL.

When the misconduct of another becomes the subject of conversation, how frequently is it remarked,—“ he has been ill advised !”—And truly, if the failures and misfortunes, which most commonly occur, be closely examined, they will be found to have originated more in the want of determina-

tion in mankind to act for themselves, than in any radical error in their own thoughts.

I am led to this reflection by a circumstance, which happened at the last meeting of our society. Soon after we had assembled, when Mr. Lively had just concluded an eloquent recital of the fashionable news of the day, Trusty brought into the club-room a letter addressed to "*The Archer*," which, he informed us, was given him at the door, by, a well-dressed young gentleman, whose countenance, as we collected from Trusty's account, bore evident marks of agitation; and who left word, that he would call, next evening, at the same hour, for an answer.—The letter was immediately read, as follows :

" MR. ARCHER,

" You have declared your intention of exerting your talents to contribute to the happiness of this community. I, therefore, make no apology for this application. From some unfortunate circumstances, the mention of which might gratify curiosity, but could not possibly produce any good, I am, at this moment, on the brink of a precipice, which threatens me with immediate destruction. I have pledged the word of a gentleman, that I will meet my old school-fellow, within three days from this time, in, what the world calls, an honourable way. In three day's time, I am bound, by the tyranny of custom, and the barbarous laws of false honour, to present a pistol to the breast of my best friend. My soul revolts at the dreadful idea. My conscience tells me, in language too plain to be mistaken, that I am verging on the crime of murder. But the eyes of the world are fastened upon me. My friends are eager to mark my conduct. The phantom Shame stalks before me, and shews me the word *coward* branded in her forehead! The finger of scorn is ready to point at me, as I pass along.—Oh, then! confirm me with your advice. The principles of religion are yet alive in my breast. The flame of virtue is smothered, but not extinct.—Oh, strengthen me with the lessons of your experience!—Is not the *favour of Heaven* of more importance than the *opinion of the world*?—What reproaches ought I to fear but

those of a wounded conscience?—What frowns but those of an offended God?—Speak to me in the words of truth, in the language of authority, and I pledge myself to obey.

“ EUGENIO.”

It was agreed, that I should meet the writer of this letter in the manner he requested ; and oh, that I could communicate the happiness I now feel, at the recollection, that, under the direction of Providence, I have been the humble instrument of rescuing a fellow-creature from despair. I purposely abstain from the relation of particulars, which might tend to a disclosure of his name and character. It is sufficient for me to add, that he is, now, happy in the society of his friends, and enjoys the satisfaction of a virtuous triumph over the degrading and oppressive opinions of the world.

But the receipt of this letter made a deep impression upon my mind, and the reflection, which is placed at the head of this paper, sunk deep into my heart. How much is it to be lamented—I exclaimed aloud—that men will not endeavour to acquire the habit of thinking for themselves!—I saw the members of our club were disposed to give me their attention.—I do not, often, assume the orator : but I felt myself animated by the occasion. Mr. Lively observed my intention, and prepared to take down every word, which my deliberate manner of speaking enabled him to do with ease and accuracy. A wish was expressed, that my address might be published in the next number of ‘ *The Archer*, ’—agreeable to which it is now presented to my readers, exactly as I delivered it to our society, in the following words.

“ The high value, which the universal consent of mankind attaches to a good character, is a convincing proof of the essential beauty of virtue, and of the natural deformity of vice. No man was ever publicly honoured for being avowedly wicked, or despised merely for the exercise of goodness. And, hence, to obtain a fair reputation, men find it necessary to possess, or to assume the appearance of possessing, some portion, at least, of such qualities as are considered estimable in the eyes of the world.

“ Since it is natural that every one should wish to be respected by the society, of which he is a member, it is not to be

wondered at, that all should strive, with eagerness, to obtain a prize of so great price, which can secure to them that consequence, which is most flattering to their feelings, and offers an easy access to all the honours and rewards, which the world has the power to bestow.

“Such a desire, when the means employed for its accomplishment are virtuous, is, not only, natural, but entitled to our commendation. But, such is the genuine excellence of truth, that no consideration on earth, not all the distinctions in the gift of the world, nor the anxious wish to be esteemed among men, can, for a moment, justify him, who surrenders it. The wretch, who, under the garb of virtue conceals a meanness of spirit, and a mind polluted by the vilest passions, must be perfect, indeed, in the arts of deception, to escape the detection of every one. And so sovereign is the indignation, that follows every attempt at imposition, that his punishment is eventually as certain, as it will be merited and unpitied, when it arrives.

“Even he, who, with no vicious intention, affects to possess those qualifications, which exalt a man in the eyes of the world, will, sooner or later, discover how unavailing are all claims unsupported by truth. The want of those endowments, of which he sighs to be the master, though it might have denied him the reputation of superior abilities, would not have rendered him less virtuous. And he will find, that the esteem, which his real merit, however small, would, undoubtedly, have secured him, will be forgotten in the miserable attempt to obtain that rank in the public opinion, to which he was not fairly entitled.

“A little reflection would teach them both, that, instead of labouring to assume the semblance of what the world approves, it is their business to acquire the virtues, which, always, command respect; that it is easier to be, in reality, what they wish to be considered, than to appear to be so; and that less abilities will enable them to perform a part, which is natural, than to represent a character, which is feigned, and to support which the most studied attention, and the most consistent hypocrisy are required.

“But it would be uncharitable not to suppose, that by far the greater part of mankind are neither acting under the mask

of hypocrisy, nor endeavoring to obtain distinction by the contemptible stratagems of affectation. And, if we consider the weakness of human nature, it ought to excite less wonder than pity, that so many, with the best intentions, and the purest and most ardent desire to be respected among men, so often miss the object of their pursuit.

“ This is the more deeply to be lamented, because it arises, in a greater degree, from the failings, to which our nature is particularly liable, than from any vitiated principle or design. Men of a yielding disposition, whose minds have not been sufficiently strengthened by education, too often, mistake appearances for realities. They observe the honours, which are bestowed on him, whose character is established in the opinion of the world. Mistaking the effect for the cause, they make the public opinion their rule of action, instead of those virtuous principles, which are sure to command it ; and they imagine, the reputation they are so eagerly pursuing, depends on the breath of others, when it can only be obtained by their own exertions.

“ Let him, who, surrendering the dignity of his nature, is wholly guided by the opinions of others, reflect for a moment, how seldom he obtains the real sentiments of those, to whom he applies for assistance ; how often they are disguised by interest, distorted by prejudice, or guided by flattery ;—that some will withhold their advice from a diffidence of their own ability, and others from the fear of giving offence ; that some will palliate the vices, and extenuate the follies, of which they know themselves to be guilty ; that some will cherish the vanity, which is so grateful to their own hearts, and others argue in defence of errors, into which they, themselves, have been betrayed.

“ Admitting their sincerity, let him reflect, that some may be biassed by a fondness for their own opinions, some more in want, themselves, of a guide, than able to direct others, and all, like himself, actuated by the passions, and liable to the frailties of human nature.

“ With so many difficulties to encounter, in a game, where the chances are so evidently against him, it is almost impossible, that he should succeed. I admit, that in confirming the

first principles of morality, in estimating the beauty of truth, and the solid worth of integrity, the decisions of mankind are seldom, or never wrong ;—but in the common transactions of life, in matters of apparently minor importance, but on which our happiness or misery chiefly depends, public opinion veers with every breeze of fashion. He, whose whole attention is directed towards it, will find his eye scarcely ever fixed for a moment. He will be distracted by the vain attempt to follow the motions of an object, so changeful in its nature, and depending on such an infinite variety of influences.

“ How different is the situation of him, who wisely concludes, that the faculty of reason was not given him in vain !— He feels, that he is something more than a mere machine ;— that he is a being, who has a part to perform, and an account to render, in which the world has no concern. His first care is to satisfy his own mind. Having done that, he trusts, with confidence, to the sure effects of good intentions, conscientiously performed. Should the world applaud, he rejoices at the triumph of virtue, and is stimulated to future exertions by the public confirmation of his rectitude. Should the world censure, he feels the loss of that respect, which is so gratifying to every one ; but he knows too well the changeful nature of the opinion of mankind, and the degree of estimation, which it ought to hold, ever to sacrifice, for its attainment, the secret approbation of a good conscience.

“ Such a man appears to be like an upright judge in his tribunal. He is addressed, on one side, by the specious arguments of interest ; and the voice of flattery, in soothing accents, calls upon him from the other. Doubts are started, and positions advanced, to entangle, and to mislead his judgment ; and the passions successively throw in their claims to be heard. He bears with the importunities, which he cannot resist, and looks with compassion on the weakness, which employs so many vain stratagems to seduce him from his duty. But he attends only to the evidence of truth, and decides by the laws of right and wrong, written on the heart ; indifferent as to applause or censure, when his integrity is concerned, and assured, that, according to the purity of his motives, and the rectitude of his conduct, in this life, his own case will be decided by the *Supreme Judge of All*, in that which is to come.”

My readers are already informed of the mournful occasion of Mr. Verdict's visit to his paternal estate in Connecticut. I have just received a letter from him, every line of which expresses the excellent heart, and amiable disposition of my friend. The following extract, which I have made from it for the benefit of my readers, will serve, I hope, in some degree, to interest their feelings, and to variegate, a little, the subject of this paper.

"The pleasure, which we enjoy, on returning, after a long absence, to our native country, can be better understood from experience, than made known by any powers of description. They, who have felt them, can, alone, judge of my sensations, when, after a period of near twenty years, I, once more, revisited the place of my nativity. In that time how many changes had taken place!—I felt myself, as it were, a stranger at home!—The friends of my youth had grown out of recollection; myself grown out of theirs. Some, whom I left advanced in life, had gone down into the grave; and others had started up in their places, with whom I had no acquaintance. My feelings were of a mournful, melancholy nature, such as arise at the recollection of happy days which are passed, and of pleasures, which can return no more. I discovered signs of weakness, which I scarcely thought I possessed. Where-ever I turned, I was reminded of some little pleasing adventure, either of my boy-hood, or of my riper years.

"Never can I forget my sensations, for the first two or three days, after my arrival. Every object appeared to me under so singular a guise!—I seemed to have awakened from a dream.—I derived peculiar delight merely from strolling about the streets. In almost every decaying post I met an old friend. Over this I remember to have leaped a thousand times, when a boy;—on this I have reclined and ruminated on my hopes and expectations in life. In that mansion I have passed many a social hour with a friend, who now moulders in the tomb.

"Beneath this dear, peaceful roof, I drew the first breath of life; here I spent the days of my infancy; here the laughing hours of my early youth glided away. But no friendly voice hails my return!—no out-stretched arms are ready to

clasp me to a parent's bosom :—no !—all,—all, are gone ;—and these very apartments, where I have, so often, hung upon my friends, so dearly beloved, are now quite desolate, and nothing but naked walls meet my wandering eyes.—At that window my reverend father was wont to sit ;—it was the most retired spot in the house, and he could there study without fear of interruption :—to that window I advanced involuntarily.—His venerable form rose to my imagination.—My eye wandered towards the path, which leads to the church, where his sacred remains were so recently laid.—In my mind's eye I saw the fresh grave of my father !—My heart, which, but the moment before, beat with violent emotion, sunk chill and deadly in my breast.—My feelings were almost too powerful to support. To describe them alas ! is impossible.

“ When I was sufficiently recovered, I walked into the yard. Here I looked about, in vain, for some friend, some one to weep with me. My eyes roamed in search of an old favourite spaniel ;—but he was not there to fawn upon me.—Every thing had undergone a change !—over-come by painful reflections, I was about to retire, when, accidentally, I cast my eyes upon a willow-tree, which grew at the bottom of the garden. The recollection burst upon me.—I hastened towards it, as I would have done to meet the best friend on earth. He, who hath mourned over the grave of a mother, will understand my feelings, when I clung around this trunk, bedewed it with my tears, and kissed it with my ardent lips ! that tree was planted by the hands of a *beloved mother* ! My friend, bear with my weakness, for a moment. Daily, do my wandering steps involuntarily approach this sacred spot ; and, duly as evening steals upon the tranquil scenes of nature, a warm tear falls from my aching eyes, and, mingling with the dews of heaven, cherishes my favourite willow-tree ! ”—

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

WE are so pressed and crowded with matter, this month, that we can only insert the following little poem by Rushton, who was once a common sailor, in the British service ; he, some years since, became blind, and is, now, we believe, the keeper of a little retail bookstore, where paper, pens and ink, and small stationary wares are vended, at Liverpool, in Britain. Many little poems, written by him, have been long handed about in manuscript ; at length, in the month of April, 1806, a small volume of poems were published by him in London ; we believe, that this volume is, not yet, very generally known in America :—from it we select some lines on the death of a late Welsh poet ; we shall, probably, from time to time, present the reader with a selection from Rushton, because, although he seldom, or ever pens a single stanza without discovering his want of a liberal education, and his imperfect acquaintance with the English language, yet his lays are poured so directly warm from the heart, and abound in such exquisite touches of nature and feeling, that he must, be, indeed, squeamishly fastidious, who cannot over-look the little inaccuracies of the untaught bard, for the sake of the beauties, which he so abundantly, and continually produces.—

ON THE DEATH OF HUGH MULLIGAN.

I

A bard from the Mersey is gone,
 Whose carols with energy flow'd ;
 Whose harp had a wildness of tone,
 And a sweetness but rarely bestow'd.
 Then say,—ye dispensers of fame,
 Of wreaths, that for ages will bloom,
 Ah ! say, shall poor Mulligan's name
 Go silently down to the tomb ?

2

When the lordly are call'd from their state,
The marble their virtue imparts ;
Yet the marble, ye insolent great,
Is, often, less cold than your hearts.
When the life of the warrior is o'er,
His deeds every tongue shall rehearse,
And, now, a pale bard is no more,
Ah would you deny him a verse ?

3

The thrush, from the icicled bough,
Gives his song to the winterly gale,
And the violet, 'midst half-melted snow,
Diffuses its sweets through the vale.
And, thus, while the minstrel, I mourn,
'Mid the blasts of adversity pin'd,
While he droop'd, all obscure, and forlorn,
He pour'd his wild sweets on the wind.

4

Tho' the clouds, that had sadden'd his days,
Were scatter'd and ting'd near the close ;
Tho' he saw a few comforting rays,
'Twas too late, and he sunk to repose.
So the bark, that fierce winds has endur'd,
And the shocks of the pityless wave,
Finds a harbour, yet scarcely is moor'd,
When she sinks to the dark, oozy grave.

5

To the turf, where poor Mulligan lies,
The lover of genius shall stray,
And, there, should a rank weed arise,
He shall pluck the intruder away.
But, lowly, and simple, and sweet,
Ah ! should the wild violet appear,
He will sigh o'er an emblem so meet,
And will water its cup with a tear.

SIXTH SECTION.

RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

Historia vero testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis, quâ voce aliâ, nisi Oratoris, immortalitati commendatur?—CICERO DE ORATORE.

(Continued from page 118.—Vol. 2.)

IT was a fortunate circumstance for America, that of the number of delegated members, who were sent to Congress, the greater part were persons bred to the profession of the law; a science, the study of which, more than that of any other, tends to sharpen the intellect, to give method to the operations of the mind, and to dispose it to submit in those operations to the controul of forms, and to the direction of precedent and authority; to weigh, not only, the rights, but the duties, also, of men, in an associated state, and to calculate, more accurately than others, the value of a desired object, and the hazard incurred by an attempt to accomplish it; and, on the other hand, by the cultivation of eloquence, and the habit of public speaking, to persuade, to guide, to animate, or to influence the public mind; to gain the confidence of the people; to detect any covert attempt upon their liberties, and to develope to them the tendency of every mischievous design, however artfully disguised.

Such were for the greater part, the men, whom the good sense of the colonists selected, from among themselves, to compose that body, on which the most important, and dear of all the blessings, which they possessed, or could hope for, were to depend, and, by implicit obedience to whose counsels alone, they were conscious, that they could escape the artful toils, or resist the enormous power of Great Britain. Never was there a representative body, whose authority rested so entirely on public opinion, or whose dictates were more im-

PLICITLY obeyed. Their directions had all the force, and obtained all the prompt submission of the longest established legislators, and, though issued only in the shape of advice, were as effective as the legal mandates of the oldest constituted authorities. In a word, whatever came from them, was received with the reverential obedience of a parent's instruction to his children, more than with the reluctant or churlish submission of a subjected people to the decrees of their magistrates.—

The confidence thus reposed in them was never abused. with a degree of moderation seldom witnessed in popular assemblies, they neither damped the laudable spirit of the people, on the one hand, nor influenced it to undue exasperation on the other. They first defined, upon the clearest and most acknowledged principles, as they stood in the constitutional authorities of Great Britain, the rights of the colonists ; which they stated to be their's, not only, by the laws of nature, but by the British constitution, and by their charters, of which that constitution was the guarantee : that by those they had an indefeasible title to life, liberty, and prosperity ; none of which, or the right to dispose of which, had ever been ceded by them to any sovereign power whatever ; that their ancestors, who, it could not be denied, possessed those rights, had not forfeited them by emigration, ; that the very basis of their liberty, as British subjects, was a full and equal participation in the legislative council of the nation by their representatives ; and that, as circumstances rendered it impossible to be properly represented in the British parliament, they were intitled to a free and exclusive legislation among themselves, in their own provincial assemblies, in all business of taxation and internal policy subject only to the negative of the King. They consented, at the same time, to such acts of the British parliament, as were, *bonâ fide*, restrained to the regulations of external commerce, for the purpose of securing the commercial advantages of the whole empire to the mother-country, provided every idea of taxation for raising a revenue on the colonists, without their consent, should be abandoned.

These conditions, strictly conformable, as they were, to reason and to justice, were the essential cause of the contro-

versy, and here both parties stood: one contending for unlimited submission to the supremacy of parliament; the other peremptorily refusing to admit it. But there were other points, of a subordinate nature, as dependant upon those, to which Congress directed its immediate attention. To the common law of England, they resolved, that the colonists were intitled, and, above all, to that part of it, the trial by jury; to the benefit of all the statutes of England in force, at the time of their receiving their charters, and to all the immunities and privileges given to them by those charters, and secured by provincial laws; and to the right of assembling to discuss their grievances, and to petition the sovereign. They insisted, that it was illegal and unconstitutional to keep a standing army in the colonies, without the consent of the people, signified by their representatives in the assembly of that colony, where the army was to be placed; that it was indispensably necessary to good government, and rendered essential by the British constitution, that the constituent branches of the legislature be independant of each other, and that, therefore, the exercise of legislative power, in several colonies by a council, appointed, during pleasure, by the crown, was unconstitutional, dangerous, and destructive to the freedom of American legislation. All of these privileges and liberties, congress, in behalf of themselves and their constituents, claimed as their indubitable rights.

They, then, specified the several offensive acts of parliament, and oppressive measures of the ministry, and declared, that they could not submit to them. In hopes, that Great Britain would restore the colonies to their pristine state, they refrained from any violent proceedings, and only resolved on measures of the most peaceable nature; a non-importation agreement, a non-exportation agreement, and a non-consumption agreement, an address to the people of Great-Britain, a memorial to the inhabitants of British America, and, lastly, a loyal address to his Majesty. Having completed these important measures, on the 26th of October, 1774, they, in little more than seven weeks, dissolved themselves; first declaring it to be their opinion, that another congress should be held at Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, then next ensuing, unless they should, in the mean time, obtain redress of their

grievances, and recommending to all the colonies, to choose deputies for that purpose.

No sooner were the measures of congress known, than the people applied themselves to conform to them in every respect. Provincial congresses, and committees, in subordination to them, were appointed every where, and those gave the sanction of their approbation to the resolutions of the continental congress, and appointed the means to carry them into effect. The constitutional assemblies, also, gave their assent, one only excepted. The legislature of New-York abstained from noticing the resolutions: and the reason was obvious. A constant friendly intercourse had been, for many years, carried on between that province and the mother-country, and connections by marriage between some of the inhabitants and people of wealth and influence, in Great-Britain, served as a ligament between the two countries, which could not be broken without a very violent convulsion. Besides this, New-York had been the head-quarters of the British army in America, and so became the resort of fashion, the emporium of elegance, social pleasure, and hospitality.

Thus the domestic affections were enlisted in favour of harmony between the two countries; and the far greater part of the people felt reluctant to adopt measures, which were likely to dis sever them, perhaps, for ever, from the dearest objects of their esteem, and to extinguish affections and interests the most valuable to them in life. The people of the other provinces, however, entered with ardour, bordering on enthusiasm, into the sentiments of congress; and, having but one object, there was nothing to interrupt, and every thing to promote the union. Every other consideration gave way to the accomplishment of their great object.

Disdainful of the allurements of gain, the merchant spurned from him every temptation to neglect the public cause. The farmer and the planter, without consideration of their private circumstances, voluntarily gave themselves up to be disposed of as congress should be pleased to appoint for the general good. Not only the luxuries, but the ease and customary accommodations of life, nay, the very vanities, which are known to cling round the heart, when all other

passions are forgotten, were laid a willing sacrifice at the feet of patriotism.

And not only the men, but the women resolved to content themselves with such articles of dress, and of absolute necessity for their existence, as the country, or their own industry, working upon its home-raised materials, could supply. Nor was it because this step was immediately necessary, that the inhabitants of the other states so voluntarily submitted to such privations, but out of sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-subjects in Massachusetts, and as a precautionary measure, to operate on a future day, against attacks of the same kind upon their own liberties.

This epoch is well worthy the curious attention of the moralist, as well as the historian, since it furnishes him with an useful topic of discussion, and a great example to demonstrate the potent efficacy of strenuous fortitude in a good cause ; to show how idle and mischievous it may be to neglect the pursuit of virtue, however arduous it may seem, or difficult of attainment ; and to proclaim, with the voice of truth, to mankind, that, even the voluptuary need not despair of cleansing himself from the impurity of sensual habits, and of sacrificing, with little difficulty or pain, at first, and, ultimately, with unalloyed delight, the ease and the voluptuousness, which occupy his soul, to the exclusion of every laudable sentiment, and to the extinction of every honourable principle.

These proceedings, in the colonies, instead of alarming the ministry to a sense of the dangerous consequences of their misconduct, and suggesting to them the expediency of resorting to more just, and moderate measures, served only to augment their pride, and inflame their anger. Consistent and steady in nothing, but the determination to follow up their past injustice with new and aggravated wrong to the injured Americans, they put into the mouth of their sovereign, to be by him delivered from the throne, a speech, than which nothing could be better devised, not only to keep open the wound, which had been inflicted upon that people, but to tear it wider, and render it incurable.

On the opening of the session, in the November of 1774, the kings speech informed the two houses of parliament—

“that a most daring spirit of resistance and disobedience to the laws, unhappily prevailed in the province of Massachusetts Bay, and had broke forth in fresh violences of a very criminal nature, and that these proceedings had been countenanced and encouraged in the other colonies, and unwarrantable attempts had been made to obstruct the commerce of his kingdoms by unlawful combinations, and that he had taken such measures, and given such orders, as he judged most proper and effectual for carrying into execution the laws, which were passed in the last session of the late parliament, relative to the province of Massachusetts Bay.”

The ministry moved an address re-echoing the speech, which, of course, was carried. To the powerful arguments of the opposition, though no answer could be given, silent obstinacy might be efficaciously opposed. The corruption of the parliament of that day was more than a match for all the reasoning, which genius, taking its materials from truth, could supply.

In the house of lords, however, the minority have consecrated their titles to ever-lasting fame, by a protest against the address. The lords, who composed that virtuous body, said, in their protest, that, whatever might be the mischievous designs, or the inconsiderate temerity, which led others to that desperate course, they wished to be known, as persons, who disapproved of measures so injurious, in their past effects, and future tendency, and who were not in haste, without inquiry or information, to commit themselves in declarations, which might precipitate their country into all the calamities of civil war. Such virtuous wishes deserve to be accomplished, and have had their deserts. He, who writing the history of that time, should fail to record the wise and pure conduct of these statesmen, would badly perform the sacred duty of an historian. The names of Richmond,—Portland,—Rockingham,—Stamford,—Stanhope,—Forringham,—Ponsonby,—Wycombe,—and Cambden,—will be read by posterity with rapture, as the authors of that protest.

All this time, ministers were ignorant of the proceedings of congress. They still remained in that flattering dream,

that the late acts of parliament would terrify the colonists, without further trouble, and humble the whole continent.—

They still relied upon the efficacy of the punishment they had inflicted upon Boston, as a cure for the discontent in the other provinces, who, they still, vainly hoped, would be panic-stricken into compliance, by the apprehension of a similar fate. But as soon as the intelligence reached England of the proceedings of congress, they felt their presumption checked, and their minds confounded. The universal combination against their measures, which spread itself over the whole face of the New World, over-whelmed them with consternation.

That, which they called a small faction, was now found to be a whole people, unalterably determined upon resistance to every sort of oppression; and that majority, which, they boastfully asserted in parliament, would range itself on the side of government, they now found dwindled down to a minority so inconsiderable, as scarcely to deserve notice. The fond hope, that quarrels, arising from opposing interests, and from the diversity of manners, customs, and feelings, would cripple the proceedings of the mal-content colonists, and render impossible that unity of action so necessary to a successful opposition to government, now vanished; and, in the place of all those, they found a system formed, as complete in its general scope, as perfect in its parts; and as promptly, consistently, and resolutely acted upon, as if it had received the maturity of years, had grown up in the early culture of their minds, and had been inter-woven, by long use, in the fabric of their habits and their feelings.

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

*DEBATES on the non-importation Bill, continued from Vol. 2.
page 123.*

MR. Randolph opened his address to the House by declaring that, so far as it depended upon details, connected with the subject, he had very little right to solicit their attention, on the present occasion. That he had not yet seen the documents, called for some time ago from the Treasury, which were to direct the judgment of the house, in the decision of the question before them—Nor indeed, after what he had that day heard, did he want those, or any other documents to guide him in his discussions.

Adverting in strong terms of disapprobation, to the secrecy which had been imposed upon the house, on subjects of foreign relations, and which were closely connected with the present question, Mr. Randolph proceeded to charge upon the friends of the resolution, the fact, of its being discussed, if not intended, as a war measure. That such a construction was denied by them must be granted; but that it was defended on principles, which none but war measures would justify, was sufficiently evident.—Nay, further, that some of them were even pleased with imagining, that such would ultimately be its effect. But if war was necessary, why not adopt that system at once? Why proceed with measures, which, at their outset, breathe sentiments of peace, but in the sequel involve us in all the calamities of war?

It had been remarked by Mr. Clay, that the situation of our country in 1793 was very different from what we find it in 1806. In reply to this, "let me ask" said Mr. R. "if the situation of England is not since materially changed? Gentlemen, who, it would appear from their language, have not yet got beyond the horn-book of politics, talk of our ability to cope with the British navy, and tell us of the war

" of our revolution. What was the situation of Great Britain then? She was contending for the empire of the British channel, barely able to maintain a doubtful equality with her enemies, over whom she never gained the superiority, until Rodney's victory of the twelfth of April. What is her present situation? The combined fleets of France, Spain, and Holland, are dissipated; they no longer exist. I am not surprised to hear men advocate these wild opinions, to see them goaded on by a spirit of mercantile avarice, straining their feeble strength to excite the nation to war, when they have reached this state of infatuation, that we are an overmatch for Great-Britain on the Ocean. It is mere waste of time to reason with such persons. They do not deserve any thing like a serious refutation. The proper arguments for such statesmen are, a strait waistcoat, a dark room, water-gruel, and depletion!!"

Mr. Randolph proceeded to state, that in his view, there were *three points* to be maturely considered, before votes could be given on the present resolution. They were, *First*, Our ability to contend with Great-Britain in the present dispute. *Secondly*, The policy of such a measure. And, *thirdly*, In case both these shall be settled affirmatively, the manner in which we with can the greatest effect, annoy our adversary.

In entering the lists of warfare with any nation, it is not only necessary to examine into the nature of that strength, which may be found necessary on our part, either for attack, or for resistance; and of those resources, so indispensable in undertakings of such high importance, but, likewise, the power, the resources, and, even, the national character of the enemy, against whom we have to contend, ought to be duly appreciated. To enter the contest of blood, and the waste of treasure, to sacrifice the lives of our best citizens, and to drain those who cannot fight, of the means of their subsistence, in order to support those who must stand the brunt of the battle, and brave the greatest dangers; are matters of too high moment, to be engaged in, without minutely investigating the means, that are placed in our hands, for accomplishing the purposes, which we may have in view. And that government, which, without absolute necessity, involves itself in a war,

where the contest is unequal, and the issue doubtful, if not even destructive of the best interests of the nation at large, invites a responsibility, which, before it is aware, may snap its sinews, and lay its glory in the dust.

Such are some of the reflections, which a review of Mr. Randolph's arguments excited. If we have wandered from our province, as historians in the present instance, our excuse will be found in the interesting nature of the subject before us—a subject, which, at the time of its discussion in Congress, threatened to blast our fairest prospects; to expose our numerous ships, richly freighted, and whitening every sea with our sails, to inevitable capture, and condemnation; and to leave our unprotected cities an easy prey to the vengeance of foes, as terrible by the mode of warfare which they would adopt, as by their bravery, and skill in always turning it to the best advantage. Nor would our own valour, and intrepidity—second to none, avail us in such a contest. For, without the adequate means of resistance, the display of the greatest bravery would be rashness; while the soundest judgment would exert its energies, and apply its rules in vain.—But to return—

It has often been remarked, that in the hands of a powerful antagonist, no weapons are so galling to the adversary as those of well directed irony, and pointed satire. It was to the use of these that Johnson owed so much of his superiority in company. When provoked by an obstinate opponent, his flashes were terrible, and his hearers soon were convinced, that though satire, as Swift has observed, in the lips of a blockhead, may be esteemed panegyric, yet, that when brought into play by a man of exalted talents, it is not only a most powerful instrument in the hands of the assailant; but is felt by the defendant with more cutting chagrin, than reasoning the most profound, and arguments the most dexterously managed.

Mr. Randolph seems to have been fully aware of the effects, which satire and irony can produce, when he entered upon the discussion before us; and happily for him there was on this occasion a large field for the display of his satirical powers. In examining, therefore, the *first* of the

points, which he had laid down, he very facetiously remarked; that Mr. Crownshield had settled with a single sweep (to use one of his own expressions) that we were not only capable of contending with Great Britain on the ocean, but that we were actually her superior. "But whence" said Mr. R. "does the gentlemen deduce this inference? Because, truly, at that time, when Great-Britain was *not* mistress of the ocean, when a North was her prime minister, and a Sandwich the first lord of her admiralty; when she was governed by a *counting-house* administration, privateers of this country trespassed on her commerce. So too, did the cruizers of Dunkirk. At that day Suffrien held the mastery of the Indian seas. But what is the case now? Do Gentlemen remember the capture of Cornwallis on land, because De Grasse maintained the dominion of the ocean? To my mind no position is more clear, than that if we go to war with Great Britain, Charleston and Boston, the Chesapeake and the Hudson, will be invested with British squadrons. Will you call on the Count de Grasse to relieve them, or shall we apply to admiral Gravina, or admiral Villeneuve to raise the blockade? But you have not only a prospect of gathering glory, and what seems to the gentlemen from Massachusetts much dearer, to profit by privateering, but you will be able to make a conquest of Canada and Nova Scotia. Indeed! Then, Sir, we shall catch a tartar."

In combating the question, whether, or not, considering the indignities we had suffered, he would give his voice for a war? Mr. Randolph, in the most unqualified terms, replied—That he would never consent to go to war, for that, which we cannot protect. That he deemed it no sacrifice of national dignity, to say to the Leviathan of the deep; "we are unable to contend with you in your own element, but if you come within our actual limits, we will shed the last drop of our blood in their defence. In such an event," said Mr. R. "I would feel, not reason, and obey an impulse, which never has—which never can deceive me".

In further illustrating his subject, Mr. Randolph adverted to the present dreadful contest between France and Great Britain—A contest, which, while it shakes Europe to its cen-

tre, and extends its baleful influence to the confines of the East ; holds out lessons of caution, and wisdom to the governments of the West. " Suppose," said Mr. R. " that the power of France was no greater on the continent of Europe, than it is on the ocean. How would she make her enemy feel it? There would be a perfect non-conductor between them. So with the United States and England; she scarcely presents to us a vulnerable point. Her commerce is carried on for the most part in fleets ; where, in single ships, they are stout and well armed ; very different from the state of her trade during the American war, when her merchantmen became the prey of paltry privateers. Great Britain has been too long at war with the three most powerful maritime nations of Europe, not to have learnt how to protect her trade. She can afford convoy to it all ; she has *eight hundred* ships in commission : the navies of her enemies are annihilated. Thus this war has presented the new and curious spectacle of a regular annual increase, (and to an immense amount) of her imports, and exports, and tonnage and revenue, and all the insignia of accumulating wealth, whilst in every former war, without exception, these have suffered a greater or less diminution. And wherefore? Because, she has driven France, Spain and Holland from the ocean. Their marine is no more. I verily believe that ten English ships of the line would not decline a meeting with the combined fleets of those nations. I forewarn the gentleman from Massachusetts, and his constituents of Salem, that all their golden hopes are vain. I forewarn them of the exposure of their trade beyond the Cape of Good-Hope to capture and confiscation ; of their unprotected sea-port towns, exposed to contribution or bombardment. Are we to be legislated into a war by a set of men, who in six weeks after its commencement may be compelled to take refuge with us in the country?"

Lest America after all, miscalculating her strength, and overrating her power, should heedlessly rush upon a war with Great Britain, he, in another part of his speech, called the attention of the house, to their situation for a like contest with France in 1798. We must again quote his own words.—

"Whilst the fleets of the enemy were pent up in Toulon, or
"pinioned in Brest, we performed wonders, to be sure ; but
"Sir, if England had drawn off, France would have told you
"quite a different tale. You would have struck no medals.
"This is not the sort of conflict you are to count upon, if you
"go to war with Great Britain. *Quem Deus vult perdere*
"*prius dementat.* And are you mad enough to take up the
"cudgels which have been struck from the nerveless hands
"of the three great maritime powers of Europe. Shall the
"planter mortgage his little crop, and jeopardize the consti-
"tution, in support of commercial monopoly? In the vain
"hope of satisfying the insatiable greediness of trade? Ad-
"minister the constitution upon principles for the general
"welfare, and not for the benefit of any particular class of
"men. Do you meditate war for the possession of Baton-
"Rouge, or Mobile, places which your own laws declare to
"be within your limits? Is it even for the fair trade that ex-
"changes your surplus products, for such foreign articles as
"you require? No, Sir, it is for a circuitous traffic, an *ignis*
"*fatuus*—And against whom? A nation from whom you
"have any thing to fear? I speak, as to our liberties. No,
"Sir, with a nation from whom you have *nothing*, or next to
"nothing, to fear—to the aggrandizement of one against which
"you have *every thing to dread.* I look to their ability and
"interest,—not to their disposition. When you rely on that
"the case is desperate. Is it to be inferred from all this,
"that I would yield to Great Britain? No, I would act to-
"wards her *now*, as I was disposed to do toward France in
"1798—treat with her ; and for the same reason, on the same
"principles. Do I say treat with Great Britain? At this
"moment you have a negotiation pending with her govern-
"ment. With her you have not tried negotiation and failed,
"totally failed, as you have done with Spain, or rather France.
"And wherefore, under such circumstances, this hostile
"spirit to the one, and this, (*I will not say what*) to the
"other."—

(*To be Continued.*)

MONTHLY LIST

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THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. IV.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES COMPATIBLE WITH FREEDOM.

(Continued from page 135. Vol. 2. No. 3.)

OF the Athenians it was justly said by one, who was intimately acquainted with their national character:

“ Ἀλλὰ μὲν οὐτε εὐφωκία τοσέτων διαφερόσιν Ἀθηναῖοι τῶν ἄλλων, οὐτε σώματων μεγέθει καὶ ῥώμῃ, ὅσον ΦΙΛΟΤΙΜΙΑ, ἥπερ μάλιστα παροξύνει πρὸς τὰ καλά καὶ ἐντιμὰ.”

And it was this very φιλοτιμία, this *love of public distinction*, which prompted the Athenians to excel all other nations in the Arts and Sciences.

Consider, but for a moment, the absurd consequences to which the assertion, that *the arts and sciences are incompatible with freedom*, unavoidably leads. If so, they should be banished from the world; and all the memorials of elevated genius, and all the productions of polished invention, should be destroyed and annihilated. Then, should we hail the barbarians, that spread desolation over the shattered remains of the Roman empire, and drew the curtains of ignorance closely round about the western world, for many and many an age, as the benefactors and the saviours of mankind. Then, should we bow lowly down in adoration to the name of that

savage Omar, who doomed the libraries of Alexandria to the flames, and bless his sacred memory, in that he had swept away, in one indiscriminating devastation, the profound researches of the philosopher, and the lofty effusions of the bard ; that he had destroyed the labours of the sage, and had obliterated the records of the historian ; for all these bind the fetters of slavery upon the human race, and altho' they polish and adorn the links, yet do they not render the chains the less heavy for being gilded.—*Man is only free while he is ignorant.*

But if all this be such idle nonsense and such contemptible declamation, that even children will laugh us to scorn for using it, we may contemplate man, with satisfaction and with complacency, as a being, possessed of faculties, whose expansibility and vigour are directly proportioned to their extent of cultivation, and progressively advancing towards a higher degree of perfection in the attainment of virtue, and the acquisition of knowledge. And we shall be convinced, that whatever has a tendency to soften and to refine, also, strengthens and invigorates, the human mind, and renders it more capable of enjoying and of preserving the exalted and the inestimable blessings of *liberty, and of independence.*

A striking proof of the present diffusion of knowledge, and advancement of the human intellect, is, that we now seldom see any author so besotted and so servile as to write fawning, fulsome, adulatory dedications to what are called *great men* ; nor are the new discoveries in science often stamped with the name of a prince or a noble, unless that noble or prince happened to be the discoverer. This species of degradation, however, was very frequent in former times. Indeed, this is not the general mode of accounting for the fact ; and many people fancy themselves very wise and very severe upon the *great men* of the present day, by lavishing an abundance of censure upon them for not patronizing men of letters. But the truth is, men of letters have, at last, learned their own strength ; and find that by an appeal to the discernment of the public voice, and by trusting to the merit of their own works, they can do much better for themselves, than by eating the bread of dependence and drinking the water of slavery,

from an abject subservience to the whim and caprice of beings, whom, for the most part, ignorance and vice render contemptible, in spite of all the great advantages of wealth and of rank; which advantages, indeed, are so great, and so calculated to win upon the minds of most men, that a very moderate portion of virtue and of knowledge renders those in an exalted station objects of reverence, almost amounting to idolatry, in the eyes of the multitude.

We may, therefore, say, that the men of letters have relinquished the chains of a patron's bondage for the sure and the steady support of an enlightened and an independent public. If, indeed, the gilded butter-flies of our day had sufficient greatness of mind and loftiness of soul to become such patrons as was Cosmo de Medici, who, in affording protection to the architecture, painting, and sculpture, which then began to revive in Italy, set the great example to those, who by their rank and their riches could afford them effectual aid: it were no shame to receive a patron's assistance. The countenance shown by Cosmo de Medici to those arts, was not of that kind, which their professors generally experience from the *great*; it was not conceded as a bounty, nor received as a favour, but appeared in the *friendship* and *equality*, that subsisted between the artist and his patron.

I am happy to have it in my power to refer to an instance of patronage, in our own time, which may justly claim an equality of praise with that of Cosmo, or of his more magnificent son, Lorenzo de Medici. I allude to the protection and the friendship of the late Earl of Grosvenor for Mr. Gifford, the well known author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*;—the inimitable translator of *Juvenal*;—a gentleman, whom every wise and every good man must admire and love, for the extent and the depth of his erudition,—the poignancy of his satire,—the sportiveness of his wit,—the refinement of his taste,—the frequent flashings of his imagination,—the soundness of his philosophy,—the correctness of his political principles,—the tenderness of his heart,—the benevolence of his disposition,—and all the amiable characteristics of his private life,—his every nobler virtue,—his every polished grace.

Mr. Gifford, in his very interesting, but too brief, (—for

we all wish to know as much as possible of the scholar, that has corrected the taste, and adorned the literature of his age,) account of himself, thus relates the commencement of his acquaintance with his noble patron.

"I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were inclosed in a cover, and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town; to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman."

"On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him, that I had *no friends*, and *no prospects of any kind*. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me, that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment: and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, *a period of twenty years!*"

"In his lordship's house, I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son, (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen, that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years: years, of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard, that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life."

Mr. Gifford has perpetuated his affection and gratitude to the, then, Lord Belgrave, now Earl of Grosvenor, in the following verses, taken from his *Mæviad*, a satire, which most effectually silenced the hissing, and cackling, and gabbling of those *della Cruscan* Geese, which put all literature into a fright, some few years since in Britain.

" But whither roves the Muse?—I but design'd
 To note the few, whose praise delights my mind;
 But friendship's power has drawn the verse astray,
 Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
 Yet one remains, *ONE NAME*, for ever dear,
 With whom, conversing many a happy year,
 I mark'd, with secret joy, the opening bloom
 Of virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,
 Truth, honour, rectitude,—O while thy breast,
 My BELGRAVE! of its every wish possest,
 Swells with its recent transports, recent fears,
 And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears;
 Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pause a while,
 To view my humble labours with a smile?
 Thou wilt :—for still 'tis thy delight to praise,
 And still thy fond applause has crown'd my lays."

Where such patronage can be found, intellectual men might accept of such assistance without any imputation of meanness being attached to their character, and without incurring the infamy of making genius and knowledge bow to the pitiful pageantry of *mere wealth and title*, unaided by any internal and solid possession, unsupported by understanding and unadorned by virtue.—It is, indeed, a humiliating spectacle to behold the learned pate duck to the golden fool.

In Britain, there are no great *national, public* institutions for the promotion of letters and the encouragement of the arts and sciences; but all these, at present flourish (altho' the war as war always does, makes their flowrets droop, and all their petals fade) in Britain, chiefly, in consequence of the patronage of *the people*, which holds out a continued incitement to the exertions of genius, by promising them the means of existence and of independence, as the necessary and inevitable fruit of such exertions. Indeed all her institutions, which bear princely names, as the *royal academy, royal society, royal institution*, &c. &c. are, in fact, kept up, and supported by the patronage of the *people*; the King is only one out of many subscribers, and, sometimes, he does not subscribe, but only lends his name to give an institution *eclat*, and currency. The principal spring of incitement to the energies of genius in Britain is the wide market, which the public opens for the

productions of that genius, by creating a continual and effectual demand for the works of literature, of science, and of art; the hot-bed, which nourishes the efforts of the artists and the men of letters is formed by the cabinets and the libraries of private individuals being filled with the labours of these men of letters and artists. Hence, the general erect aspect of independence in these orders of men, and the proportional influence, which they exercise over the community, particularly, the minds of the middle orders of the people, among whom intellect takes deeper root, and more widely spreads its branches, then among the higher and the lower ranks of society.

The rays of *royal* and of *princely* patronage, in Britain, cast, indeed, a few faint gleams of gay and glittering pomp over the productions of genius; but the patronage and the protection of the *British people*, at large, is the steady sun-shine, which gives life, and light, and health, and strength, and perpetuity of existence to the exertions of intellectual prowess. Literature and the arts and the sciences never flourished more in Britain, than under the reigns of George the first, and George the second; and both those monarchs were entirely free even from the *imputation* of wishing to encourage or to countenance the progress of science, of literature, or of art.

Indeed, next to the establishment of *public national* institutions for the promotion of the arts and sciences and letters, that government always acts the most wisely, which stands most out of the people's sunshine; which leaves the exertions of every individual the most free and ample scope to find their level of value and of recompense; for, in proportion as the competition is left free and unshackled, in every department of human calling, is the energetic industry of each individual roused into the fullest exertion, to better his condition, and to augment his own power; and, as the community is made up of individuals, it is manifest, that where the greatest number of individuals are thriving and prosperous, each, in his respective employment, there that nation must enjoy the greatest quantity of happiness and of strength.

Surely, each individual must know what will conduce most to his own interest better than the *government* can; for the government of a country is generally composed of men, who

are intent chiefly on their own personal aggrandizement and not particularly anxious to promote the happiness of the people. And, hence, we find invariably, that where the government intermeddles with, and presumes, either to direct the industry of the people, or to prescribe any given *maximum* of price for the commodities reared by that industry, much positive evil is uniformly produced, without giving birth to any good to counter-poise that evil. All that can be required of the best government is, to take as little property, as possible, from the pockets of the people; to let the people know, exactly, the precise quantity, which they mean to take; to press as little upon the personal liberty and personal safety of the people as is consistent with the safety and good order of the community; and to give to all the people an opportunity of receiving moral and religious instruction. Wherever this is done in a nation, artists and men of letters will soon be produced in great abundance, and contribute their share towards augmenting the strength, and increasing the permanent splendour of that nation.

I cannot close this subject, without bearing my most unequivocal testimony, that the *present government* of the United States, now, in the year 1807, cannot, with the least shadow of justice, be charged with even the semblance of an inclination to support, or encourage the *Arts*, and *Sciences*. From the government of this country they expect *nothing*;—and their expectations will not be disappointed.—The Arts and Sciences look forward, with confidence, to the protection and the patronage of the *American people*;—freedom is a soil, in which they thrive;—and from the intellectual efforts, which we have lately witnessed in the city of New-York, and in the principal towns of some of our sister-states, we have every reason to expect, that America will, at no distant day, rival the nations on the other side of the Atlantic, in those productions of genius, which strengthen, and confirm all the bands of social order, and confer a lustre, as permanent as it is splendid, upon the works of man;—which, at once, adorn and dignify human nature.

I shall conclude this series of essays, with an earnest, an affectionate appeal to the *learned*, and the *wise*;—for *they* will

understand me. I shall use the words of one of the profoundest, and the most comprehensive of the philosophers of all antiquity ;—they contain questions of the highest import, and of the greatest moment, even *now*, when every established institution is rocking to its very centre ;—when deep is calling upon deep ;—when, now, *no balance* is left among the nations of the earth ;—but all seems to be in dreadful and portentous preparation to sink under *one desolating tyranny* ;—when nothing but the *united efforts*, and the unwearied, the unremit- ted exertions of the bold, the determined, the opulent, the powerful, the intelligent, the dignified ;—nothing but the *combined forces* of honour, and virtue, and religion, and af- fection, and erudition, and a courage, *never to submit or yield*, —(and what is else *not* to be overcome ?)—can enable us to *stand* in this evil and inauspicious hour ; and, having done all, *to stand*.—If all these fall, I am contented, *together with them*, to bow my head unto the earth, where all must rest.

“Λεγεις πορρω πε ειναι τη πολει την καλοκαγαθιαν.—Ποτε γαρ ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑ- ΝΟΙ η περισ βυτιρους αιδισονται, οι απο των πατερων αρχονται καταφρονειν των γειραιτερων ;—η σωμασκησισιν οι ου μονον αυτοι ευεξιας αμελουσιν, αλλα και των επιμελημενων καταγελωσι ;—Ποτε δε ετοι πεισονται τοις αρχεσιν, οι και αγαλλονται επι το καταφρονειν των αρχοντων ; η ποτε ετως ομνοησασιν, ογιε, αντι μεν τη συνεργειν εαυτοις τα συμφεροντα, επηρεαζουσιν αλληλοις, και φθονωσιν εαυτοις μαλλον, η τοις αλλοις ανθρωποις ; μαλιστα δε παντων εν τε ταις ιδιαις συνοδοις, και ταις κοιναις διαφερονται, και πλειστας δικας αλ- ληλοις δικαζονται, και προαιρυνται μαλλον ουτω ΚΕΡΔΑΙΝΕΙΝ απ’ αλληλων, η συνωφελυντες αυτοις ; τοις δε κοινοις, ωσπερ αλλοτριους χρωμενοι, περι τετων αυ μαχονται, και ταις εις τα τοιαυτα δυναμεισι μαλιστα χαιρεσιν ;—Εξ ων πολλη μεν απειρια και κακια τη πολει εμφυνεται, πολλη δε εχθρα και μισος αλληλων τοις πολιταις εγγινεται—δια εγωγε μαλα φοβειμαι αι μη τι ΜΕΙΖΟΝ, η ωστε φερειν δυνασθαι, ΚΑΚΟΝ τη πολει συμβη.”

Yet, but for a moment, listen to the voice of *him*, who has rung the knell of alarm, and sounded the tocsin of terror through all the corners of the civilized world ;—for his are, indeed, thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

“*Philosophy* has appeared, not to console, but to deject. When I have read, and thought deeply, on the accumulated horrors, and on all the gradations of wickedness and misery, through which the *modern systematic philosophy* has conducted her *illuminated* votaries to the confines of *political death*, and mental darkness, my mind, for a space, feels a convulsion, and suffers the nature of an insurrection.—I look around me.—I look to human actions, and to human principles. I consider, again and again, what is the na-

ture and effect of *learning*, and *instruction*; what is the doctrine of evidence, and the foundation of truth? I ask myself,—*are all these changed?* Have the moral, and natural laws of God to his creatures another basis? Has the lapse of fifty years made an alteration in Him, who is declared to be *The Same*, to-day, yesterday, and for ever? Can the violence, the presumption, the audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of man, drunk with self-idolatry, and temporary success, change the nature and essence of *God* and of his works, by calling good evil, and evil good? I am told, that *human reason* is nearly advanced to full perfection; I am assured, that she is arrived at the haven, where she would be. I again look around me. I ask, where is that haven?—where is that steady gale, which has conducted her?—I listen; but it is to the tempest:—I cast my view abroad; but the ocean is every where perturbed. I pause again.—Perhaps, it is—*the wind and storm fulfilling His word.*”

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN :

A MORAL TALE ; BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 3. p. 144.)

THE next morning, when Edward departed from St. Andrews, his host at the inn, where he had rested, accompanied him for a while, in order to point out to him the road, which leads to Dundee ; as they were walking onward, the land-lord said to Edward,—I beg pardon, young gentleman ; but the whole town is in full talk about you ; and young Squire M—c, who is very clever and all that, and studies the law prodigiously, and wears hair-powder, shook his head, and told me, that you did not pass the greatest part of last night on the rock, looking at the sea, for nothing ; that he rather suspected that you was *Bonaparte*, himself, who was come to spy out the nakedness of the land ; and, moreover, the young lawyer told me to look sharp, and see that I lost nothing out of my house, for the French were, always, great thieves.

Edward assured the land-lord, that he was not *Bonaparte*, but only an innocent youth, who was travelling over Scotland to see and to enjoy the beauties of the scenery, which every where adorned the country ; and, he then, whispered into the ear of his host, as a great secret, that *Bonaparte* had other matters to engage his attention, which prevented him from coming himself to reconnoitre the town of St. Andrews. At this honest Boniface was vastly pleased, and said that he would communicate this information to young Squire M—c, who would tell it to his mother, who would soon spread it all over the town.

Edward, now, took leave of the land-lord, and travelled onward, delighted with the surrounding scenery for a few

miles, as his eye dwelt, with complacency, on some thriving plantations of trees, a few respectable, and elegant mansions, occasional tracts of cultivated ground, and, beyond all, lofty sullen, and majestic mountains, which bounded his view. But as he advanced, the sun-beams grew more fierce, and the country made rapid strides towards infecundity. After a while, the heat became insupportable from the rays of the meridian sun, and the reflection of its beams from the barren and inhospitable sand. No vestige of a human habitation was to be seen ; not one tree to aid him with its refreshing shade ; far as the eye could range, all was dreary, waste, and comfortless ; save that, here and there, the minutest spot of cultivation, and, now and then, a solitary, withered shrub, served to augment the horror of sterile deformity.

Edward began to yield to the accumulated pressure of heat, of fatigue, and, above all, of a thirst, which incapacitated him from any struggle, corporeal or intellectual, and made his heart die within him : he felt it die ; so that sinking, exhausted, spiritless, he had scarcely enough remaining vitality to stagger up to the first cottage of a hamlet, which burst unexpectedly upon his view, as he gained the summit of a hill. He was, scarcely, able to articulate, and, almost unintelligibly stammered out a request for a draught of cold water. A woman, apparently sixty, in whose face the *tannee*, or tanning principle, strove with dirt, for the mastery ; or, in other words, who combined the brown, and sun-burnt complexion of the gipsy with the darksome and dirty hue of the collier, said—If you are an American, come in, and I will give you some whey.

Edward bowed his head, and entered the hut ; and the old woman gave him some semi-liquid, meagre drink, which she called whey, out of a wooden vessel by no means too clean. The room itself was very sufficiently dirty ; a young, stout, coarsely-featured girl sate in the chimney corner, and a three quarters grown lad lay at his length on one side of the apartment ; they were both covered with dirt ; they stared with their mouths open, but said nothing : A few fragments of aged furniture, a part of an old spinning wheel, half a table, and a broken stool, and two tattered petticoats, were

strewn and scattered over the room in all the unloveliness of confusion.

Edward, quite spent with fatigue, and watching, leaned back against the wall, while his hospitable dame poured forth a tremendous torrent of questions about America and himself.—Old woman—Is America a fine country?—Edward—Yes.—Old woman—Have you got a wife yet? you would make a brave husband. But, perhaps, you have no women in your country; tho' that cannot be neither, unless American children are born in a different way from what they are in Scotland.—Edward—I am not married yet; and the women in America are all of a *pea-green* colour.—Oh, bonny lad!—cried the old woman, chuckling as she spoke, and her eyes twinkling with pleasure—you are a very fair laddy yourself, only a little pale, now, with pain and weariness; do not think of marrying a *pea-green* woman; you should have a discreet, decent, fair lady for your wife; what do you think of *me*? I shall make you a better wife than all the *pea-green* women in America put together can; besides, I have been married twice already, and I know how to manage a husband better than those, who have never had one.

This was a home stroke with a vengeance, and astounded Edward the more, as he happened to have had a little personal experience of the pertinacious vehemence, with which elderly, rampant widows pursue their point. All that he wanted now was to defer these very extraordinary nuptials to some future period, and, in the mean time, to get away out of the old woman's clutches; he, therefore, managed to smile with some degree of complacency, and thanked her very abundantly for her kindness and affection, and promised to call for her, on his return, after some farther travel into the country, and take her with him to America, where he would prove unto her a faithful and a loving husband.

The old woman was so delighted with Edward's answer, and her joy was so rapturous, that Edward trembled with anxiety and fear, lest she should give him a matrimonial embrace upon the spot, wherefore he reclined his head on one side, as if too faint and weak to support himself in an erect posture. His antiquated enamourata no sooner saw this, than

she rummaged among some old pieces of rag, and found part of an oat cake, which she first wiped against her linsey-wolsey apron, and then thrust a bit into Edward's hand; but he endeavoured to evade the necessity of taking into his mouth food, which he knew to consist mostly of dirt, for the oats bore but a small proportion to the quantity of filth in this delectable bannoc; she actually compelled him, however, to force a piece down his throat, a measure to which he consented with very great reluctance. Edward, then, declared, that he was not hungry, and offered to return the rest, but she looked fierce and angry, and asked him what was the matter with the bannoc, that he would not eat it?

Thus was Edward compelled sorely against his will to swallow the remainder, though his gorge rose at every mouthful, and he never felt more sensibly disgusted in his life. After a while, he rose from his seat, and offered her a handfull of halfpence for her entertainment; but she refused them with indignation; saying,—no, no, we will have no *bawbies*, you are unco welcome; I would do twice as much for the love I bear you; and do not forget to come back, and take me with you to America, like an honest simple laddy as you are. Edward, then, attempted to leave the house, and the old woman, holding up her face, endeavoured to manufacture her lips into the true, proper kissing pout, with an evident intention to seal the matrimonial contract between her and Edward with a chaste salute. But it was with the utmost difficulty that Edward had endured the bannoc; a kiss from such a *dulcinea* was more than he could stand. He, therefore, affected not to notice the position of her lips, but squeezed her by the hand, and departed, amidst a profusion of the warmest expressions of amorous attachment on her part.

To Dundee ferry Edward came, without further peril; got into the pinnace, and sailed on the river Tay, enjoying the beauty of the surrounding scenery; far, as the eye could reach, the shores of this majestic stream were fringed with wood, or verdant meads, or peopled towns, all alive, and resounding with the busy hum of men.

Immediately on his landing at Dundee quay, he went to an inn near the market-place: he had, scarcely, been seated half

an hour in his room, when the land-lord entered, and said, that two gentlemen below wanted to speak with him. Edward desired, that they might be shewn up stairs. Soon thereafter two persons made their entrance; one a Mr. Sterling, in habit and in manner a gentleman; his companion did not appear in so favourable a point of view. Mr. Sterling said,—I beg your pardon, Sir, for thus intruding upon you; but we are under the necessity of troubling you and of wounding our own feelings, because no less than four informations have been laid before us as magistrates, that a stranger of a very suspicious and dangerous appearance, had entered this inn. We have, therefore, taken the liberty of waiting upon you, Sir, merely to give you an opportunity of declaring who you are, and thereby of preventing all occasion of future molestation during your stay at Dundee.

Edward desired them to be seated, and expressed a full sense of his gratitude for the very handsome manner, in which Mr. Sterling had conducted himself, and, said—I am from England, and am travelling over part of your country, merely, to behold the face of nature.—Sterling—I have not the least doubt as to the truth of what you say, Sir; but, as magistrates, we must require some proof of your assertion.—Edward—What proof do you want?—Sterling—Any credentials whatever, any letter of recommendation, any scrap of paper with your name on it, any testimonials from your relations, or friends.—Edward—I have nothing of all this; I left my baggage and servants at Edinburgh; and travel thus alone, with only a little, leathern, portable girdle, containing some linen, and a pocket volume of *Dante*; because I merely wish to see the face of the country, and not to visit any of the families, at present.

Mr. Sterling sate silent; but his brother Justice M—, immediately bawled out—what! have you no bit of paper, to shew that you are what you ought to be; how should I know, that you are not a spy? I have nothing but your bare word for it, and there are so many lies told in the world, I do not see why I am forced to believe you; besides, it is very unlikely, that such a boy as you, why you do not look sixteen yet, should run about a strange country, all alone, to look at

scenery! what can such a child as you know about scenery? where is your passport? Shew it me directly, and, then, you may get along about your business.

Edward reddened with indignation at this surly speech, and said—Sir, you have no right to insult me, because you are a magistrate; your business is to examine me with civility and with decency, as a stranger, and coolly to ascertain, whether or not any suspicion is justly attached to my character. The question, as to my passport and credentials, has been already asked by Mr. Sterling, and decisively answered by me, and, consequently, ought not to have been repeated by you, Sir; you ought to have known, that it was highly improper to press that question upon me a second time.

At this unexpected reply, the fat and heavy justice M—stared, with his mouth wide open, his eyes starting forward, and his eye-brows elevated nearly to the top of his low and scanty forehead, as if they were about to make a tour of the back settlements of his skull; but he made no answer. Mr. Sterling, again expressed his uneasiness at Edward's having brought no written credentials with him, and said, that he must confine him in prison 'till some further information respecting him could be obtained; the clerk, or mittimus-manufacturer was now sent for, in order to make out Edward's passport into Dundee gaol. The clerk entered, exhibiting a countenance bearing all those strongly marked traits of low cunning, hardness, and cruelty, which the pettifogging part of the law is very apt to engraft upon dullness and ignorance.

He slunk heavily into the room, sate himself down, and scowling darkly upon Edward, with a self-important shake of the head, cried—So, my young master, you think to impose upon us by a tale of your being an English traveller; but if you are what you pretend to be, and not a liar, and an impostor, you can tell us of a great many people, whom you know in England, I suppose.—Edward—Mr. Sterling, I request, that you would not suffer your clerk so grossly to insult me, under the pitiful pretext of acting by the authority of justice; if any more such questions are put to me, I must chastise them in a manner more suitable to their coarseness than are mere words.

Mr. Sterling, then, intimated to his clerk, that he must not conduct his examination in so abrupt a manner, and the mittimus-monger thus proceeded.—What manuscript book is that, on which you keep your right hand?—Edward—A little private memorandum book—It was, in fact, a small book, in which Edward wrote little sonnets, and the effusions of his wounded heart, in memory of his departed Mary.—The clerk, then, said—Oh! oh! now I have caught you; we must take a look at those private memorandums of yours.—Edward—No, you shall never see this book: it is as sacred in my sight as a letter; and I will no more suffer its contents to be examined by those, whom I neither know, nor respect, than I will suffer my epistolatory correspondence to be read at your market cross.

Justice M—, now, went out to procure some constables, who might take Edward into custody as a dangerous person. During M's absence Mr. Sterling entertained Edward with an account of the various surmises which the sagacious and polite inhabitants of Dundee thought it incumbent upon them to disseminate through the town (which contains twenty-five thousand people) concerning him and his intentions.

Some declared, that he was a *French spy*, come with a full determination to murder all the people in the land; others said that he was an *English deserter*, who wished to hide himself in Dundee; some insisted upon it, that he was an *Irish rebel*, and should be hanged up on the spot, as a specimen of British justice, and an example of Dundee loyalty to their sovereign; others, again, contented themselves with mercifully insinuating, that he was a *wandering Jew*, and, therefore, should be put into the round house a few days, and then publicly whipped through the town; after which entertainment he might be sent about his business.

Edward laughed; and replied,—I do not wonder at my being detained in Dundee, when I recollect, that about a fortnight since, a very near relation of mine, a colonel in the army, was found guilty of having a servant and two horses, of travelling into the country for his pleasure, of bathing in a river at Black-wall, and of having a port-manteau containing some linen, and a full dress suit of black clothes. All these very

suspicious circumstances, being put together, the worthy inhabitants of the place, aided by the wisdom of their enlightened and sagacious magistrates, drew this profound conclusion, that the said person, who had linen and silk stockings in his port-manteau, with many other wicked inventions, could be no other than a *French spy*, whose design was to bring about some dreadful catastrophe to the British nation, and had actually commenced his terrible plan of operations, by swimming, all naked as he was born, in their river, which was an English river.

Accordingly, an army of constables, rushed forth, with sticks and staves, and seized the delinquent in the very act of tying on his cravat, and thrust him into prison. They, then sealed his port-manteau, and sent an express to London to the Duke of Portland, the Secretary of State for the home department, setting forth, that they had valiantly secured a dangerous French spy, as he was sounding the very depths of their river; that they had him fast in durance, and had put some black sealing wax on his port-manteau. In a few days they received for answer, that the gentleman, whom they had thus hospitably treated, bore a high rank in the army, and was, in every respect, one to whom no indignity ought to be shown by those, who wished to support the existing government of the British empire.

When Edward had related his little narrative, Mr. Sterling smiled, and said—To be sure, these things are very unpleasant; but what can magistrates do? They must perform their duty to the public; and it will sometimes unavoidably happen, that individual convenience must be sacrificed to general safety.—Meanwhile entered M— followed by the constables, and halberdiers, whom Mr. Sterling desired to wait at the door; and, then, turning to Edward, said,—Is there no possibility of preventing your being lodged in the gaol; do you know any one in Dundee?—Edward—I know no more of Dundee than I do of the capital of New Holland; have you any regiments of soldiers quartered here?—Sterling—Yes, the—regiment of horse is here now.—Edward—Then, pray, send for the major of that regiment, he is my cousin, and will identify my person.

Mr. Sterling, himself, immediately left the room, and soon, thereafter, returned, leading in Major H—, who stared with surprize, and cried out—Ned, my dear boy, what could bring you down to Scotland alone, and with this scanty equipage?—Mr. Sterling's countenance brightened up, when he saw, that the Major recognized Edward; and, again apologizing for the trouble, which he had so reluctantly given, he took his leave.

The Major and Edward spent the remainder of the night together, and Edward, without retiring to rest, and in spite of his cousin's earnest intreaties, either to stay a few days at Dundee, or to take a servant and horses to travel onward, left Dundee at five o'clock in the morning, and directed his march towards Perth. He strode forward, as usual, musing on his departed girl, 'till he was wearied, and unable to endure the heat of the sun any longer. At Inch-ker, therefore, he inquired for the inn, and was shewn, by a little ragged child, to a hut, very small, and very wretched. He had, already, put one leg over the threshold, when an old woman, resembling Otway's hag in person and in habiliments, stopped his farther entrance, and in an angry, though tremulous tone of voice, expressed her astonishment at his presumption, and want of manners, in that he was not ashamed to think of entering, without leave, into a *marchant's hoose*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

NATURE DISPLAYED, &c.

BY N. G. DUFIEF.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 3. page 159.)

“Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandus
In partes.”——

WHEN the late Lord Thurlow was Lord high Chancellor of England, a certain Welsh parson was announced to him by his servant in waiting.—Shew him *in*;—said his lordship,—and the parson was shewn in accordingly.—Thurlow looked at him, for a moment, and not liking his physiognomical appearance, exclaimed,—Shew him *out*!—and the parson was, instantaneously, shewn out.

Alas! we cannot do this;—what was quite *official* in Lord Chancellor Thurlow, is not allowable in us poor Reviewers, who are under the dismal necessity of travelling on, for some time longer, in the company of the hitherto unparalleled, and never in future to be equalled, author of *Nature Displayed*.

But to proceed;—we are now favoured with a superabundant effusion of abuse upon all the teachers of the “*old school*,”—that is, all those, who attempt to teach language “*by grammar*,”—and M. Dufief relates an instance of the superiority of his method over that of the old school, and tells us, as how some gentlemen, who had learned French *gramatically*, were examined by him, and found deficient—“*in translating by word of mouth*.”

“I then,”—says M. Dufief,—“proceeded next to their French translations from English authors. The reader will naturally suppose, that they could not be more correct, although a dictionary might have been of use, than their speaking;—*for*, he who walks upon crutches, or limps, certainly cannot dance in a graceful manner.”

Pray, reader, observe the great profundity and accuracy, with which M. Dufief reasons; and how admirably he introduces the logical connection *for*;—and with what marvellous dexterity the “*crutches, limps, walks, and dancing*,”—are coupled with the preceding member of the sentence, consisting of “French translations from English authors, dictionary, and speaking.”

Come all, ye, who write without any connection,
Ye will all make a figure in Dufief's collection!

Now if this, and such stuff as this, be *philosophy*, we beseech the *philosophers*, in pity, to restore to us the history of Mr. Thomas Thumb, the renowned demolisher of giants;—a delectable history, which we remember to have perused a great while before we ever saw M. Dufief's “*Nature Displayed*.”

After what we have already seen, we are not surprized to find the following note in M. Dufief's book.

“My recommendation of the study of grammar, as useful, when the scholar has made sufficient progress in the language, by no means applies to children, *to whose understanding grammar is inaccessible*; such, therefore, should commit the examples to memory, but not the rules.”

Upon which we ask, how, then, can children *compose*, with accuracy, in a language, of whose *grammar* they are ignorant; since a knowledge of grammar is indispensably necessary to the correct and accurate acquaintance with a language? And yet, if we may believe M. Dufief—“grammar is inaccessible to the understanding of children.”

We are, also, told that—“*in fact*,”—(from matter of fact, as we perceive, N. G. Dufief never swerves)—“the rules of grammar are only *observations on the phraseology of language*.”

Not long since, we were told, that—“grammar is a continuation of the science of ideas;”—then that—“it is *metaphysical*,”—and now,—“that the rules of grammar are only observations on the phraseology of language.”—The last definition of grammar is, to the full, as intelligible, and as satisfactory to us as are the first and the second.

But not, now, particularly to press these absurdities and inconsistencies; we would say to M. Dufief;—if your pupils

be not taught grammar, how are they to apply these—"observations on the phraseology of language?"—Or have you, Sir, discovered some "*new and expeditious* method of teaching your pupils to apply rules, which they do *not* know, and which they have never learned?—Or is the mere *jabbering* a few phrases, learned *by rote*, and uttered at hazard, *understanding* a language, so as to compose in it;—so as to communicate our thoughts in writing, with correctness and precision, to all those, who are acquainted with the language, in which we write?

M. Dufief, then, informs us, that—"the art of writing is nothing more than the art of speaking, brought to a *certain degree of perfection*. This definition, as *just* as it is *forcible*, points out to us, &c, &c, &c."—

For this information, this profound discovery, we feel ourselves highly indebted to M. Dufief; more particularly, for his rendering his definition of—"the art of writing,"—so very exact and accurate, that even he, who runs, may read.—How admirably are the words—"to a *certain degree* of perfection,"—fitted to convey to us a *definite* notion of the art of writing!!!—If any one, hereafter, should ask,—to *what* degree of perfection?—we shall refer him to M. Dufief, who will look wise, and tell him—"to a *certain degree* of perfection."—

We are, next, let into another new and marvellous discovery, by the learned author, who says,

"I have but few words to say, to those, who are ambitious of excelling in the French, and rivalling the most enlightened natives in the knowledge of their language. They must study the *graces of style*, and the *best models of composition*."

Pray can M. Dufief point out to us any *other* mode that has *ever* been adopted to acquire an intimate and a superior knowledge of language, than that of studying its best writers in that language?—N. G. Dufief, however, feels himself so inflated by his discovery of this "*new and expeditious*" method of acquiring a knowledge of a language by studying its best authors, that he bursts out upon us in the following effusion of genius and of modesty:

“ Having, I trust, fully satisfied the reader respecting this mode of instruction, I will venture, no longer to resist the powerful voice of reason and experience, to say, that it is the most *simple, expeditious, philosophical, and infallible* method, that can *possibly* be made use of!!!

But notwithstanding M. Dufief’s confidence in his own talents and the boldness of his assertions, any child can inform him, that *Nature* does *not* teach children to speak by *phrases*, but by *single* words.—And, furthermore, notwithstanding the terror, with which the approaching prospect of M. Dufief’s displeasure must unavoidably fill our minds, and cause our hearts to palpitate within us, we will venture to assert, that whoever attempts to follow *Nature’s method of teaching a language*, shews forth his folly in a much stronger light, than he discovers his wisdom ; for *Nature* teaches by *single* words, which is only enduring, while the child is so young as to be merely capable of receiving a very few simple ideas ;—but it would be an endless task to endeavour to teach a *whole* language by single words.

Science therefore, steps in to *Nature’s* aid, and, by teaching the child a few *general* rules, together with their application, enables it to understand all the *particulars* of that language, so reduced to general rules, and principles.—And that science is *Grammar*.

Indeed, all sciences rest upon *general* rules and principles, as their basis ; and, thus, not only, render human knowledge more portable, more ready at our call, more easy of application, but, also, enable us continually to increase its limits.—Savages teach their children *according to Nature* ;—that is, by *single* words :—and what do their languages comprehend ; what do they enable their possessors to perform ? Why, truly, to count *ten* upon their fingers,—to give a name to their canoe, —and to distinguish a tree from a hill.

Were it not for the science of *grammar* ; that is, some collection of general rules, M. Dufief would not have it in his power to boast of the great superiority of the French writers over those of other nations. *Nature* teaches us in *detail* only ;—science enables us to combine and put those details together, and to climb, as Lord Bacon observes, from particulars, by *induction*, up to generals.

All science is *Nature's method reversed*. Indeed, very little children are taught according to Nature's method,—in detail, and by single words ;—but no time is lost by this, as infants are not capable of being taught any other way ; yet as soon as the mind begins to open, and is able to rise from details to general rules, the *Grammar* is taught them, in order to facilitate, and render sure and permanent the acquisition of language.

Notwithstanding all this, however, and notwithstanding that Lord Bacon is not precisely of the *same* opinion with M. Dufief, and that the venerable Verulam's authority carries some little weight with it, in the scientific world, although, to be sure, he, also, was of "*the old school*,"—yet N. G. Dufief immediately goes off in another explosion, to the full, as loud, as the one, which we have just noticed,

"What a salutary reformation would education, then, undergo !" (—that is, if all men would believe M. Dufief, and follow his "*simple, expeditious, philosophical, and infallible*," method of instruction,)—"Education, which as it is *now* conducted, is nothing more than a fashionable way of wasting, in the drudgery of schools, the most valuable part of life, and all this, in many cases, to acquire *such languages*, as, on our entry into the world, are scarcely of any utility to us."

By "*such languages*," M. Dufief, no doubt, means the *dead languages*, and, like all other ignorant pretenders, affects to revile that, which he does not understand. And the author of *Nature Displayed* has discovered, that the dead languages are "scarcely of any utility to us."!!!

Shall this man be suffered to emit the feeble cry, and to put forth the wailing shriek of his puny and uneffectual malice against those *heroes* of literature, as Longinus calls them, whose labours have adorned and dignified human nature ?

But to leave M. Dufief for a while, sweltering in the slough of his own ignorance, we would remark,—that the cause of *sound literature* is inseparably connected with that of *sound morals* ;—that with the decline of the study of the *Classics* a nation has always sunk rapidly into barbarism, and the most degrading, coarse and vulgar sensuality.

Above all, would we most earnestly, and affectionately endeavour to turn the attention of the rising generation to the

intense and ardent study of the *Greek* language ;—for, in that language, have appeared the highest and the best writers, in every department of philosophy, of history, of poetry, and of oratory ; in all that can strengthen, and all that can embellish human society in its most advanced state of cultivation. It is in the *Greek* language, that the principles of composition are more correctly taught, and more amply illustrated, than in any other tongue ; it is to the writers of ancient Greece, that we look, as the legislators in criticism, in taste, and in every species of writing ; the sublime, the tender, the pathetic, the argumentative, the familiar, the ludicrous ;—from their decision there is no appeal, and their judgment will be found prompt, effectual, and unerring.

Men of learning have always set a high value upon the *Greek* language, of which the *French* are, in general, *most despicably ignorant*. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the *French philosophers* were so well aware of the intimate connection between the study of this language and the power of correct reasoning on our moral and political relations, that they considered its *abolition*, as a necessary step towards the accomplishment of their horrible scheme of *revolutionizing* the minds of men, and, in consequence, disorganizing all human society. Accordingly, these *philosophers*, whose writings all tended to one great object, that of producing the *French Revolution*, are continually throwing out their jests and sarcasms upon the *Greek* language.

M. D'Alembert, the most deceitful, the most acute, and the most mischievous of all that *gang of brilliant banditti*, affects to exclaim, in his well-known work, entitled—“*Mélanges de Littérature et de Philosophie*,”—“Ah, si vous saviez le Grec ! Ceux, qui savent, ou croient savoir, l'Hebreu, l'Arabe, le Syriaque, le Cophte ou le Copte, le Persan, ou le Chinois, pensent et parlent de meme, et par les memes raisons.”

Now, it is manifest, that this *French philosopher*, by endeavouring to *confound* the *Chinese*, *Persic*, *Coptic*, *Syriac*, and *Arabic*, with the *Greek*, wishes to have it understood, that they are all of *equal utility*, that is, to the generality of scholars, and to the world at large, of “*scarcely any utility*,” as M. Dufief says.

This is the mode, in which French philosophers *reason*; such their *argument*, and such their *proof*. In a word, these *enlighteners* of the human race, either know *every thing*; or, whatever they are ignorant of—(and they *are ignorant* of an infinite number of inestimable acquisitions)—is not *worth knowing*. To these men, we may, but too justly, apply the indignant language of Demosthenes, when he says,

“Αντι τῇ ἀποδείξει, σοφίσματα εὐρίσκῃσι, καὶ παραγραφὰς, καὶ προφασίς, πτοχότατοι ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἀδίκητατοι.”

And as the language of Demosthenes is not *very intelligible* to the generality of our American youth, we will interpret the same for their edification.

“Instead of giving a plain, direct, and open avowal of their sentiments, they make use of *sophisms*, and *glosses*, and *exceptions*, and *pretences*, and *fraudulent declarations*. Such is the character of these, (—*French philosophers*;)—the most *wicked*, *vile*, *injurious*, and *unjust*, of men.”

(To be continued.)

AN INQUIRY INTO OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS, &c.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 3. page 165.)

THE danger which menaces America from France is pourtrayed with the Author's usual spirit and force; his concluding words upon this subject, are,

“The very war, which is now raging between England and France, is a war of *independence*, and *indignant freedom* against an ambition, that strives to oppress and humble. Give to France the possession of England, or what is the same, in effect, a naval superiority and the *liberty of America* is, that moment, a tale. Realize the idea, of the veterans, who destroyed, by military magic, on the plains of Austerlitz, a coalition great and powerful, added to the legions, embodied and disciplined in France, shipped, with all their terrible machinery, on board myriads of transports, and covered and assisted by the floating thunders of British battle-ships; and the conquest of America, of India, of all that is worth the labor of conquest, on the globe, must find its greatest opposition in the turbulence of winds, and the restlessness of the ocean.”

He, then, adverts to the "strutting and bullying language," used by our administration, concerning British aggressions, which, it cannot be denied, have been both many and grievous ;—its tame submission to the repeated insults of Spain ;—and the miserable movements of congress, which engendered the *non-importation* act ;—which last *political* manœuvre has reduced us, he says,—“ to the alternative, either to go to war with her—(i. e. Britain)—for which, to be sure, we are in a fine situation ; or else, to repeal what has been done in the mad moments of Congress, and talk in a tone, in every respect, different from that, which our administration have made it their constant practice to hold. The first must involve us in ruin,—and the last gives us a new propulsion into the mire of political infamy. This is *presidential state-logic* ; he, that frames the metaphysical finery, creates a dilemma, and hangs us and himself upon the horns of it, for the world to point at with the finger of scorn.”

The author, then, declares in a tone and manner, worthy of a *native* American, who feels the glow of patriotism, wild-throbbing at his heart, that, if Britain shews a determined inclination to injure this country, she will find our citizens bold and alert to support their national independence.

The instructions of our Secretary of State, the ingenious Mr. Madison, to Mr. Monroe, the minister of the court of St. James, dated April 12th, 1805—are, most clearly, and satisfactorily proved to contain *false* principles, and *incorrect* statements, as to the *indisputable* rights of neutral nations. This subject is treated, at some length, and with great force and ingenuity ; the author plainly shows, that Mr. Madison's assertions are disproved by—*First*—the sentiments of the Jurists,—*Secondly*—the *uniform* decisions of the British prize-courts ;—and—*Thirdly*,—in addition to the sentiments of Grotius, Vattel, Puffendorf, &c.—the authority of Mr. Jefferson himself, who, in his letter to M. Genet, dated July 24th, 1793.—says,

“ I believe, it cannot be doubted, but that, by the general law of nations, the goods of a friend, found in the vessels of an enemy, are free, and the *goods of an enemy found in the vessels of a friend are lawful prize*.”—“ Further down”—“ therefore, we have *nothing* to oppose to their—(the British)—acting according to the *general*

law of nations, that *enemy's goods are lawful prize*, though found in the *bottoms of a friend*."

The question of *neutral* rights, about which our administration has talked so much, is examined very fully, and with great acuteness, and the result is thus concisely summed up in a note.

"The advocates for neutral rights, pushed as far as interest can carry them, do not seem to be aware of the inconsistency of their arguments. As long as peace lasts, there is none of all this neutral colonial trade: but when war begins, it is thrown open. France suffers it, only, when her necessities drive her to it.—She does it, in order to save her colonies. Therefore, necessity is the ground of right, thus far, for neutrals. If Great-Britain considers this neutral trade as ruinous to her, and resolves to prohibit it, because of her necessities driving her to such conduct.—If she says, that, in acting thus, she prohibits from necessity, what France grants from the same cause, the whole neutral world is in a flame.—*French necessity leads to right, British necessity leads to wrong*. We hold to that, and denounce this, because we *make money* in the one case, and do not in the other."

The decided *personal hatred* of our present administration towards Britain is, indignantly, exposed and reprobated—nor is the *non-importation* act treated with less severity. The violence and folly of Senator Smith, relating to this subject, are thus forcibly lashed.

"This is the plenary dullness of political heresy; brought to life on the muds of the Patapsco, and sublimed into unblushing hardihood, amidst custom-house bonds, debentures, and all the other trick-trackery of *pseudo-neutral* merchants.—I hope it is no disparagement to this gentlemen, to put his assertions in company with the authority of Vattel—who is quoted, in order to show, that Mr. Senator Smith, and, indeed, all the *non-importation* statesman, had not, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Randolph, passed the *horn-book of politics*."

He, then, treats, with sovereign contempt all the bravadoes of the *Jacobins*, in this country, as to the injury, which they can inflict upon Britain, in the event of going to war with her; and particularly, reprobates that base and fraudulent measure, the *confiscation of British property*;—he, then, shows the inevitable consequences to America, resulting from a war with Britain, who—"may lay under contribution every town in

the United States, that is accessible by water, or, if she is wrought up to a bloody vengeance, she may blow them from their foundations."

The defenceless state of America is, now, adverted to; and it is shewn, ~~that~~ we have no navy, no seamen, no fortifications, nothing prepared to meet the enemy, thus—"administration are consistent in their œconomy, to the last.—They always work, whether it be for defence, or for glory, in the *cheapest* way possible, selling reputation and durable good, for the savings of that *miserable parsimony* that first *degrades*, and, then, *ruins*, a nation."

The author, then, examines the effects likely to be produced on Britain by the *non-importation* act;—he says,—“I will not make any extracts from the *English Gazettes* to come at the knowledge of the sentiments of the people; for these gazettes are apt to speak of us with an *ignorant asperity*.”

We deem it incumbent upon us, since we declare, what we have, ourselves, *seen* and *heard*, and what we *know to be true*, to remark,—that *all* ranks of people in Britain, from the prince down to the peasant, appear to be, *most profoundly ignorant* of our situation, both individually and collectively.—Not, even, the *British statesmen* form ought bearing the least resemblance to a correct notion of our actual condition.

The Americans are, generally, considered by the British, and, indeed, by *all foreigners*, as divided into two main bodies,—one, the British party,—and the other, the French faction;—as if, we were, merely, an *excrescence* of France and of Britain.—But the truth is,—that, by far, the *great majority* of the American people are adherents, neither to the French faction, nor to the British party;—but are, *purely American*, glowing with all that patriotic ardour and enthusiasm, for the maintenance of the safety and the honour of their *own* country, which, *alone*, renders men worthy to live in their native land. And the *apparent leaning* of these men, either to Britain, or to France, under certain circumstances, is not owing to any influence, of British or of French interests, over American councils; but, because, under those circumstances, it happens, that the best interests of America coincide with those of Britain, or of France.

It was, from the purest and the most profound views of patriotism and policy, watching over and providing for the national benefit of America, that the *Washington Cabinet* issued the proclamation of American neutrality, at the commencement of the bloody conflict between Britain and France, towards the close of the last century. As it happened, this declaration of neutrality was as serviceable to Britain as it was to America; but if the existing circumstances had produced a quite different event, and thrown the benefit into the French scale, the *Washington Cabinet*, as true patriots, ought to have, and would have issued their proclamation of American neutrality; because it is the sacred duty of every American statesman, *first*, to consult for the benefit of his *own* country;—and to consider the advantages of *any other* nation, as only *secondary*, and *subordinate* to the interests of his *own native land*.

But to return, the author quotes the words of a pamphlet entitled—*Observations on Randolph's speech*, by the author of—“*War in disguise*.”—i. e. Mr. Stephens, the brother-in-law of Mr. Wilberforce,—as is, generally, understood on the other side of the Atlantic,—in order to point out the effect produced on Britain by the *non-importation* act.

“In the former case,”—(i. e. if the *non-importation* bill be past)—“I hesitate not to say, that it makes your compliance, consistently with any regard to the dignity and honour of this great nation, absolutely impossible.

“What! is a rod to be put into the hands of a foreign minister, to whip us into submission; and are we broadly and coarsely to sell our maritime rights, for the sake of passing off a little *haberdashery* along with them!!!

“Are we to make a lumping pennyworth to the buyers of our leather wares, our felt and tin wares, and the other commodities enumerated in this insolent bill, by tossing our honour, our justice, and our courage, also, into the parcel!!! I would not consent to disparage even the quality of our manufactures, much less, of our *public-morale*, by so shameful a bargain.”

That we have, however, just causes of complaint against Britain, for the injuries, which she has inflicted upon us, the author contends for, with great strength and spirit. The chief of these outrages are,—First,—*impressing our seamen*.

Nevertheless, it must not, be forgotten, that *certificates*, bearing testimony of a seaman's being an American citizen, are very easily obtained by a little hard swearing. A dollar and a false oath, very often, transform a foreigner into an American; and if this *ready-made* countryman of ours be impressed into a British ship, we clamour loudly about the cruelty and injustice of Britain's naval officers.—Not many months since, an English lad, not quite nineteen, who had deserted from a British man of war, wished to go out, from New-York, to the East Indies, as a seaman, with an American captain. The captain represented the danger of his being impressed by the British, and advised him, at all events, to go, and get a certificate of his being a native American. The seaman followed this advice, and returned, within a few hours thereafter, flourishing a certificate, testifying, that he was born in America.—Captain—How did you get this certificate, Tom?—Sailor—I went into — street, where I saw an Irishman standing; and I asked him to go along with me to the proper officer, and swear, that I was born in America; to which he agreed, and I got my certificate.—Captain—How much did you give the Irishman for swearing?—Sailor—Two dollars.—Captain—That was too much; you should have gotten him to do it for less.—Sailor—I tried to beat him down to *one* dollar, but he insisted upon it, that *two dollars* were little enough, in all conscience, for a false oath; and that he would not perjure himself for less.

The impressing our *own* seamen, our *real, bonâ fide*, American citizens, however, is a most glaring outrage upon our rights and privileges, as an independant nation, and ought, not only, to be desisted from, in future, but to be recompensed, as far as such an injury can be recompensed, by Britain.

(*To be continued.*)

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS, by Thos. Moore, Esq.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 3. page 178.)

IN the first epistle, addressed to Lord Viscount Strangford, Mr. Moore shews, that he is capable of throwing no common hand over the strings of his poetic lyre; the following lines are beautiful, and, towards their close, breathe the spirit of sublimity."

"The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud, that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where, dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!"—

—————"O si sic
"Omnia scripsisset!!!"—

Had he written always thus, to praise him would be superfluous, and to censure him vain.—And is it possible that the same fountain should send forth streams of water both sweet and bitter?—It is even so, as will be soon, too plainly seen.

For, in order to prevent us from entertaining too high an opinion of him, Mr. Moore takes care to tell us, that—he intends to give back to God his soul, which he had borrowed,—“sullied but little, or brightly the same.”—So said Jean Jacques Rousseau, with whose character we are all very sufficiently acquainted.—Yet this doctrine is altogether contrary to Christianity, which alone teaches us the *true relation*, in which we stand towards our Creator, and alone, points out the means of present peace, and future bliss.

But, perhaps, Mr. Moore would be ashamed of having Christianity imputed to him;—he, certainly, cannot plead

guilty to the charge, if it were ever made against him!—as his book, now under review, most flagrantly proves. He is, however, so well pleased with the thought of his, (like Rousseau)—giving back his soul to God, as pure as he received it, that he, immediately exclaims,

“The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shewn,”—&c. &c.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Moore, himself, observes from Plato, a poet may be—“*three removes from truth*,—τρεῖς ἀπο τῆς ἀληθείας.”—And *three* removes, whatever you may think of it, Sir, are, to all intents and purposes, as bad as three hundred thousand, from truth, as to any power of imparting ought, which conduces to present consolation, or future hope.

We have, then, a complete specimen of Mr. Moore’s happiest manner of blending *ribaldry* with *impiety*, of clothing *obscenity* and *blasphemy* in smooth and pretty language.—He informs us,—that a *certain lyre* had the property of repeating all the love-sighs, and whisperings, and kisses, and *love-etceras*, which it heard;—that a nymph and a swain stole regularly to the shades, to *indulge in love*;—that the lyre told *all* that had passed, and the world, the *malignant* world, censured the lady for having been so very lavish of her charms, and for having followed the dictates of those passions, which nature gave her, &c. &c.—upon which the lyre and the lovers were taken to *heaven*, where—they all three *do as they did on earth*.

This is merely the heaven of a brutalized Turk,—the paradise of Mahomet, where all is but the *broad shame of a brothel*;—not the heaven described in the impressive and the awful language of inspiration;—“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things, which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

We are, next, favoured with some tame, feeble lines upon a—“Flying fish,”—and some common-place cant upon Mr. Moore’s *love of virtue*. That the reader may be convinced, that we do not despise this nonsense without sufficient cause, we will present him with a few lines, which are equal to any of the productions of Sir Richard Blackmore, or Mr. Creech:

" Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak,
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping ;"—&c. &c.

Ohe ! jain satis est, et superque satis.

And in a note subjoined to this performance upon the flying fish, the author, who never lets slip an opportunity of displaying his *vast erudition*, says,

" It is the opinion of St. Austin, upon Genesis, and *I believe*, of nearly all the *Fathers*, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters ; in defence of which idea, they have collected every fanciful circumstance, which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them—συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα ικτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the flying-fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves."

Not now to notice the flight of Mr. Moore's vigorous fancy, which makes him, together with his friend, the flying-fish, present at the creation,—we beg leave to remark, that his *faith*, in this instance, surpasseth his understanding. If he will read the *Fathers* a little more attentively, perhaps, he will find it necessary to alter his creed in this respect. Did he find this theory of Austin supported in the pages of Ireneus, of Lactantius, of Theophilus of Antioch, of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen, of Cyprian of Carthage, of Tertulian, of Chrysostom, &c. &c. ?—If he did, he will do well to add their names to that of St. Austin, in the next edition of his poems.

We have, next, some smooth lines, to his sister, written from Norfolk, in Virginia, amidst which the halting of prose occasionally intrudes, as, the verses, beginning with

" Must come, alas ! through every fate
 Of time and distance, cold and late ! &c.

In the poetry, Mr. Moore strongly hints, that the *American character is degraded and vile* ;—but he defers the full proof thereof, till he should see and know more of the people of the United States, among whom he had but just arrived.

when he penned these lines to his sister.—In a *note*, however, affixed to this *second Epistle*, he amply compensates himself for his prudery and coy reluctance to blame America; for, there, he says,

“Such romantic works, as the “American Farmer’s letters,” and the account of Kentucky by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace and freedom, had deserted the rest of the world, for Martha’s Vineyard, and the Banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country, is, however, *quite sufficient* to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

“In the ferment, which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy, with which they shared in the wildest excess of Jacobinism, we may find one source of that *vulgarity of vice*, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become, indeed, too generally, the *characteristic* of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of *all honest principle* in America. I allude to those *fraudulent violations of neutrality*, to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed, and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.”

In answer to this very serious charge against the American people, which represents them as very little better than a mere horde of banditti, a nest of miserable swindlers, we say, that altho’ *French influence* exercises too much of its pestilential, deadly, controul over our *present* administration of government;—yet it is a well-known truth, that, by far the greater portion of the men of property, of intellect, and of virtue in this country, that is, of the men, who compose the high, the *national* character of America, are as decidedly hostile to *jacobinism*, as a man of exalted honour can be to a foot-pad, a house-breaker, a murderer, an incendiary, or a traitor.

And, as to the *covering* trade, which we, by no means, defend, for it is an accursed traffic, polluted with every meanness, and black with every crime, that can render the human character infamous,—it must be remembered, that its influence

can only extend to a few villanous individuals, who are concerned in that nefarious scheme. And because *some* of the American traders are knaves, and violate neutral rights, is it just to brand the *whole American people* with infamy, as being *dishonest, and fraudulent*?

Mr. Moore is a *poet*;—but we sincerely hope, that he is *logician* enough to discover the fallacy of that reasoning, which would attempt to infer, that because *some very few* of the English people are *smugglers*, that, *therefore*, all the inhabitants of Britain, not excepting even the royal family, are *rogues, and vagabonds*.

In a subsequent note Mr. Moore says—

“Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia, in general, are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and, at Norfolk, they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time, when we arrived, the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour, that assailed us in the street, very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is, in truth, a most disagreeable place, and the *best* the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in *dogs, in negroes, and in democrats*. For further particulars see Weld and Liancourt.”

As we are not particularly acquainted with Norfolk, we are unprepared to say, whether or not there be in that place any other animals, than those, which Mr. Moore has enumerated.—We entirely concur in his opinion, that the yellow fever is produced by the *putrefaction* of the *animal and vegetable* filth, which is so abundant in *all* the towns of the union.—At Grand Cairo, in Egypt, the people are annually visited by the *plague*;—which rages during the hot months of the year, and regularly disappears, when the over-flowing of the Nile carries away all the offal, and filth, which the inhabitants throw into a large ditch or canal, near the city, and which is always dry, except, when the periodical rising of the river fills and cleanses it.—Yet, notwithstanding so many ages of miserable experience have proved, that the pestilence is engendered by the putrefactive steams, continually issuing from this ditch of corruption, the barbarous Egyptians, still continue their savage practice of making their canal the grand deposit of their offal, and the great hot-bed of the plague; and stupidly wait, till the overflows of the Nile come and carry away the

pestilence, by a temporary removal of its cause,—i. e. their filth, which they again hasten to renew, with all the blind presumption of besotted idiocy ; and incorrigible ignorance.

Thus, as Frederic the second of Prussia observed of the French,—all misfortunes and misery are thrown away upon these barbarians ; for they never teach them either wisdom or experience.

It should seem, as if the Americans, from their sturdy, and obstinate perseverance in refusing to call in the aid of scavengers to clean their streets, and in their determining, because they have been long filthy, that they will, therefore, be filthy still, are as much enamoured of *extra-domestic* nastiness, at least,—(not to notice now, the internal æconomy of their houses)—as were, some years since, the inhabitants of Madrid.

In the year 1756,—if we mistake not the date,—the king of Spain, then, newly seated on the throne, issued a mandate, commanding his subjects, no longer to adorn the streets, but to erect temples to Cloacina, one, at least, for each family.

This horrible decree was no sooner known, than it excited the most lively indignation among all orders of men. The nobles pleaded long and ancient custom ;—the physicians declared, that a pestilence would immediately follow the removal of these salubrious steams, which issued from the stercoraceous heaps, daily, or, rather, nightly, precipitated into the streets ;—the popish clergy denounced the vengeance of heaven, and the wrath of Almighty God, upon so impious, and blasphemous a deed, as that of imagining and contriving *necessary-houses* ;—and the mob highly resented so gross and palpable an infringement of their privileges, and so daring a violation of their rights.

All Madrid was in a state of insurrection ;—what was the monarch to do ?—he had not a moment to lose ; he must, either, resolutely, enforce the execution of his orders, and pass through the streets of his capital without the fear of nastiness before his eyes, or be bullied into a compliance with the demands of his subjects, and still continue to see the metropolis of his kingdom one large depot of that, which civilized people are generally anxious to exclude from sight, and

observation. He, therefore, immediately, ordered his dragoons into actual service; and these worthy gentlemen soon made use of arguments, that convinced the grandees, put a stop to the prating of the doctors, silenced the thunders of the church, and deluged the streets of the royal city with the life's-blood of the people.

But, notwithstanding these weighty and powerful reasons, which there was no gain-saying, and to which all opposition was useless; yet the reasoning of the medical men had its force;—for, although obliged to erect temples to the goddess of necessity, they, in order to profit as much as possible, by the health-giving effluvia, even unto this day, continue to place these temples as near as they can to the *kitchen-fire*.

Let those, who fancy themselves more than commonly squeamish and fastidious, more than ordinarily wise, remember, or, if they have never known, now learn—that *cleanliness, personal, and domestic*, is the *barometer of civilization*; that in proportion as a people is refined and polished, it is, also, cleanly and neat, both in person, and all its appendages. Cleanliness is the offspring of virtue, of sobriety, of refinement, and of good order.—Let the moral philosopher, or the statesman, be informed of the degree of cleanliness, which prevails in the habits of the great mass of any people, and he will, without the imputation of precipitancy or of rashness, undertake to rank that people in its just scale of civilization, without requiring any more premises, from which to draw his inference.

Let the remembrance of this truth serve, as an incitement, to stimulate us to greater exertions, in favour of those human beings, who have not yet struggled up against the obstacles, which are thrown in the way of those perpetual sources of tranquillity and of comfort, *personal neatness, and domestic cleanliness!*

(*To be continued.*)

THE MENTAL FLOWER GARDEN, or an instructive and entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex. In two parts, containing—1. A variety of entertaining and moral dialogues, partly original, calculated for misses from eight to twelve years. A collection of useful rules relative to genteel behaviour, and a polite address. Poetic pieces, devotional poems, writing pieces, &c.—2. Miscellaneous Essays, worthy the perusal of women, at any period of life. To which are added interesting sketches of female biography. Ornamented with appropriate copper-plates,—by D. Fraser, author of “Select Biography,” the “Columbian Monitor,” &c. New-York,—printed by Southwick & Hardcastle, No. 2 Wall-street, 1807—12mo.—1 Vol. pages 299.

THIS book is a mere literary fraud;—a mere literary swindle. We should not, indeed, have stooped to notice, or to rake from their native bed of nothing, these pages of inanity and periods of servility, had they been only foisted upon the public by the unassisted, intellectual courage of the author, ycleped Donald Fraser;—but, as they are obtruded upon our notice by the vigorous recommendations of “that eminent patron of the fair sex,”—Benjamin Rush, M. D. who wishes, that *all the Union* would read this book; and divers and sundry teachers, both male and female, in this city of New-York,—it is necessary to use our endeavours, as the vigilant votaries and servants of the cause of sound literature, to prevent the reception of such miserable trash, as that which constitutes, what Mr. Fraser is pleased, facetiously, to call—“*The Mental Flower Garden.*”

That the reader may not have any cause to imagine, that we condemn the dismal effusion of dulness and ignorance, without sufficient reason, we shall submit to the drudgery of transcribing a few sentences, *first*, from Mr. Fraser’s dialogues “to little Misses,”—and, *secondly*, from his advice to “Women, at any age.”—And first of the first, hear the precepts of wisdom, addressed to young ladies.

“To give, or receive any thing”

“15.—Keep yourself upright. Let your head be held up and easy, and your shoulders fall easily. Let your left arm hang to

your waist, bringing it a very little forward. Bring the hand of that arm forward to the waist. Hold the right hand a little forward. Bend the arm at the elbow, and a little at the wrist. Being in this *genteel* posture, step slowly and *genteelly* forward.”—&c, &c, &c.—

We cannot endure the misery of transcribing any more of these *genteel* instructions. If the reader be desirous of more, let him consult the book,—and then, go into the hospital of *Incurables* ;—for, in *such* a state of his brain, he is far beyond our care :—he is fit for nothing but a dark-room, a strait waistcoat, water gruel, and a smart flagellation, at least, once in the four and twenty hours.

Now for Mr. Fraser’s instructions to “*women at any period of life.*”

“*They*”—(the *women*)—“are always decided in giving themselves up to *what they love* ; and it is hardly necessary to invite the fair sex to listen to an engagement. The retirement, to which custom has *condemned* young girls, as well as a soft kind-heartedness, speaks in our favour ; all young women consent, with blushes to the proposal, which is made them to *become wives* ; but all are not equally disposed to take the proper steps to remain long happy and cherished wives.”

We suppose that these *instructions* are the offspring of Mr. Fraser’s *own* head, and, with some other *literary stuff* of the same order, induced him to call his book—“*partly original.*”

If such *etourderie*, such *diablerie*, as this can convey either improvement or delight to—“*women at any period of life* ;”—may such sluggish, inert masses of untempered clay,—such idiot-abortions of mistaken nature,—be very far from us, and from our friends ;—for they cannot easily rise to the degraded level of becoming—mere breeders of sinners,—fitted only to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

To conclude,—it is now full time, to begin to brush away the insects of literature, whether creeping, or fluttering, which have too long crawled over and soiled the intellectual ground of *this* country.—It is high time to shake the little, sickly stems of many a puny plant, and make its fading flowerets fall. And ill, indeed, does that man deserve the notice, or the respect of the public, who suffers himself to be intimidated by the war-whoop of disappointed, discontented authors, or moved by the feeble shrieks of wittings and poetasters ;—

who permits himself to be drawn aside, for a single moment, from the path of justice and of truth, by mistaken notions of kindness, by the whining cant of affected candour, by that miserable mawkish humanity, which discerns no difference between integrity and vice, between honour and falsehood, between wisdom and ignorance, between intellect and stupidity.—It is the duty of every man, while the life beats in his bosom, to plead in behalf of learning, and in the cause of his country.

THE ECHO, *with other Poems*, 1807.—1 Vol. 8vo. p. 331—*for sale by Brisban and Brannan, No. 1. City Hotel, Broadway,—New-York.*

THIS work is ornamented with engravings that would do credit to European artists.—The plate, however, which represents a ball given by Governor Hancock to the Negroes at Boston, has two faults :—first, that the countenances of the dancers, in general, do not resemble those of negroes ; and, —secondly,—that it presents a servile imitation of that celebrated piece of Hogarth, which describes St. Paul preaching to Felix, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, whereat Felix trembled. The painter makes a servant, who stands behind Felix, hold his nose, in order to show what effect trembling produced in the governor.—So in this plate of the Echo, a gentleman who stands behind Governor Hancock holds his nose ;—leaving it doubtful, indeed, whether it be the governor, or the negroes, that causes him to put his nose in a parenthesis.

The design of this very admirable performance is stated in a well-written, elegant preface, to be two-fold ;—*first*, to ridicule—“the pedantry, affectation, and bombast,”—of the American writers at that time,”—and, *secondly*,—to satirize *jacobinism*,” which was, then, rapidly destroying this country.

The *first* part of their plan the authors of the Echo have executed with great ingenuity and success ;—the *bombast*,

and *fustian* of some celebrated American effusions, are lashed with a force of ridicule and a keenness of irony, that would not dishonour Rabelais, Swift, or Voltaire. We would with pleasure, quote some specimens of the Echo's sportive, and sarcastic powers, but we are at a loss what pieces to select from amongst the very many, which cover the enemies of sound literature and correct taste, with intolerable contempt. The reader must be, to use an expression of Lord Bacon, either "*more than man, or less than beast*," who does not receive both improvement and delight from a perusal of the Echo's attacks upon the egregious absurdities, literary and political, of the pretenders to learning, and the *pseudo patriots*, of this country.

But the *second* department of their duty, the gentlemen, who framed the Echo, have not filled up so well. They do not seem to have been aware, that *vice* and *crime* are not subjects of *mere ridicule*. The villain, who deserves the gibbet, will think himself very fortunate to escape with being only *laughed at*. *Vice* must be branded with infamy; must be held up to general, to universal abhorrence, and detestation.—Mere folly, coxcombry, affectation, frippery, pedantry, vanity, nonsense;—in a word, whatever tends only to make men absurd, and contemptible, without breaking down, or attacking the strong holds of religion, and morality,—can *alone* be considered as fit subjects for laughter and ridicule.

But *Jacobinism* is not of this nature.—Such a foul and feculent abortion can only be brought to the birth by the monstrous and the horrible commixture of heated ignorance with iniquity. A Jacobin is,—as Theodorus Gadareus indignantly said of that monster Tiberius,—*a lump of clay kneaded up with blood*—τον πηλον τῷ αἵματι πεφυραμενον.—The cruelty of Jacobins surpasses the common hardness of the human heart;—they are not made of *clay*, like other men;—but they are formed of *iron*;—so that the *embrace*, the *kiss*, the *brotherly kiss*, of Jacobins is, that of iron cheek to iron cheek, in horrid confraternity conjoined, while their bloody arms of death bestow the hug of hell.

The Echo, therefore, did well to treat, with airy ridicule the dull conceits of pedantic ignorance, and the miserable la-

hours of our *Presidential naturalist*, while employed in pickling spiders, or in bottling beetles ;—but *airy ridicule* is, in very deed, an uneffectual weapon against the murderous desolation of *jacobinism*, which shakes all public security, and threatens all private enjoyments, which corrupts the young, and destroys the repose of the aged ;—which interrupts employment, and casts a darksome gloom over the countenance of mirth ;—which perverts and debases language, violates, and poisons morals ; which renders knowledge itself worse than ignorance ; which cripples the growth of national ability ; which freezes and paralyses and annihilates the intellectual energies of the human race.

It was the duty of the Echo, therefore, to have gone forth in the panoply of religion, and, wielding the sword of indignant and offended virtue, to have laid open, and exposed, and levelled, and destroyed all the haunts, and dens, and caves, and tenements, and sculking-places of *jacobinism* ;—to have opened the fountains of hallowed fire, which, flowing with liquid purity, in the silence of the night should have revealed, and exposed, and blasted, and withered those loathsome objects, which darkness *alone* conceals, and cherishes ;—to have thundered, from on high, upon the enemies of mankind, and, with the beamy brightness of their increasing blaze, far round to have illumined hell.

But this has not been done.—The Echo only walks in the more easy paths of gaiety and mirth ; leaving it for writers of *another* mould, to make the conscious villain shudder at his crime, grow pale, and tremble under virtue's frown ;—to stand between the dead and the living, and to stay the plague ; to be as a wall of fire between their fellow-men and the contagious blastments of iniquity.

This, however, is a mere deficiency of intellectual strength. But we have a much stronger objection to make against the Echo ;—namely, that it industriously endeavours to raise a feeble laugh against some of the very chiefest doctrines of the *Holy Scriptures* ;' such as *Original Sin*, the *Deluge*, &c. &c.—This is, indeed, a beggarly, despicable species of merriment, which all wise men despise for its vulgar facility, and all good men dread for its profaneness.

With these exceptions, the Echo is an admirable exhibition of learning, wit, and genius, combined for the laudable purpose of upholding the cause of sound morals, and of good policy, which are, in fact, *inseparable*;—to laugh folly out of countenance; and cause the burning blush of shame, upon the cheek of guilt, to speak the pangs of horror and remorse.

THE TRIALS OF WM. S. SMITH, and S. G. OGDEN, for misdemeanours, had in the circuit court of the United States, for the New-York district, in July, 1806.—with a preliminary account of the proceedings of the same court against Messrs Smith and Ogden, in the proceeding April term.—By Thomas Lloyd, Stenographer.—New-York.—Printed by and for I. Riley & Co.—1807.—1 Vol. 8vo—p. 287. For sale by Brisban and Brannan, No. 1. City Hotel, New-York.

MUCH praise is due to the publishers, for the care and industry, with which this book is produced, and to the reporter, for his diligence in giving so fully the arguments of the learned counsel, who distinguished themselves, in this very important, and interesting trial, by their legal dexterity and ingenuity, and some of them, by occasional flashes of eloquence, in their addresses to the Jury.

The book is printed with considerable *inaccuracy*; which, indeed is an accomplishment, by no means, uncommon, among the printers in America.

TRAVELS IN LOUISIANA, AND THE FLORIDAS, in the year 1802—giving a correct picture of those countries. Translated from the French, with notes, &c.—by John Davis, New York. Printed by and for I. Riley, & Co. No. 1. City Hotel, Broadway. 1806. For sale by Brisban and Brannan.

IF what is related in this book, *be true*; and we cannot contradict it, for we know nothing about the character of the people in Louisiana, and the Floridas,—it is a valuable produc-

tion, because it gives to us information respecting the inhabitants of a country, in which we are most materially interested.

The relations of voyagers and travellers, when their veracity can be depended upon, are, perhaps, of all books, the most pleasing and instructive ; because they open to our minds a new field of speculation and of improvement, by delineating the manners and the customs of different nations and people, and by pointing out the causes, if possible, of such customs and manners.

But the *facts*, or *incidents*, narrated in the book, are *all*, that render it valuable ;—for the *original* writer, the Frenchman, displays so much ignorance, pertness, self-sufficiency, impudence, cruelty, vulgarity, and brutal coarseness, as amply to entitle him to the pillory, or the whipping-post—And his translator, Mr. John Davis, has, most devoutly, copied his principal in all these *philosophical* embellishments ;—The cause of *literature* and of *truth* suffers most materially, when men, who call themselves *translators*, are not contented with spawning their own vulgarity, and indecency, but ransack the filthy deposits of Gallic ribaldry, in order to present to the English reader, that, which wisdom despises, and that, from which delicacy shrinks with abhorrence.

The translator favours us with this piece of information in a note.

“ It is not in young countries, that we are to expect much taste for literature. Emigrants to such places are generally men of a speculative turn ; it is not the muses, but Mammon they worship. *Look at our United States.*—Did ever a *Review*, or *Magazine* live to any kind of maturity ? If any thing succeeds, it is a *folio*, of *four pages*—viz.—a *news-paper*.—Trans.”

No doubt the latter part of this observation is meant for wit ;—its *intention*, however, is not answered by its execution or its effect.—The assertion, with respect to the state of literature, in *this* country, is not correct. For there have been, for many years past, and there are now, in the towns of Philadelphia, of New-York, and of Boston, *periodical* publications, and literary journals, which, in learning, wit, humour, critical sagacity, and genius, need not turn their back to any simi-

lar productions in Europe. We speak not of *France*;—for there, literature is *low, indeed*.—The *Reviews* of that country have been stopped, now, nearly twelve months, because they have no *new, original* French publications to examine. The chief bulk of the *present literature* in France, consists of miserable, meagre translations from the mere refuse and sweepings of English intellect, in the shape of *Novels* and *Romances*.

And well might it be so;—for under the frown of the bloody brow of despotism, what *wise* or *good* man will write?—and as for *knaves* and *fools*, they can produce *nothing*.—Let the horrible præcepts of *Jacobinism* in France add yet another host of facts to support this all-important truth;—that the love of *science* must ever sink with the love of *liberty*;—that public spirit, freedom, and literature must be buried in one common grave;—and that the virtue, the happiness, the energies, the independence of a nation, will always wing their last flight, when the last spark of *religion* and of *knowledge* is extinguished. To the present condition of France may be applied the words of the most lucid of the Roman historians.

“Οὐδ’ αἱ ἀρχαὶ τὰ νενομισμένα ἐπρασσοῖ. τὰ δὲ δικάστηρια ἐπεταυτο, καὶ συμβολαιοὶ οὐδὲν ἐγγίγντο. ἀλλ’ ἡ τε ταραχὴ καὶ ἡ ἀκρισία πανταχὲ πολλὴ ἦν, καὶ ὀνόματι πόλεως ἐφίρον, στρατοπέδου δὲ οὐδὲν ἀπείχον.”

THE STRANGER IN IRELAND, or a Tour in the southern and western parts of that country in the year 1805, by John Carr, Esq. of the honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Author of a Northern Summer, the Stranger in France, &c. third American Edition. To which is, now, first added an appendix containing an account of Thomas Dermody, the Irish poet, a wonderful instance of prematurity of genius.—New-York: printed by and for I Riley & Co. 1807, 1 vol. 8vo. pages 334; price \$ 1 50—for sale by Brisban & Brannan, New-York.

MR. CARR'S *Stranger in Ireland* is a very interesting production. His language is, occasionally, quaint and affected, and his attempts to be witty, are very frequently, faint and feeble.—But the character, which he gives of the Irish, is masterly, correct, true to nature, spirited, dignified. Six centuries of pure, and unalloyed oppression, have not been able to break, or to bend down the high, reluctant spirit

of the people of Ireland.—The reign of terror and of suspicion has been too long suffered to lay waste fair Ierne's land, the sweetest Isle of the ocean.—What protection has England hitherto afforded to her *sister-country*?—what protection, save that, which the oak gives to the ignorant countryman, who flies to it as a shelter from the storm;—it draws down the lightning from heaven to blast him with the stroke of death!

Let the British government, in very deed and in truth, cherish; and support the people of Ireland, and bind round their hearts the silken ties of amity and love, and the children of Britannias sea-girt isle, may, with lofty confidence, say unto their enemies,—*Come the three corners of the world, in arms, against us, and we will shock them.*

But of that strain no more;—now and then, indeed, the thoughts of other days, and other times,—*now, no more*,—will bring with them a momentary, doubtful, trembling glimpse of what *might have been*.—But of that enough.—Let the shades of retirement, and obscurity, *now*, thicken around our heads!!!

We forbear from transcribing ought from the Stranger in Ireland, because it is a book, which deserves, and *must* and *will* have a very general and extensive perusal;—it is a book, which *cannot* be read *without* delight and improvement, by any, save those, who have neither hearts to feel, nor heads to understand.

The account of Dermody is judiciously extracted from “the life of Dermody by J. G. Raymond, Esqr;”—it drew the tears down our cheeks, albeit unused to the melting mood.—It is a most important, and awful lesson, teaching, that, without virtue, and moral restraint, without a due discernment of time and circumstance,—without a strict observance of all the established decencies and regulations of social order,—nothing is great, and nothing is strong.

The over-bearing, the marvellous, the almost incredible talents of Dermody were obscured, and rendered of little, or no avail, by the turbulence of his passions;—by his total disregard of all prudence;—and above all, by that despicable propensity to *low* and *vulgar* company, which *alone* is more

than sufficient to counter-balance any advantages, which can result from loftiness of genius, or from comprehensive learning.

Mr. Raymond has drawn up Dermody's character, in the main, forcibly and well ;—but he is mistaken, when he fancies that the poetical powers of the young bard were—" intuitive," which, if it mean any thing, must mean *natural*, so as to embrace the doctrine of *innate* ideas, and, at once, to gash at the root of all *metaphysical* science.

This *philosophical* discovery resembles that of the poet Rowe, who says of Shakspeare,

" *Art* had so little, and *nature* so large a share in what he did, that, for *aught I know*," (which might very well be, for Rowe was no conjurer)—" the performances of his *youth*, as they were the most *vigorous*, were the *best*."

But neither Shakspeare, nor Dermody, had *any other* means of acquiring knowledge, than those, which all men share, *in common*, with them. They must have derived all the materials of their knowledge, through the medium of their sensible organs ; and they could not impart more than they had learned by *sensation*, and *reflection*.—Nature gives no man knowledge, her power is nothing more than the capacity of using those materials of knowledge, which attention and observation acquire. Consequently, Shakspeare and Dermody, like other men, must have augmented their stock of ideas, by gradual acquisition, and have increased their knowledge, as they advanced in age ;—could pourtray the passions of the human heart, with more effect, the more intimately they were acquainted with them ; and give their instructions with the more efficacy, and with the greater vigour, in proportion as they themselves were more abundantly instructed by their frequent, though irregular irruptions into the regions of knowledge.

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, and other Poems, by James Montgomery. First American from the second London Edition. New-York, printed for S. Stansbury. 111 Water-street, 1807.

THIS book is decorated by a very elegant engraving, as its frontispiece, which adds another wreath to those already entwined around the brows of Tisdale and of Leney.

The characteristics of Montgomery, as a poet, are—ease, simplicity, tenderness, the most deeply interesting strains of pathos, and occasional out-breaks and flashes of sublimity.—Here, and there, but very seldom, a tame line, or a little defect in the rythm occurs;—but *all* his poems are calculated to soften and refine the heart, to render religion amiable and morality attractive; to swell the soul with the throbbing emotions of freedom and of dignified independence; to endear to us all those *domestic ties*, which constitute, at once, the most permanent bulwark, and the brightest ornament of society.

All this is done, even, by the lesser poems of Montgomery. But, accursed be the heart, that does not wildly throb,—and palsied be the eye, that will not, weep over the woes of the *Wanderer of Switzerland!*—for in that eye tearfalling pity can never dwell;—and in that heart are, for ever, dried up all the sources of virtuous feeling, and for ever closed all the sluices of humanity.

We consider ourselves as deeply indebted to the publisher for presenting to the American public so elegant an edition of a book, which goes directly to forward all the best interests of society, by softening and ennobling the human heart.

We do not transcribe any portion of this exquisite work, because we should find it difficult to refrain from inserting too large a selection for the limits of our review,—and, also, because there is *no part* of the book, which the reader can possibly peruse, without deriving both instruction and delight.

FOURTH SECTION.

AMERICAN COMMUNICATIONS.

WE have not, yet, received any *biography* of American excellence, whether living, or dead: we have solicited such communications, now, nearly four months, but in vain. I will meet you to-morrow, said the late Lord C—— to his friend; if I do not come, you may conclude, that I am dead. Lord C—— did not keep his appointment, and his friend put an advertisement into all the most respectable news-papers, that the Earl of C—— was *dead*.—We, therefore, give public notice, that, if we have no American *biography* sent to us, in the course of this month, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of proclaiming, that all the people, in *this* country, *are dead*.

We must again, beg the indulgence of our correspondent *Exetastes*, as to the insertion of his communication, respecting the *graphic* art, in this country, which we are compelled to postpone to a future opportunity.

The communication from a gentleman at Richmond, in Virginia, giving an account of that city, we must, reluctantly, but unavoidably, defer to insert till the month of May.—The poem intitled—“*Gratitude*,” which we have received from a Lady at Charleston, in South Carolina, one of the most accomplished of her sex, we will, with the greatest pleasure, insert in our Magazine for next month; as we, also, shall do, an excellent Essay on “*Fancy*,” communicated by a young gentleman of South Carolina.

To the communication of the person, who uses the signature of *Amicus*, we can give no place in our Register; which we will never suffer to be the vehicle of mere *party-politics*, and much less, of low, dirty, *personal* abuse. If you have quarrelled with your neighbour, *Amicus*, settle it, as it becomes a gentleman, and do not seek to stab him in the dark by any such malignant effusions, as those, which we, now, reject, with all imaginable contempt, and detestation.

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

WE admit the following communication of *original* poetry, into our Magazine, with very considerable reluctance; because it treats with, by far, too much severity, a little book, which is a very great favourite of ours; and which, we do not, for a single moment, hesitate to say, abounds in wit, humour, finely pointed ridicule, elegant irony, gentlemanly, forcible satire, such as would do honour to the pen of Addison, or of Swift.

The *hudibrastic* poem, however, we cannot, well refuse to insert, because the writer thereof, as he *himself* confesses, holds too distinguished a station in the republic of letters, for us to presume to withstand, or to contradict him, with any hope of success, or any probability of escaping censure. We, therefore, admit the communication of this terrible poet, without farther excuse, notice, preface, commentary, introduction, remark, surmise, conjecture, thought, circumlocution, apology, or reflection.

The poem is accompanied with the following note:

To the Editors of the Monthly Register, Magazine and Review, of the United States.

GENTLEMEN,

The following *jeu d'esprit* of mine you will please to insert in your periodical publication for March, 1807.—As, very probably, the little, foolish book, lashed in my poem, may be thought by you to be very clever, I wish you to remember, that, as yet you are but young writers, and not sufficiently established to set up your opinion against mine; for I have long been well known, as the most powerful, and the most severe writer in the United States. You may receive it, as an indisputable fact, upon my own bare assertion, that I have within the last six months, caused three women to miscarry; thrown four children into fits; compelled old alderman — to throw his wig into the fire, and, with his wig, all his sen-

ses ;—and made *Ding-dong* cry, and roar, and weep, and bellow, and blubber, and stamp, and curse, and swear, and, *otherwise*, incommode himself, for full two hours.—All which, to say truth, is wondrous pitiful, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

My design, in the following poem, is to establish *just three ideas* :—*first*, that the author of *Salmagundi* is a block-head—*secondly*, that *hudibrastic* poetry, and *doggrel*, are *two* different things ; and *thirdly*, that the custom of *reading aloud* in Sargeant's reading-room is not to be borne ;—this is practised by a great many people, who think themselves very *fine* readers ; whereas, they are only like drums, empty, and hollow, and sound the louder the more they are beaten :—this custom is, certainly, better honoured in the breach than in the observance ; it is a nuisance, which must be abated.

To conclude, if you are not sufficiently acquainted with my character, just look at all the best *European* Reviews, and you will find, that they all acknowledge me to possess a large quantity of genius, wit, learning, depth, sublimity, humour, satire, argumentation, reasoning, invective, ridicule, abuse, cogitation, abstraction, fire, fury, fancy, fun, and lamentation. Yet, with all their sagacity, these gentlemen reviewers, with their little monthly *blue-books*, cannot discover to what country I belong ;—some say, that I am a Scotsman, —some, a Russian,—some, a Dane,—some, a German,—some, a Turk,—some, an Irishman,—some, an Englishman ; most, that I am a Dutchman ;—but none of them give the least guess, that I am an *American*,—which, however, I really am, let the world think, as it will, about the matter.

If your Magazine continue to please me, I shall, occasionally, send you a poem, like the following ;—if not, I shall, immediately, attack it, and *write it and you down*, without any remorse, or compunction.

I am your's truly,

DIGGORY DOGGREL.

We beg leave to remark, that, notwithstanding, the *threat*, contained in Mr. Diggory Doggrel's letter, we entirely subscribe to the opinion of that celebrated critic, Dr. Bentley,—namely,—that no man, ever *was*, or ever *can be written down*, except by *himself*. Our chief care, then, shall, always, be, to

endeavour not to write *ourselves down* ;—and, if we succeed in that effort, we shall not entertain the smallest fear or anxiety that we can ever be *written down* by Mr. Diggory Doggrel, or *any*, or *all*, of Mr. Diggory Doggrel's friends.

But, now, for this same marvellous poem :—

A *hudibrastic* poem, chastising a book called *Salmagundi*,—
by DIGGORY DOGGREL, Esq. A. S. S.

One day, last week, I think, on Monday,
Came forth a book, called Salmagundi ;
A little book, with yellow cover,
In size, not quite three inches over ;
Whose Author,—as some folks will tell-ee,
Has got no brains but in his belly ;
Or,—as some other people fear,
His brains are all lodg'd in his rear.

From these opinions both I differ,
Caring not for each a whiff—sir ;
And, therefore, whisper in your ear,
That half his brains are in his rear ;
And t'other half cramm'd in his belly,
Like pumpkin pye, or vermicelli,
Or cabbage-squash, or calf's-foot-jelly }

So this same book, called Salmagundi,
Which was be-published on Monday,
Whose author's brains, as you may find,
Are, one half, pent up him behind ;
And t'other half in his abdomen,
Which must be thought an evil omen,
Has treated me with no decorum,
But calls me *Ass*,—and *Doctor Bore-um*,
And doggrel-rhymer ;—but I'll score him,
Although he may be of the *quorum*,
Lawyer, alderman, or doctor,
Parson, bailiff, pimp, or proctor,
Postillion, merchant, thief, or pedlar,
Bachelor, married man, or fidler.

He says, that I've discharg'd, of late,
Much doggrel from my addled pate,
And given my billingsgate its point
In filthy rhymes, quite out of joint ;
And calls me *costive*,—but friend *Thun*

Says, that's a pill will not go down ;
 For *he* will either say, or swear,
 That *I* and *he* more clever are
 Than that same yellow Salmagundi.
 Which we will prove before we're one day
 Older.—For, as I am witty,
 On men of genius I take pity,
 And never, once, was known to cross-em,
 But cherish well each bud and blossom ;
 And *patronize* them all I can,
 Be they woman, boy, or man.—

But, as this Salmagundi's phiz
 Not learned, but most absurd is :
 I will not *patronize* it more,
 As I've done, always, heretofore ;
 But will withdraw my great protection,
 And, also, give it smart correction ;
 That *I* and *Town* may, once again,
 Be thought two most prodigious men ;
 And still continue to improve
 The public,—and ourselves to move
 In honour, day by day, more high,
 Till New-York owns, that *Town* and *I*
 Are the two only men of merit,
 Who write with such uncommon spirit,
 That we deserve to be exalted,—
 I say not *where*—for, here, *Town* halted,
 And baw'd aloud, with much emotion ;
 That prospect of such great promotion
 Filled his head with dismal fears,
 And so,—says he—I'll save *my* ears,
 Whatever you do with your *own*,
 Which to yourself must best be known.

But bating *that*, we'll go together,
 Through rain, and dirt, and wind and weather,
 Tied up, and bound by the same tether,
 And jogging on, though we lose leather,
 And differing not in weight a feather }
 But being both *par nobile fratrum*,
 And just cut out to guide *aratrum*.

For reasons *two* I write this *Latin*,
First,—that I may shew I'm pat in

The Roman tongue, and well discerning
 In scholar-ship, and other learning.
 And, *secondly*,—that all, who blunder
 In English only, may much wonder,
 That I'm in language so profound ;
 Which all that know me must astound ;
 As I could never, when but young,
 Learn aught but my own mother tongue ;
 And that same tongue not over-well,
 For long words, even now, I spell ;
 Yet I am grown so wise, of late,
 That none can tell—*what's in my fate*.

Wherefore, I'll lay a half a dollar,
 That I'm no gentleman, nor scholar,
 If I don't prove, that *Hudibrastic*,
 Which is to me as good as a stick,
 Is not the same as doggrel-verse.
 My proofs for which I will rehearse ;
 That you may see as plain's a poker,
 That, in this case, I am no joker,
 But a *hudibrastic* poet,
 Though some men say, that they don't know it.

Doggrel is doggrel,—I maintain,
 Whoe'er denies it, is a vain
 Block-head, coxcomb, rascal, liar,
 And should be thrown into the fire ;
 Or duck'd in tub of dirty water,
 For daring falsehood thus to scatter.
 What's hudibrastic, now, I say,
 But hudibrastic, Sirs, I pray ?
 If hudibrastic, then, be itself,
 And doggrel, eke, also, be itself ;
 How can they both be only *one*,
 When they are *two*,—that's more than *one* ?

Then, who says doggrel's hudibrastic,
 Deserves a thump with fist or a stick ;
 And who says hudibrastic's doggrel,
 Ought not to fill his paunch with grog well ;
 But be condemn'd to hear *Puff* read in
 Sargeant's book-store, every eenin,
 The whole of two great long news-papers,

Enough to give us all the vapours.
 He twangs his nose, and blows like bellows,
 Oh ! save us from such tedious fellows
 Who're worse than *two Ding-dongs*, or *Flash*,
 Or that prim, pig-tail'd *Captain Dash*,
 Who swaggers in, and swaggers out,
 With dirty face, and noise, and rout,
 Or than that dismal Salmagundi,
 Which was be-published on a Monday.

Now, I'm upon that same *loud reading*,
 Which, surely, shows no decent breeding ;
 While *we, gentlemen*, are quiet,
 For block-heads, thus, to breed a riot,
 The nump-skulls, then, who read so loud,
 Are a poor, fantastic crowd
 Of college-boys, and merchant-tailors,
 Bellows-menders, tinkers, nailors,
 Butchers, bakers, and slop-sellers,
 News-paper-mongers, and retailers,
 Hungry authors, scribblers needy,
 Physicians fat, and brokers greedy,
 Dancing-masters, and musicians,
 Barbers, priests, and politicians ;
 And many more, who lack invention,
 But are too tedious, now to mention.
 Yet, this, I know, they give their clack,
Fifteen, at once ;—much worse than rack,
 Or pillory, or state-bastile,
 To hear these filthy fellows squeel.

To all this rabble-ranting crew,
 I'll tell a story very true,
 Which will convince them, that their reading
 Loud, is not a mark of breeding
 Good,—but is a thing, which renders
 Them to sense poor, low pretenders,
 Vulgar, base-born, grovelling boobies,
 Ignorant, and illiterate loobies.

The story, which I mean to tell,
 Is this ;—I pray you, mark it well,
 When Henry, the fourth, of France,
 To crowned be, at Rheims, did dance,
 The Mayor and Aldermen, of Rheims,

Did meet the King, as it beseems ;
 And then, and there, as in his station,
 The mayor did make a long oration.
 The mayor spoke loud, the King look'd steady,
 Until a Jack-ass,—sir—nam'd Neddy,
 Which ass was standing near the king,
 Began to bray, like any thing :
 At which the mayor set up his throat,
 That he might drown the ass's note ;
 But Neddy bray'd with perseverance,
 To make of mayor and king a clearance.
 On this, the king took off his hat,
 First, bow'd to this, and, then to that :
 That is,—to mayor, and, then to ass.
Gentlemen, twain,—said he,—alas !
 I cannot hear you both together,
One at a time ;—I care not, whether
 It be the ass,—or be the mayor ;
 But both, at once, I will not bear,
 So, now, begin, the one, or other,
 Or, else, good sirs, both cease your bother.
 At this, the ass and mayor kept silence ;
 And Harry said,—I'll walk a mile hence.

P. S. From Sargeant's reading-room I write
 This poem, sirs, with all my might,
 On February twenty-third,
 In eighteen hundred, of our Lord,
 And seven.—as I'm a poet witty,
 And thus subscribe my doleful ditty,
 Diggory Doggrgl, stout, and strong,
 A party-writer, loud and long,
 Stiff in opinions, never wrong,
 But, still, write on, pell-mell, ding-dong ;
 And know myself to be more clever
 Than all that sail on Hudson river.
 And all that come to Sargeant's store,
 Though they were sixty thousand more,
 Than have come hitherto before.

For of New-York I'm *censor morum*,
 And sturdy *custos bothrorum* ;
 Which proves, that Hudibras, and I,

Are I and Hudibras ;—for why ?
If Hudibras is Hudibras,
And I am I ;—none but an ass
Will say, that I'm not *censor morum*,
And sturdy *custos botherorum*,
Inspector, ductor Romanorum,
With all due vigour, and decorum,
In Aræopagus, and Forum,
Which means, in English,—Sirs, *I bore-up*.

DIGGORY DOGGREL, A. S. S.

Sergeant's Reading Room, 39 Wall-street, New-York, Feb. 23d, 1807.

SIXTH SECTION.

RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

WE are compelled to omit this section, for the present month; on account of the great quantity of more interesting, and important matter, which demands insertion.—To the generality of mankind the events, which are daily, and hourly, passing before their eyes, must always predominate over the things that are past. Consequently, the history of the times that now are, must, and shall claim a greater portion of our attention and care, than that of the days, which have, long since, been swallowed up in the boundless bosom of the deep of Eternity;—because we now live in more feverish, and more trying times, and, because we witness more portentous, and more awful events, than have ever shaken terribly the womb of existence, since that hour, when the Lord God Omnipotent, first called the heavens and the earth from out of silence, and of night, into being.

It shall be, therefore, our earnest endeavour to catch and to preserve the leading features of the passing hour, and so correctly to discern and to delineate the signs of the times, that the future historian of *this rising country*, may be enabled to present a just and an accurate portrait to his fellow-men, in that day, when all our lineaments of clay shall have been dissolved, and when the bones of our posterity shall be mouldering in the tomb.

We would, further, observe, that the *spirit of literature*, has been for some years past, and is now, increasing, and spreading with rapid strides over all the Union; whence the labours, and the duty, and the situation of the *Reviewer*, become, every day, and every hour, more arduous, more interesting, more responsible, and more important. Perhaps, the British nation owes its paramount excellence, in all literary productions, to the salutary influence of her numerous and excellent *reviews*, more than to any other cause.—The

same causes, under similar circumstances, uniformly, produce the same effects. America, therefore, has a right to expect, that she also, shall at no distant day, cause the voice of her genius to be heard throughout all the habitable world, with that applause and homage, which is ever due, and which is always paid, to the exertions of superior intellect.

But, in order to carry this most desirable purpose into full effect, the *Reviewers of this country* must never stoop to do personal suit and service to any one ;—they must never wait in the anti-chamber, either of a *Mecœnas*, or of an *Augustus* ;—they must *know no one*, either as an *acquaintance*, or a *friend* ;—they must defend the purity and the dignity of religion ;—they must fight the battles of true philosophy, and of sound literature ;—they must be the vigilant, the unwearied, the lofty, the unbending champions of the honour, and the virtue, and the respectability, and the domestic happiness of the *softer* and the *better* sex ;—that much-suffering, and insulted sex, *all of whom the morals, and the manners, and the pursuits* of the atheists, and the jacobin-spoilers of the present day, are incessantly labouring, by every artifice, and with the most unblushing audacity, to turn over, as poor, wretched, forlorn victims,—to shame, and remorse, and anguish, and tribulation, and barren sorrow, and irretrievable destitution.

. Nor are the efforts of the Reviewers, *alone*, adequate to the execution of such an honourable undertaking. The *American public* must, also, conjoin their aid ;—their patronage, and their encouragement must make an effectual demand for, at least, *one whole monthly review*, all of whose pages might be devoted to the service of watching over and of directing the rapidly progressive march of American literature. A few, solitary pages, snatched from a publication, made up, and consisting of a farrago of such a multitude of different and irreconcilable ingredients ;—of essays, and tales, and communications, and poems, and—*the quicquid agunt homines* (—all good in their respective stations, all fitted to promote the great cause of morality, and of letters, but, certainly, out of season, and out of place, when commingled with a *critical* examination of the intellectual pretensions of the

writers of a country)—can be no more adequate to the fulfilment of the important office of *reviewing* the state of American literature, than is the feeble cry of a being, such as man, efficient to still the roar of the Atlantic surge, when lashed into a tempest by the fury of the winds.

A *review*, therefore, should be a *separate* work—standing *alone*, upon the basis of its own merit:—and a *magazine*, and *register* might, very reasonably, and very beneficially contain a selection of essays, and verses, and history, both past and present, and, whatever else, might tend to combine improvement with delight, to those readers, who shrink from the labour of long-continued thinking, and whose brain cannot bear the burden of profound, and comprehensive reflection.

Let the public make an effectual demand for such literary productions, and they will be instantly forth-coming;—for literature, like every other species of human commodity, must always be proportioned to the demand for it in the intellectual market;—that is, in other words, the quantity of genius, and of learning, which is *publicly produced*, in order to adorn, to strengthen, and to dignify any given country, must be always directly proportioned to the quantity of *sense, taste, virtue, refinement, understanding* and *civilization*, existing among the people of that country.—

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

DEBATES on the *Non-importation act*—(Continued from
Vol. 2.—No. 3.—page 201.)

IN discussing the question of *policy* on our part, in a prospective war with Great Britain, Mr. Randolph glanced over a great variety of interesting topics. It was not possible, however, on such an occasion, to do equal justice to them all; nor, are we to expect that any one of them would be either closely examined, or profoundly investigated. It was sufficient, that the prominent features of each subject should be presented to the house; and that, while the mask was torn from the hideous face which it covered, and the veil of deception thrown aside, the country might, at once, have a full view of its dangers, as well as of the decisive measures, necessary to be taken, in order to meet them. As the most important remarks are scattered over various parts of the speeches of this enlightened statesman, and as the same subjects are frequently recurred to, after having been apparently dismissed, we shall endeavour to reduce them to order—and, as much as possible, give to each individual subject, all that was said upon it, before we pass on to another.

Before measures were adopted, calculated to provoke violent resentment, Mr. Randolph thought, that the objects of contention should be thoroughly investigated—and here, Mr. R. had to tread on tender ground. The speculative temper of the country; the strong interest of commercial cities; and the adventurous spirits of Merchants, who had long been accustomed to gain by the very means which he combated, would all rise in firm phalanx against him. Yet, nothing appalled, by these various antagonists, he began his attack with an anecdote, at once humorous, and defying; sarcastic and indignant. “I am forcibly struck on this occasion by the

"recollection of a remark made by one of the ablest, if not
"honestest, ministers, that England ever produced. I mean
"Sir Robert Walpole, who said, that the country gentlemen,
"poor meek souls! came up, every year, to be sheared; that
"they laid mute and patient, whilst their fleeces were taking
"off; but that if he touched a single *bristle* of the commer-
"cial interest, the whole styè was in an uproar. It was, indeed,
"shearing the hog,—great cry, and little wool!"

Mr. Randolph proceeded to ask what was the question in dispute? Was it the carrying trade? And if so, what part of it? Was it the fair, the honest, the useful trade, which consisted in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in return? To all these questions Mr. R. gave a decided negative. He contended, that it was not the honest carrying trade, which had become the object of dispute, but that trade which *covers* enemy's property, and carries the products of the West-Indies to the mother country; that mere fungus of the present European war, and which would vanish with the first return of peace. No man, he imagined, could be so credulous as to believe, that this country possessed sufficient capital, not only, for its own proper trade, but also large enough for the purpose of transmitting to the respective parent states, the vast and wealthy products of the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies. It was beyond the belief of any rational being.

Mr. Randolph thought it was well worth an inquiry, to what extent the revenue was concerned in this trade. "Al-
"most our whole revenue," said he, "is derived from com-
"merce, that is, from domestic consumption of imports from
"abroad. How much comes from the carrying trade? Your
"statements say, 800,000 Dollars. But, if our whole consup-
"tion were imported in foreign bottoms, the impost would
"exceed its present amount, by eleven or twelve hundred
"thousand Dollars."—But did he wish to gain this increase
at the expence of navigation? Far from it, nor did he hesitate
to allow, that the carrying trade was valuable, but he request-
ed the house duly to consider, what branch of it, it was, on
account of which, the navigation and commerce, the agri-
culture, and even the constitution were to be jeopardized.

"Look at this trade, which is to be guarded at every risk, and the men, who follow it. Do they carry your products abroad, and bring back goods for home consumption? No; they plunge their hands into your pockets for drawback—During this very session, they threatened to plunder the treasury of millions, by a bill, happily arrested on its passage. If our fair trade is not protected, how comes it, that it has grown with a rapidity before unheard of in any age, unknown in any nation? That growth has been nourished by protecting duties, and fostered by our own neutral position. We are the real friends of your navigation. It has grown beneath the shade of discriminating duties, flourished in the sunshine of the neutral character—with the first blight of maritime war, it dies."

In the course of the debate Mr. R. had been charged with fixing a stigma upon the merchants; nor, can it be denied, that many of his remarks are certainly severe. When, however, he enters into a defence of himself against this charge, he proves, that he only exposes those aberrations from strict integrity, and open, honourable dealing, so common in all communities, and not, that he charges the want of uprightness to the class of citizens alluded to, exclusively. That numbers of men, calling themselves merchants, have combined to lower that high character, is too obvious to be contradicted. But these reptiles belong not to one nation only. "They are," (to use Mr. R's words) "made up of *pseudo* Americans, with Anglo, and Gallo Americans, and American French and English, who amass fortunes by trading under the neutral character, and setting it up to auction for the highest bidder. Such men, he adds, are generally without connexions and character; yet, as this is, in some degree, unknown in the countries where they trade, the character and property of the honorable merchant is valued with that of the mushroom adventurer.

In every country should the character of the merchant stand on the highest ground; because, except the agriculturalist, none is so useful to the community at large; indeed, to him it is that even the agriculturalist owes much of his wealth; and the land-holder, the increased value of his estate. By opening

sources for the reception of produce—and particularly of grain, he raises the price of the article, as well as enhances the value of the land, which produces it : and hence it is, that in proportion as the foreign demand for produce increases, or diminishes, in that same proportion, do the agriculturalists, and land-owners, rise to wealth, or descend into the vale of penury and want.

High, however, as the mercantile character always should be, and, in many instances is, yet it must be allowed, that the allurements of gain, and the prospects of a rapid fortune, are frequently found too strong for resistance. When interest leads the way, the conscience is easily satisfied, nor does the mind, always, stop to inquire about abstract notions of right and wrong, when gold presents its ever fascinating hue.— Yet, are these any excuse for the merchant, who claims a title to the dignified character of his calling? Surely not. It is, then, for him to set the ennobling example of unblenched integrity, and of mercantile honour. To point out to the young adventurer this great truth, that the undeviating path of uprightness, is the only permanent one, that leads to riches. When merchants of fortune and of influence, hold up so bright a pattern, the ambitious, and even the wavering, are at once determined to follow them ; while the pitiful, mere money-making paltrons, as well as the practised, insidious villain, is abashed, and left to scowl and hide his head.

When after the decisive battle of Zama, Scipio had dictated terms of peace to Carthage—one of which was, that *two hundred talents* should be paid to Rome ; at the execution of which article several members of the *Senate* were in tears ;—Hannibal was observed to smile. On being interrogated, respecting this insult offered to the public distress ; he answered : “ that a smile of scorn for those who felt not the loss of their country, until it affected their *private interests*, was an expression of sorrow for Carthage.”

In debates, on questions, involving consequences of paramount importance to the country, nothing can be more disingenuous, or reflect greater discredit on the senator, than his evading the allusion to any facts, merely because they run counter to those views on the subject which he has embraced ;

and to that general, or particular system, which he is determined to support. A conduct of this kind is always derogatory to the character of that statesman, who, aspiring to stand on the broad pedestal of individual integrity, and national patriotism, ought never to stoop to those mean, and pitiful arts, by which alone, partizans excite the notice of the multitude, and demagogues are raised to distinction. Even an inadvertent aberration from that erect posture, which a dignified statesman should always assume, is truly a cause of serious regret—but very different are the sentiments which such conduct excites, when it is the effect of pre-meditated artifice, or design.

Mr. Randolph had been charged with the last of these arts, in having, when he first addressed the house, *designedly* passed over one of the most important objects of the present resolution before them—the *impressment of seamen*. In reply to this insinuation, he did not, for a moment, attempt to excuse himself for this omission of his duty. He declared that he had scarcely left the house, before he recollected the circumstance with regret, and that no gentleman should ever be able to accuse him of having evaded any questions, which had been submitted to their discussion. In reference to this subject, however, he rather showed the grievance complained of, than entered into the investigation of the abstract question itself. He contended, that the resolution would never recover a single seaman, from British men of war. That the system of impressment, though subversive of individual liberty, must always be resorted to, where a large naval power is to be supported: And that America herself, must adopt this system, if she has long to contend with any great power on the ocean. The tardy operation of enlistment, is not calculated to meet a sudden emergency, nor could the wealth of Cræsus sustain the expense. The difficulty of procuring seamen had been felt, even in the Mediterranean war; but far greater would be the difficulty in the event of a war with England. Numbers of those seamen, who would with alacrity face the Corsairs, and even the Dons, and the Monsieurs, would recoil at being led to battle with a British fleet—"And why? Because, waving other considerations, a great proportion of

“our seamen are foreigners—Natives of Great-Britain, who still feel prejudices for their native country. Yes, Sir, the character of the American seamen, like that of the neutral trader, too often eludes our grasp. The moment you make war, much more if you resort to impressment, the American sailor vanishes; he becomes a subject of Denmark, with the first frost, he disappears in a night.”

In estimating the balance of interest between neutral, and belligerent powers, it is not to be expected that the first will make any sacrifice in favour of the last, unless some prospective good is held out as an equivalent; or some future evil is pointed to as a motive for such sacrifice. Friendship, between nations, is a plant of rare production; nor can it be longer nurtured, than while the soil of each is congenial to its growth—Continually vibrating as interest dictates;

———Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

* * * * *

Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a *doit* break out,
In bitterest enmity.——

Not even the wire-drawing amplification of Guicciardini, himself, would be able to fill up fifty pages of history, with an enumeration of the *friendly* acts done by one nation to another;—of the mutual reciprocations of kindness and affection;—the aid afforded in public calamity;—the protection given in imminent danger;—the prompt, and effectual support bestowed in the hour of national alarm, and under the prospect of approaching ruin.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND
NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

* * * Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Geological account of the United States of North America, with a view of the climate and productions—whether animal, vegetable, or mineral: together with an account of the natural curiosities. By James Mease, M. D. 1 vol. 18 mo. with plates. Philadelphia. Birch and Small.

French Homonyms, or a collection of Words, similar in sound, but different in meaning and spelling, by John Martin, Professor of Languages in New-York. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1 New-York, Collins, Perkins & Co.

A Letter on the subject of Episcopacy, from Samuel Osgood, Esq. to a young gentleman of this city. Price 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents. Collins, Perkins & Co.

A view of the late difficulties in the Presbyterian congregation, in York-Town, for the information of the friends of Zion, by the Presbyterian Church of said place. Price one shilling. Poughkeepsie. I. Nelson & Son.

Poems by Richard B. Davis; with a sketch of his life.—“A simple solitary Bard was he.” 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1 in boards. New-York. T. & J. Swords.

Narrative of the Adventures of an American Navy Officer, who served during part of the American Revolution, under the command of John Paul Jones. Published for the benefit of the Author's Widow, and for sale by the Booksellers.

A letter to the Inhabitants of the city and state of New-York, on the subject of the Western waters; by Agricola. New-York. S. Gould & Co.

Dallas's Reports, vol. 4th, price 6 dollars. Philadelphia. P. Byrne.

Memoirs of Roger Clap, one of the first settlers of *New-England*, containing an account of the hardships which he and others experienced on their landing. It is presumed this Pamphlet will be considered as not unworthy the perusal of the descendants of the pilgrims. Boston. W. T. Clap.

The fifth and last volume of the life of Gen. George Washington, with the maps and charts, is just published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Wayne, and for sale by E. Sargeant in this city.

REPUBLICATIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems: by James Montgomery. Embellished with a superb engraving by Tisdale and Leney. 1 vol. 12mo. boards, price 1 dollar. New-York. S. Stansbury.

Memoirs of the life of Marmontel, written by himself. 2 vols. 12mo. price 2 dollars, neatly bound and lettered. New-York. Brisban & Brannan.

An Essay upon the learning of Devises, by writing, to their consummation by the death of the Devisor, by John Joseph Powell, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. First American from the last London Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. Price in Law binding, \$1 50. Brisban & Brannan.

Dr. Maskelyne's *Requisite Tables*, to which is added the most useful Astronomical Tables for Nautical purposes, with a variety of new and useful problems, and the method of finding the longitude by eclipse of the Sun, and occultations of the fixed stars by the Moon, with an example from the last Solar Eclipse observed by the Editor at Kinderhook. T. & J. Swords, New-York.

Nautical Almanac for 1807, 1808, 1809; with some useful additions, particularly the Moon's declination, calculated for every 6th hour, for finding the latitude at sea. T. & J. Swords.

Reports by the most learned Sir Edmund Saunders, knight, lord chief justice of the K. B. of several pleadings and cases, with three tables; the first the names of cases, 2d. the matters contained in the pleadings, the 3d. the principal matters in the pleadings, with notes and references to the pleadings and cases, by John Williams, *Sergeant at Law*. In two volumes in three parts—the first American edition, from the 3d London. Price. 12 dollars. Philadelphia. P. Byrne.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Messrs. Birch and Small, of Philadelphia, propose soon to publish *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, by the Rev. Thomas Smith, revised, corrected, and improved, by James Mease, M. D.

W. W. Woodward of the same city will shortly issue from his Press—1 *Contemplations on the Sacred History*, altered from the works of Bishop Hall; by G. H. Glasse, M. A. in 3 vols. 12mo.

2. A complete *History of the Holy Bible*, from the text of S. Howell, A. M. with additions and improvements by the Rev. G. Burder. In two volumes 8vo.

3. A *Theological Dictionary*, in two volumes 8vo. by the Rev. C. Burke.

Captain Lewis has announced his intention of publishing, in 3 volumes 8vo. *Lewis and Clark's Tour to the Pacific ocean*, through the interior of North America, during the years 1804, 1805, 1806. Performed by order of the Government of the United States.—Also a map of North America, from Longitude 9 deg. west to the Pacific ocean, and between 56 and 52 deg. north latitude.—Subscriptions for these works are received by all the principal Booksellers throughout the Union.

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE,
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO V.

ON LICENTIOUSNESS IN WRITING.

ALL the world rails at licentiousness in writing. Even the worn-out, almost extinguished libertine affects to screw his mouth into all the unloveliness of distortion, and to lengthen his faded face, at the bare mention of an indecent book.—But all the world does *not* know what constitutes a licentious composition.

To the pure all things are pure ;—and in the minds of such beings unhallowed images find no place. I am, never, inclined to give much credit to the purity of those who are outrageously squeamish,—the very dragons of virtue,—those, who are fierce for delicacy.—Nor was I surprized to hear, that the daughter of a friend of mine, lately, ran away with her father's groom, and soon, there-after, went upon the town, when I recollected, that I saw this very girl, about three years since, put a covering of white muslin over a marble resemblance of a male grey-hound, which stood in her father's hall ; because, forsooth,—she was so shocked to see any thing of the masculine gender naked.—The young lady might with equal propriety, have put a pair of breeches on a male frog ; as the celebrated Spallanzani, in Italy, has so often done,

and with such marvellous effect. I remember, says a lively traveller,—“when I was in Paris, going in company with a very amiable and enlightened French lady and her daughter, to see the paintings in the Hotel des Invalides; we stopped before one in which there were some naked figures, male and female, as large as life: whilst we were looking at them, another lady, after having contemplated them, with earnest attention, for some time, through her opera glass, exclaimed,—‘How shocking, how indecent!’—and turned away. One of my fair friends looked round to me, and whispered:—“There is no harm in the picture, the *impurity is in her mind.*”

Juvenal, the great and prominent features of whose mind were dignity, and courage, and the most marked abhorrence of vice, has been accused, from age to age, by almost all the commentators and critics, of indecency. The cry has been louder against him than against any of the other writers of Rome;—yet Horace, and Persius, and Pliny, and Seneca, all wrote, in terms of grossness, for which we shall look, in vain, in the pages of Juvenal.

But far be it from me to attempt to excuse iniquity by pointing to instances of greater turpitude. If we examine the writings of Juvenal attentively, we shall, perhaps, discover, that the indelicacy with which he is charged, is only to be found in the hearts of his accusers who were put to shame by his pure and lofty morality, which brands with infamy the base ones of the earth, who, in revenge, seek to slander the *motives* of him whose doctrines they are compelled to respect.

Consider, but for a moment, *what* are the vices which Juvenal lashes, and in *what manner* he chastises those vices. Does he strive to render iniquity amiable:—to adorn and to embellish crime, by arraying it in the splendid garb of genius;—to foster and to encourage, by blandishment and wiles, the growth and the gratification of those turbulent and unseemly passions whose lawless use snaps asunder all the ligaments of society, and deforms the fair face of creation?—No; he, every where, renders depravity *loathsome* and *horrible*; compels us to be alarmed and disgusted

at vice ; to shrink, with dismay, from an acquaintance with that monster whose form and mien he exposes in all the hideousness of their native deformity.

Juvenal lived, as we live, in times which required the aid of no feeble moralist ; which could be supported by no petty, by no temporizing intellect. Ridicule might silence a block-head, or might laugh frivolity out of countenance ;—but the brazen front of vice lowers scorn and defiance upon the puny attacks of witlings, and of mere laughing philosophers. The javelin, which strikes the aged Priam to the ground, drops harmless and ineffectual from the shield of Neoptolemus,

That writing, *alone*, is licentious, which has a tendency to *corrupt* the mind, and to render *vice amiable*. Hence all books that inculcate lessons of immorality, and render profligacy attractive, are to be condemned as licentious. Under the ban of this censure must be placed the greatest portion of the books which fall into the hands of *women*.

With the page of *history* which records the actions of men, and enables us, by presenting facts on which we may reason, to discover the causes which have retarded or accelerated the progress of virtue, and of happiness, of knowledge, and of power, among the people of any given country, women are not, often, very extensively, or accurately acquainted. In biography, which, if properly written, unfolds to us the means by which particular men have invigorated and expanded all their mental faculties, and ascended the heights of excellence by the exertions of those giant capacities of genius, which make help and hindrance vanish from before them, they are but little versed.

With the relations of voyagers and travellers, which open to our minds new fields of speculation and of instruction, by pourtraying the characteristic features of different nations and people, and by developing the causes which led to the formation of such characteristic features, they are seldom conversant. At the streams of general literature they do not often drink ;—for the fountains from which these streams are derived, are, to them, for ever sealed. From their eyes, and from their search, is the fair book of science generally closed. Even, the great volume of nature is not frequently

opened unto them ; for they are seldom taught to trace their Creator in his works, to look through nature up to nature's God.

In their intervals of relaxation from the *business* of dress, of shopping, and of visiting, or of being visited, they destroy what little portion of mind has survived the destructive, the suffocating grasp of their *education* ;—and corrupt, and deprave their hearts, by the continued perusal of trumpery, flimsy novels, or outrageous and improbable romances. The novels which are the *most charming*, and most read, are calculated only to stimulate them to every low, base, selfish, degrading, sensual gratification, at the expence of all that understanding gives, and all that integrity can impart. By the reiterated reading of these panders of licentious profligacy, they are rendered to every intent and purpose,—for, *thoughts are actions before God*,—the companions, and the peers of the shameless, and the abandoned out-casts of society.

The sensations and emotions raised in the ignorant and the uninstructed mind, by the infusion of these steams of pestilence, are such as destroy all the finer and all the better feelings of the heart, and blast every effort of virtue in the bud ; they wither that blooming rose which, gemmed with the dews of the morning, glistens on the fair fore-head of youth. For the feelings of delicacy, of honour, and of love, can only be acquired and preserved by an unremitted, and an unbending pursuit of those calm and peaceful virtues, those higher intellectual delights, which purify the heart, and lift it up above all the contamination of mere gross sensuality, while they illumine and strengthen the understanding.

• And what do the *romances*, so much in fashion and in vogue, teach them ?—Every kind of absurdity. They create, for their unfortunate votaries, momentary scenes of unreal bliss, only to be followed by a long,—long, night of wo ; they twist the understanding into every obliquity of distortion, only to make it feel that it is wretched, and unfit to discharge the great duties of its office here on earth ; and to terrify it from looking forward to that state where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling ;—for what peace, and what rest, shall be reserved for those who

have wilfully incapacitated themselves for the discharge of their most pressing and indispensable functions;—have voluntarily refused to fill up the end and the measure of their being?

Will a woman, think you, be able, or inclined to condescend to become a dutiful and an obedient daughter, a kind and an attentive sister, a faithful and an affectionate wife, an upright and a tender mother,—when her head is stuffed with nought, but windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing;—with warriors cased in impenetrable armour;—with bloody hands, and sable plumes;—with peals of thunder, shaking the foundations of a cathedral, or a castle, and, then, followed by an angel or a devil, who speaks in a voice greater or smaller than the thunder;—with graceful knights on horse-back, and beautiful damsels on foot, all alone, in a wildering forest, or a dreary heath, with nothing but a dwarf, or a giant, to accompany, or to violate them?

Will these, and ten thousand such fantastic fooleries as these, which terrify weak minds, while they corrupt the heart by leading away the understanding from the only objects which it ought to pursue, namely,—*truth* and *probability*,—and by plunging it into an endless maze of falsehood and of impassioned credulity,—render *women*, what—*they should be*? Will they teach them how to acquire that clear and steady light of moral obligation, and of reason, which, *alone*, can point out the infinite superiority of those calm and unobtrusive *domestic* pleasures, which call forth the best feelings of the heart? and which, by converting private families into so many scenes of virtue, of knowledge, and of happiness, give power, and felicity, and permanent honour and strength, to the community at large?—over all the barbarous glare, and all the frivolous ostentation of those *splendid vices* which are to the heart of the individual, the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched,—and which are, to all human society, the death-warrant of its existence, written in characters of blood;—those *splendid vices*, whose enormity the greatest portion of mankind have, hitherto, endeavoured to conceal from others, and, perhaps, from themselves, by covering them with a gorgeous veil of costly drapery, and by affix-

ing to them false and lying names,—by calling evil good, and bitter sweet,—by dignifying human butchery with the appellations of glory and of honour ;—and by libelling the understanding of man, in adorning the hollow smile of insincerity, which eternally simpers on the lips of the parasite, with the title of benevolence and of wisdom ?

But let me not be misunderstood.—I, by no means, wish to be considered as one of these gloomy, rigid beings who fancy, that, in proportion as they abstain from all innocent gratification, and render themselves morose and miserable, they are pleasing and gratifying that God who willeth the happiness of his creatures. When I object to the too great propensity to sensual indulgence,—(so much fostered and encouraged by the perusal of that order of books to which I have, just now, alluded)—I mean only to lament that, if carried too far, it is injurious, by poisoning the sources of virtue, and by drying up the fountains of intellectual happiness.

But I do not condemn *all sensible* pleasure. For I am well aware, that all our senses were given to us, for the sake of administering to our comfort, and delight ; but as all sensual pleasure is, in its nature, fleeting and transitory, it is incumbent upon us to seek for those enjoyments which may fill up the void and the vacancy occasioned by the intervals of listlessness which must occur between the capabilities of a renewed gratification of the senses ; and such enjoyments can only be found in the endeavour to amend the heart, and to improve the understanding ; by which means we not only secure to ourselves a perpetuity of the highest and the most ecstasie intellectual bliss, but, also, throw the indescribable charms of delicacy and of refinement over all our sensual delights.

Our organs of sense are the only medium through which the materials of pleasure,—(or of knowledge)—can find their way to the mind ; and where the indulgence of the senses is bounded by innocence, and tempered, and alternated, and heightened, by intellectual enjoyment, perennial springs of earthly happiness are opened. No one, I suppose, would be so hardy, as, gravely, and seriously, to assert, that man was created with such wonderful capabilities of excellence, merely, to consume all his time, to employ all his efforts, to spend

all his fires, in seeking after sensual pleasures. Such a position bears upon its front so very broad a stamp of absurdity, that to attempt to refute, by reasoning, what is so ridiculous as to elude all argumentation, would be, nearly as foolish, as to advance such an outrageous and monstrous assertion.

But there are some people who wish to do what is right, and to avoid even the semblance of evil ; that think, or fancy that they think, the pure delights of abstracted and intellectual pursuits are lowered and debased by sensual gratification. Yet, it will be found by those who take the trouble to examine this subject, that the senses lend charms to the imagination, and that they heighten all the joys of abstracted felicity.

In love, and in friendship, for instance, are not all the delights which the fancy can pourtray in contemplating the virtues and the excellencies of the beloved object, heightened by the presence of that object ? Does not the countenance, beaming with benignity and affection, the tones of the voice uttering the sounds of attachment and of kindness, the embrace of ardent, unfeigned, unutterable love, all, immediately applied to the senses of sight, of hearing, and of touch ;—do they not all impart a happiness superior to the felicity which we can derive, by dwelling, with rapture, on the recollection of these endeared beings which the imagination calls up in their absence ?

In good truth, the delights of the imagination are, in this instance, blended with, and heightened by, the most pure and refined pleasures of sense. If sensual gratification only lowered and obstructed the abstracted joy of the imagination, we should never desire to see, or to hear, or to embrace the objects of our affection, but should love them the better for their never appearing before us ;—which is absurd,—because it is contradicted by fact, every day and every hour of our lives.

The best method, then, of ensuring to ourselves the greatest quantity of bliss in our pilgrimage through the vale of mortality, is to temper all sensual gratification by the intervention of intellectual pleasures, and to bind upon the brows of both the never-fading garland of religion and of moral obligation.

From all that has been said, therefore, we would infer, that as the senses are the inlets of all physical pleasure to the virtuous and the upright, that author cannot, justly, be deemed licentious in his mode of writing, who, occasionally indulges in descriptions of the ecstatic happiness which arises from the honourable intercourse of persons bound to each other by the tie of pure and of exalted affection. For, surely, he, who paints scenes of domestic bliss; who portrays the faithful husband and the loving wife; who sketches in glowing colours the picture of ardent and of lasting attachment, strengthens, and more closely unites all the bands of society, by representing virtue as adorned with all the graces in her train.

Let the brand of licentiousness and of infamy, therefore, be for ever stamped on all those writers who endeavour to destroy the community;—by breaking down every barrier which separates moral obligation from profligacy;—by placing the hardened and the abandoned daughter of impudence and of guilt upon the same level with that exalted and dignified being who fulfils the great and the hallowed duties of mother and of wife; by delivering over the helpless and much abused sex to all the horrors of contempt, and shame, and scorn, and penury, and disease, and despair, and death.

But, never, will we suffer *Folly*, while she shakes her many coloured cap, and jingles her tinkling bells, with an idiot-laugh, to impute the crime of licentiousness to him whose writings strive to win men over to the side of virtue, by always arraying the domestic charities, and the kindred relations of life, in the garb of beauty, and by gracing them with the winning smiles of happiness and love;—while, at the same time, he pursues vice with interminable hostility, never, for a moment, relaxing in the ardour of his chace, till he has compelled her to slink, scowling, back into the cave of her own deformity, and has taught her to tremble at her own murmurs.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN:

A MORAL TALE; BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 4. page 222.)

EDWARD knew enough of Scottish manners to remember, that they dignified every one who traded in any commodities to the amount of half a farthing, with the appellation of merchant; he, therefore, looked about, and, after a minute search, discovered, that a board, once, perhaps, painted blue, and whose area was half an inch by three fourths of an inch, meant to tell, but most of the letters were obliterated by the depredations of time and circumstance, that snuff, tobacco, and farthing candles, were sold in this merchant's house.

Upon this discovery, Edward pulled off his hat, bowed lowly towards the ground, humbly begged the good old lady's pardon, and declared, that he had unwittingly offended her, owing to his having been directed to her house as an inn. This apology, delivered, with his head uncovered, and in a soothing tone withal, pacified the venerable matron; and she pointed out to him a place so very much worse than her own hut, that he had already past it, under the notion of its being a heap of mud thrown up for the purpose of manuring the fields, and not affording a habitation for any human being.

To this inn Edward repaired, and the land-lord, a little dirty, white-faced, soddén complexioned, elderly man, who stood at the door, denied him entrance.—Edward—why will you not allow to me enter your house?—Host—Because, five years ago, two Dutchmen stole a silver spoon from me after they had sate in my room, and drank some whisky.—Edward—But I am no Dutchman, and I never drink whisky; I only want to rest myself half an hour, in your room, and to have a bowl of

milk set before me, for which I will pay you now, whatever you demand.—Host—No, I will not let another *foreigner* come into my house again.—Edward—But I am not a foreigner. I am an Englishman.—Host—I care not what you are, you shall not come into my house ; and so you had better go along about your business ;—Saying which, he went into the house and shut the door.

Edward, finding that it was in vain to seek admittance there, crawled slowly forward ; for he was much exhausted by fatigue, and want of rest, not having been in bed for two nights. He had not travelled onward more than a mile from Inch-ker, when he was hailed by a female voice behind him, desiring him to halt awhile. Edward turned round, and beheld trotting after him a little, active, clean, elderly woman, who, as soon as she came up with him, said—Where are you ganging ?—Edward—To Perth.—Old woman—Are you very tired.—Edward—Yes.—Old woman—But are you an American ?—Edward—Yes.—Old woman—Then come, and sit down upon this bank, and rest yourself. Edward sate himself down by the side of the old woman.

Old woman—You are a very young laddy, and quite faint and pale ; I pity you with all my heart ; I am, myself, a poor lone widow-body of Perth, and have lost my husband, who was as honest a man and as good a thresher as any in the kingdom of Fife ; and, while he lived, we kept ourselves from starving, by his industry. But he is gone—said she, wiping her eyes with her canvass apron,—and so are all my ten bairns, six sons and four daughters ; four of my sons were killed in the army, and the two youngest perished at sea ; my daughters, poor creatures, died, absolutely for want of nourishment ; for, after their father was dead, and he died four years ago, come October next, we could not earn enough to maintain us ; and they, being young and tender, were brought to the grave before me, who am stouter and more hardened ; but I shall soon follow ; for altho' I could do pretty well, as I am only fifty-eight years of age, and, by working early and late, can earn *four pence* a day, at my spinning-wheel, yet my house-rent, which is eighteen shillings a year, now every thing is so very dear, is more than I can pay, and distresses me sorely.

Here she heaved a sigh, which, God knows, Edward answered from the bottom of his heart, while she proceeded,—And my goods, I suppose, will be seized on the next quarter-day, to satisfy the demands of my land-lord, who is a huge rich gentleman, a mason in Perth, and who says, that he will not let his house for nothing. Nor can I blame him; for, surely, he has a right to do what he pleases with his own property; only I am unable to help myself; for, though I work from day light to dark, I can earn but four pence; which is not more than enough, in these scarce and hard times, to provide me with food and clothes; it is not sufficient to enable me to pay so much as four shillings and sixpence a quarter for house rent; so that I have nothing to look forward to, on this side of the grave, but misery, and starving to death; but God's will be done; for what pleases Him must be right.

This plain and artless tale of the poor woman, related with the utmost simplicity and gentleness, without the least appearance of art or of bitterness, raised in Edward's heart emotions, which he could not very well conceal; and notwithstanding he affected to contemplate the country from the summit of the verdant bank, where he was sitting, she discovered that all was not right within him, and immediately attributing his apparent concern to the reflection upon his own misery, she, in the most tender and sympathizing tones, compassionated his situation, and said—But why should I dwell upon my own sorrows, when you, poor laddy, are so much worse off? You are all alone, and very young, and lame, and worn out with weariness; you shall have from this can—(taking off the lid of a tin vessel, resembling, in shape, those, in which milk is carried about the streets of London, as she spoke)—some new cow's milk, which has just been given me by a neighbour about two miles off; here is a plenty, nearly a quart, and a hearty draught will refresh you, and enable you to go on with your journey.

Edward thanked her for her kindness, took the can, and drank some of the milk, and, then, proceeded to put a guinea into her hand; but she drew back, and staring, said—what! a golden guinea for two bawbies worth of milk! and where

did such a young laddy as you get a golden guinea? Edward told her that he had more of them in his pocket, and, that he should esteem it as a particular favour if she would accept the guinea, as a mark of his gratitude for her kindness to him when he was in distress. The woman's eyes filled fast with tears; she received the guinea, and sobbed out some inarticulate sounds, and Edward walked onwards to give vent to the feelings which rose in his bosom.

While the flood was still swelling in his eyes, he cast his view around upon the country, and for a while lost every other sensation in that of delight; the vallies, teeming with fertility, were in the highest state of cultivation; the hills, for the most part, were clothed with wood to their very summits; save that, here and there, a rude mountain reared its bare head, indignantly refusing the gay, but adventitious ornament of vegetation, as but ill according with the dignity of such rugged and majestic grandeur. Nature had showered her blessings on this favoured land, this garden of Eden, this terrestrial paradise; but art had contrived, by the happy disposition of lawn, of park, of plantation, and of bower, by the judicious choice of spots adapted for the erection of the mansions of elegance, of hospitality and of splendor, and the meaner, but more useful buildings, consecrated to domestic economy, to show, that in the strife all beauteous nature feared to be out-done.

And to crown all, to complete the perfection of this enchanting tract of country, the windings of the river Tay, whose tributary streams enriched and adorned the whole extent of this delicious vale, presented such a picture, as raised in Edward's mind sensations and emotions, to be felt, not to be described, to be imagined, not to be expressed. He stood on the summit of a verdant hill:

“Heav'ns! what a godly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and lawns, and woods, and spires,
And gilded streams, and splendid towns, where all
The stretching prospect into smoke decays.”

CHAPTER III.

An accoucheur's barbarity—the country grows more wild—the Duke of Athol depopulates Dunkeld—scenery at Dunkeld—the pass of Killacrankey, its sublimity—Blair Athol—the Laird Robertson's domains—interview with a highland peasant—a little poem.

AT Perth, Edward went to an inn, where he met with a gentleman in deep mourning. After the first salutations were over, the stranger eyed him with looks of apparent concern, and said—You seem, young gentleman, to be labouring under some very heavy affliction: I, by no means, wish to intrude upon the privacy of your feelings, for I well know, that sorrow is sacred; but I will, with your permission, relate to you a tale, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, in order to shew you, that you do not mourn alone among the children of men; that others, also, have drank deeply of the cup of affliction, as well as yourself.

Edward bowed and said, that the gentleman would do him a great kindness by relating the story. The stranger, directing his finely expressive countenance, and his dark eloquent eyes towards Edward, thus began.

The chief actors in the drama, which I am going to present to you, are a father and his son, both now living, and in great repute, as *male accoucheurs*, in one of the greatest cities in Scotland. The veteran introducer of other people's children into the world had a daughter, whose youth, wisdom, beauty, and virtue were the common topic of admiration to all her acquaintance. On a lovely autumnal evening this young lady, while sitting in her room, perusing the pages of Petrarca, heard the following dialogue between a poor man and her father.—Sir, my wife is in the pangs and anguish of travail; her case is extremely dangerous, her midwife declares that she can do no more for her; and I beseech you to come and endeavour to relieve her.—Doctor—Where is the fee, honest friend? I shall not stir unless I have three guineas put into my hands first.—Sir, replied the poor fellow,—I have no money, but I will go and sell my house-hold fur-

niture, and all that I have, to save my poor dear wife; I would willingly die to relieve her, she has been so good a mother to our children, and so kind and affectionate a partner to me; do, for God's sake, come, Sir; a moment's delay, perhaps, may be fatal; only consider, Sir, the agony in which the poor creature is, and have some compassion on her, for the love of God.

I will not stir a single inch, answered the obstetrician, 'till I have my money—give me my fee first, and, then, I will go. In vain the poor man, nearly distracted, and agonizing with grief, at the dread of losing her who was most dear unto his soul, and had been the faithful companion of his youth, knelt, wept, prayed, and implored assistance, at the feet of this humane midwife, who stood unmoved, and heard, without remorse, and marked without a single sigh of sympathy or of compassion, the tears and the misery, the groans and the anguish, of a suffering and an afflicted fellow-creature.

The husband, finding all intreaties of no avail to move the flinty heart of this flower of obstetrical chivalry, rose from the earth, and, drooping in the bitterness of despair, left the place, and went on his way sorrowing. Upon the young lady this discourse had not been lost; she slipped out of the house by a postern door, met the poor man, and put three guineas into his hand, bidding him say to her father, that he had gotten the money from a friend. Saying this, she instantly returned to her room, lest she should be discovered by any one of the family, and her good intention, in consequence, be frustrated. The man's heart was swelling full of gratitude for such unexpected kindness; but his benefactress was already departed, and no time was to be lost on account of the urgency of his wife's situation. He, therefore, again sought an audience of the doctor, to whom he shewed the three guineas. The accoucheur, without further questioning, took the pelf, and immediately shot it into the drawer of his bureau. He, then, went to the patient's house, and delivered the woman, whose case was, by no means, so dangerous and alarming, as the ignorance of the midwife, and the fears of the husband had represented it to be.

Not long after the occurrence of this transaction a young gentleman of France, of a good family wooed with success this amiable girl. The youth was generally reputed to join to a clear head and a sound understanding an intimate acquaintance with the recondite depths of science, and the splendours of erudition ; and, what is far above all price or count of value, he was known to possess a pure and an unadulterated heart, an integrity unwarped and unblenched. By the joint concurrence of all parties between this happy pair passed

“ A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of their hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by inter-changement of their rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in the function of the sacred church.”

———“ She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved,
His pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
He led her, blushing like the morn ; all heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill :
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales, and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours, from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, 'till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.”

But this bliss was too great, too exquisite to last. Innocence and integrity alone are, too often, but a weak shield of defence against the assaults of envy and of malice ; the spoils of virtue are, too often, borne in triumph on guilt's victorious car. This young gentleman dared to practise with skill, and with success in that art, in which the veteran accoucheur could bear no rival near his throne. Wherefore, by his own endeavours, and by the infamous exertions of his sycophants and followers, this aged inquisitor, stabbed, assassin like, the reputation of the husband of his own daughter, blasted his fair fame, and eventually deprived him of the means of existence.

And all this mischief was brought about by the unwearied malignity, and the assiduous villainy of a vulgar, coarse, heavy, ignorant old man. Would it readily be believed, that, in this age of *civilized society*, affected shakes of the head, significant shrugs of the shoulder, half phrases, ambiguous givings out, and doubtful expressions of—to be sure, he is very young, and married my daughter ; but I could tell if I would how—or,—I wish that very handsome person of his, and very insinuating address, may not have given cause to Miss L. to sigh—would it be believed, that such frigid iniquity could destroy the *professional* character of an honest man, and actually starve him ?

Yet so it was ; for the inhabitants the city of — gave implicit credit to the suggestions of this accoucheur, and, by withdrawing their confidence and patronage from his son in law, placed the young gentleman in a situation where industry was unavailing, ingenuity impracticable, and virtue helpless. Now came ghastly poverty upon this defenceless youth, and upon the partner of his heart, the darling of his soul, on the eve of becoming a mother. They were literally in want of bread. All their former acquaintance shunned them ; some through fear of offending the old man, and others, because they made it a rule never to know any one that was poor.

In this extremity of distress the young lady sent to implore her father's aid, to enable her to provide the necessary requisites for her approaching situation, to support her in that hour when the pains and the anguish of travail should come upon her. But in vain was the cry of calamity sent forth ; all assistance was denied by the father and by every member of the family, not excepting her brother, who was, also, an *obstetrical quixote*, and rolled down the full tide of affluence and of prosperity.

Now, no ray of hope was left ; the gates of mercy were shut upon this daughter of affliction. She, poor helpless victim, amidst the very dregs of penury, and in all the bitterness of unrelieved agony, without aid, and without attendance, save that of the presence of her sorrowing and distracted husband, who hung over the beloved of his soul in speechless woe, produced a little innocent, which was born but to breathe, to

gaze upon its mother, and to die. Human nature could endure no more ; the mother's cup of sorrow was full, even to the overflowing. She lifted her eyes to heaven, cast one parting look upon her babe, heaved one deep drawn sigh, and sunk upon her pillow never to rise again.

You weep, young gentleman, and those drops become you. Never let your generous indignation at guilt be suppressed, nor let the tear given to misery be ever checked ; but what, think you, were the sufferings of the *husband* of that angel girl ?—Edward made no reply, but looked wistfully at the stranger, with his eyes suffused in tears.—*I am that husband*—continued the stranger—and have told you my own story, that you might learn to mitigate *your* sorrows, when you recall to your remembrance what *mine* are.

The stranger immediately left the room ; and Edward, as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprize into which this unexpected discovery of the gentleman had thrown him, rang the bell, and inquired of the hostess, who the stranger was ?—The woman replied,—that she did not know ; she had never seen him before that day ; he had come to her house a few hours since, had told nothing of his history or of his destination, and was gone, she knew not whither. This narrative sunk deeply into Edward's mind, and afterwards, upon farther inquiry, he found, that it was full of truth, and that the stranger—(i. e. the Chevalier B.)—had only suppressed some of the circumstances, which showed the old accoucheur in a still more shocking point of view, than that of being merely the indirect murderer of his own child,

(*To be Continued.*)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

NATURE DISPLAYED, &c.

BY N. G. DUFIEF.

(Continued from Vol. 2, No. 4, page 229.)

GOOD lack!—Good lack!—N. G. Dufief again!—And, what is much worse, he still resolutely continues to be the very same identical Dufief, notwithstanding all the critical pounding, and pummelling, which he hath received at our hands;—but, as Solomon, very drily, observes,—though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet *will not his folly depart from him*.—Wherefore, although M. Dufief, as one Virgil somewhere remarks, in a certain eclogue of his,—“merits an *oaken staff*,” for the great display of *natural* talents, which he hath made,—yet will we travel onward a little while longer in company with a *philosopher*, who, nothing daunted by the success of his former achievements, now advances upon us with this singularly modest *prophecy*,—for M. Dufief is, to the full, as great a *prophet*, as he is a magnanimous *philosopher*,

“This logic of irresistible facts rapidly spread the fame of the *new* method;—(i. e. N. G. Dufief’s *nature displayed*,)—and so complete was the revolution, that in Philadelphia, the centre of opposition, the *natural* method completely prevails, and from numerous letters received from gentlemen of learning, in every part of the United States, *I may fore-tell*, that the old system of teaching living languages by *grammatical* rules, will, ere long, be driven from this country.”

No, never, never, M. Dufief, will the science of grammar be exploded, in order to make room for your miserable mass of mishapen absurdity, in *this* country, while a single ray of genius, learning, taste, or sense, shall be found to illumine the minds of the American people !!!

M. Dufief, then, presses Mr. Locke into the service, and cites from him these words among others :

"There is nothing more evident, than that the languages learned *by rote*, serve well enough for the *common affairs of life*, and *ordinary commerce*; nay, persons of quality, of the softer sex, and such of them as have spent their time in well-bred company, shew us, that this plain, natural way, without the least study or knowledge of grammar, can carry them to a great degree of elegance and politeness in their language; and that there are *ladies*, who, without knowing what *tenses* and *participles* are, speak as correctly—(they might take it for an ill compliment, if I said as well as any *country school-master*)—as most gentlemen who have been bred up in the ordinary methods of grammar schools."

And, pray, is this *speaking* of the ladies, which may be sufficient for—"the *common affairs of life*, and *ordinary commerce*,"—a real knowledge of the language, which gives the power of *writing correctly* in that language?—If it be not,—(and it will require even all M. Dufief's courage, to say, that it is)—of what use is it to *discard grammar*, and teach language *by rote*; since this latter method, although it might answer the purpose of enabling the ladies to entertain each other, by *talking*, and serve—"well enough for the *common affairs of life*, and *ordinary commerce*,"—can never produce such writers as M. Dufief himself recommends to the notice of his pupils;—we mean M. Voltaire, M. D'Alembert, and the "*virtuous French moralist*," M. Marmontel, &c. &c.

All the world knows—notwithstanding M. Dufief calls Locke—"that great *law-giver* in matters concerning education,"—that Locke's book on education is a very meagre performance; that it is not calculated to give the student an enlarged and a comprehensive view of things; and that he intended it, merely, for the use of *country gentlemen*. Consult the book, and you will readily perceive this to be true; particularly, turn to his very frigid and unsatisfactory remarks upon *poetry*, and *languages*.

Having fortified himself with the assistance of Mr. Locke, M. Dufief proceeds to tell us, that if the student will adopt the *phrase-method*,—"he will be surprised to hear himself speak French with facility. It is a *miracle*, which analogy, and analysis, *without his knowledge*, will do for him."

No doubt, it is a *miracle*: for nothing, short of a miracle, will enable a man to understand a language—"without his *knowledge*."

Then follows a touch of the *pathetic*, which is too exquisitely done in M. Dufief's *best manner*, to be with-holden from the reader.

"How dark, tedious, and fruitless, when compared to this, by which we have been taught to speak our vernacular tongue, and by which we taste, in the mutual effusions of the heart, the first delights of human life; how dark, tedious, and fruitless are the methods which *grammars* prescribe, *tender mothers* will much better comprehend than *cold grammarians*."

Thus we see, that N. G. Dufief is a complete master of his weapons; when argument and sense fail him, and he despairs of making any impression on the men, he has recourse to flattery and nonsense, and turns short round upon the women with—"tender mothers will comprehend, &c."—Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, says, that, when at Paris, he observed a beggar, standing at the corner of a very public and crowded street leading down to the church of Notre Dame; he watched the motions of this mendicant, and noticed, that he never asked alms of the *men* who passed by him, but only of the women; and that *no woman* ever passed by, without giving him some money. This roused Sterne's curiosity, and he requested the beggar to explain the meaning of what he had observed.—Sir, replied the mendicant, I let the men pass, without asking aught from them, because I have, too often, solicited their charity in vain; but I obtain alms from every woman, that I see, by telling her, that I hope God will preserve to her her present exquisite beauty and grace; and thus, by a little flattery, and a very simple compliment to the *person* of the ladies, I gain a comfortable livelihood.

Pray, did M. Dufief avail himself of the ingenuity of this French beggar, and learn, from that pure fountain of knowledge, the marvellous art of beguiling tender mothers to range themselves under his banner, in the terrible battle which he so valiantly wages against the "*cold grammarians*?"

Next followeth a long abuse of *grammars*, which, it seems, are very vile.—We, however, beg leave to inform M. Dufief, that, Shakspeare solemnly advances it as his opinion,—that there is no slander in an *avowed fool*, though he doth nothing but rail.

Instead of attending to such trash as *grammar*, N. G. Dufief

says—"I advise the learner when he has been once through that—(i.e. the first)—volume to *begin anew*, and *so on*, till he is, in fact, *master of it !!*!"—that is, till he has gotten the *whole volume*, consisting of *four hundred and sixty closely printed octavo pages, by heart !!!*

Surely, the tender mercies of that man must be cruel, who could, in his heart, devise so barbarous a method of torment, as that of loading the memory with a tedious volume full of phrases, to be learned *by rote*.

We are, also, favoured with another discovery, which take in the author's own words :

"The above, and in fact, the whole of this discourse, tends to the proof, that the only successful method of learning a language is by custom or *practice*. Hence, the *residing*, for a length of time, in a country, where the language we wish to acquire *is spoken*, much promotes this end; and, where this happens, it is advisable to associate with the *politer* class of people, in order to acquire a good pronunciation and proper habits of speaking; and to read the *most approved* authors, under the guidance of a judicious native."

Is this miserable *truism*,—that *polished* people speak more correctly than do the *vulgar*;—that *practice* is necessary to the learning of a language,—(as it is, to the acquisition of every thing else)—and that, in order to form an accurate judgment of a language, we must read the *most approved* authors, who have written in that language,—to be palmed off upon us as a *new* and a *philosophical* discovery?—No doubt, this information must have very highly gratified the—"learned" gentlemen who wrote letters highly approving him, at their *own* expence, from all parts of the United States.

M. Dufief, however, is not yet satisfied, for he, immediately adds,

"But *this work*, in a great degree, precludes the necessity of *going to France* to acquire the language; for it places the learner nearly in the *same* situation, as if he were to learn French by an intercourse with the natives."—(i.e. M. Dufief's book is equivalent to the company of the "*politer*" class of French people, and the "*most approved*" French authors!) "I will, even, assert, (paradoxical as it may appear) on the firm ground of *argument*, that it would be better for an Englishman to learn French in his *own* country, under the direction of a good teacher, by *my* method, than to learn the language in France *without it*."

He then assures us that he is—"happy to *join* in opinion with the great Locke and Condillac."

M. Dufief's *joining* in opinion with Condillac and Locke, reminds us of the preacher, who after having piously pressed upon his audience the necessity of being devout, by a multitude of arguments; at length clenched the whole business, by saying—"and, finally, my beloved brethren, I can assure you, upon the veracity of a Christian and a sinner, that *St. Paul is of my opinion.*"

But in what does N. G. Dufief—"join in opinion with the great Locke and Condillac"—Why truly,—“that *grammatical information*”—is necessary to the obtaining a *more critical* knowledge of a language.

Now, we beg to be informed how it is possible for M. Dufief, or, indeed, for any one else, to pay a more complete homage to the utility and excellence of *grammar*, than this unlucky *conjunction* of the author of *Nature Displayed* with the great Locke and Condillac?—namely, that it gives a *more critical* knowledge of a language, and enables those who study it to—"write for *public instruction or entertainment*"? We use Dufief's own words;—and, in good truth, the author slumbers here,—but that is nothing,—for aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus;—even Homer himself sometimes nods; and if Homer sleeps, surely M. Dufief might be allowed to *dream*, as much as he pleases!—Here, however, perhaps undesignedly, *vineta cædit sua*,—for it is manifest, from his own confession, that his *new*, and *expeditious* method, his *nature displayed* cannot teach a *critical* knowledge of the French, or of any other language; since he sends us to the *grammar* for the acquisition of that desirable object;—to the *grammar*,—which he has bespattered with abuse through more than thirty of the dullest, and the most ignorant, and the most superficial, and the most impudent pages, that were ever obtruded upon the patience of the public.—So, then, for the sake of *expedition*, we must, *first*, have recourse to M. Dufief's method, and learn *by rote* all that he shall be pleased, to utter by mouth, or pen;—and, afterwards, we must learn the *grammar*, in order to *understand* the language!!!

But, as inconsistency and absurdity constitute the atmosphere in which M. Dufief breathes most freely, and finds himself most at home, he still continues his ravings against *grammar*, quotes M. Jefferson again, and appeals to the authority of old Montague.—We shall not, for the present, soil our pages with any more citations, from N. G. Dufief;—and, as to Montague, we shall only observe, that he is,—(as Horne Tooke says of certain ladies, called the *Muses*)—a bitter bad judge in matters of philosophy.

If you doubt this, read M. Montague's *chapter on boots*, and his marvellous observations on his *tabby cat*, and you will readily perceive how much importance can be justly attached to the opinion of this pleasing, but desultory, and rambling writer, on subjects of extensive research, or of profound investigation.

(To be continued.)

AN INQUIRY INTO OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS, &c.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 4. page 234.)

SECONDLY, says this admirable writer—"The United States have to demand, from Great-Britain, a most complete and ample reparation for the late atrocious violations of our sovereign rights, committed by her cruisers, stationed on the American coast."

On this subject, the author proceeds to speak in a style of indignation well becoming an American zealous for the independence and the honour of his country.

"Surely," says he,—"it is time, that we began to feel ourselves indignant at such wrongs, and looked for a protection against them, from the men whom we have clothed with the honour and the powers of our state.—For the sake of our *national* character, I hope, never again, to see a *proclamation*, sent from the Presidential desk, to bring to justice the subject of a foreign prince, riding, in proud defiance, in his state-room, laughing at such stuff:—never more to hear of a mere *paper and ink* messenger, to board a Bri-

tish ship of war, and bring off her commander surrounded with all her naval enginery.—But every American should join in the demand for something *efficient*, as a future protection, against insults proceeding from Foreign cruisers, riding by our shores, and we should see, that Great-Britain did us justice, on this point, to the full amount of individual damage, and the most satisfactory reparation of national honour.”

All this is as it should be ; and just what every American has a right to expect from the men who are entrusted with the reins of government in this country ;—but the author, we presume, has, sometimes, met with those, who *call* themselves politicians, mere creatures of the desk, mere pen, ink and paper people, who are entirely ignorant of this great economic truth, namely, that there is a very wide difference, in reason and in policy, between the mode of proceeding, on the unjust or the irregular conduct of isolated individuals, or even, of collected companies of men, who confound the laws of subordination within the bosom of a state,—and the wild commotions, which may, from time to time, on great questions, or on disputed points, agitate the different countries which constitute the great governmental family of the independent nations of the earth.

It is, indeed, low and vulgar wisdom ;—it is, in very truth, contracted and pedantic policy,—to apply the common and the ordinary notions of *criminal justice* to a great and a public conflict between the clashing interests of two powerful and contending nations. How are we to draw up an *indictment* against a whole people ?—Who, even, among the *gravest* of our lawyers, will undertake to pen, or to dictate a *legal* instrument, a paper, or a parchment document, in order to controul, or to regulate the movements of a British line of battle ship, that has insulted our national honour, or deprived our citizens of life ?

Mr. Jefferson, the present President of the United States, is very fond of informing Congress, and through the medium of Congress, the American people, that—*Reason* is the *only arbiter* in the disputes between *just* nations.—As usual, this *presidential generalizing*, this mode of reducing the intricate and complicated science of politics to a few simple rules, to a few foolish maxims—(notwithstanding the truth of that never-

to be forgotten adage, which applies more particularly, and more forcibly, to politicians than to any other order of men,—*in universalibus ignorantia patet*,—which, being interpreted, is—your generalizing men are *always ignorant*—has reduced the propounder of this maxim to this dilemma,—either,—that there never have been, from the beginning of the world even until now, any *just* nations,—or—that the *empire*, i. e. *reason*, is just good for nothing, has no power or influence, in adjusting the disputes of contending nations.

That man must be very flimsily instructed in the rudiments of policy, who does not know, that the *ultima ratio regum*, the strongest arm and the sharpest sword, are, in effect, *the laws* which governments chiefly obey in their contests with each other; without very scrupulously adhering to the precepts of Grotius, of Puffendorf, of Vandershoet, or any other closet-composer of apothegms and maxims wherewith to direct the national intercourse of the different kingdoms of the earth. Not to mention, that the treaties between different nations, are, for the most part, expressed in such ambiguous and general terms, that the most powerful nation can always, by the aid of a little legal sophistry, twist the meaning of the words and phrases, used in those treaties, to answer its own particular views and interests.

“Go,”—said Oxenstiern, the venerable chancellor of Christina, queen of Sweden, to his son, who, while yet a young man, declined going to a general congress of ambassadors, lest his youth and inexperience should expose him to the contempt and derision of the envoys from other courts, all of whom were grown hoary amidst the intricacies of diplomatic policy—“go and see with thine own eyes *quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus*.”

In like manner, the celebrated John Selden says,—He was a wise pope, that when one, who used to be merry with him, before he was advanced to the popedom, refrained afterwards to come at him,—(presuming he was busy in governing the Christian world)—the pope sends for him, bids him come again,—and,—says he,—we will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkest, *what a little foolery governs the whole world*.

The author next calls our attention to a *third* species of outrage, committed by Britain upon America, and says, that we ought—"to negociate a complete and adjusted estimate of all the individual losses that have fallen upon our merchants, from the illegal captures that their property has suffered from the armed ships of England."

Having stated these grounds of complaint against Britain, he inquires what steps our administration have taken, in order to obtain redress, and discovers them to be exactly calculated to make us—"not the *glory*, but the *jest* and *ridicule* of the world."

He, then, exposes, in broad and forcible colours, the miserable, peddling, pusillanimous policy which has been pursued by our present administration, in cowering under the wings of French and Spanish despotism, and in venting their spleen and hatred against Britain, partly, from motives of *personal pique*, a motive, that ought never to enter into the calculations of a *statesman*,—and, partly, from obedience to the mandates of the *Cabinet of St. Cloud*;—and, then, bursts upon us, in a full blaze of eloquence and of argument, such as would not have dishonoured the orators of the better days of Athens and of Rome, portraying the opposite political situations of Britain and of France, and most forcibly pointing out the opposite *effects* produced upon the nations of the earth, by the conduct of these two contending powers;—Britain standing in the gap, to preserve the remainder of the world from irretrievable perdition;—and France hastening to roll the waves of ruin over those portions of the globe that are not yet drenched in blood;—those waves of ruin, which like the waters of a second flood, are bursting round a buried world.

It is indeed with the greatest reluctance, that we refrain from adorning our pages with such an effusion of genius and of learning;—but our scanty limits will not allow the insertion of so long a transcript, and to curtail it, would be to mutilate its form, and to tarnish its beauties.—We have it not in our power to confer a greater kindness upon our reader, than to request him to peruse, from the 86th to the 91st page of the pamphlet now under review.

After these animated and interesting observations on the

deeds of pristine glory, and of modern honour, which twine the wreath of fame around the brows of Britannia's sons, he proceeds to point out a broad and a liberal path of policy to be trodden by our own government;—draws a strongly marked line of distinction between the low, cunning, shuffling, insolent, political manœvering and diplomatic chicanery of the French and Spanish Courts, and the open, manly, ingenuous, dignified conduct of the British government;—and, then, stating, on very satisfactory grounds, the mutual benefits which must accrue to both countries, from a reciprocal good understanding between America and Britain, he concludes his observations on our policy towards the British nation.

It might perhaps, by some people, be thought, that we have expended too much time in reviewing this work;—but every *true American*, who has the good of his country at heart, will immediately see, that too great pains cannot be taken to impress upon the public mind the vast importance of keeping up a good understanding between this country and Britain; and no mode more effectual for the attainment of this desirable purpose can be well adopted, than that of strenuously recommending the most earnest and attentive perusal of the work now under our consideration.

We, however, think it necessary to assure the author, that, notwithstanding his great fears, as to the safety of Britain, and his anxious dread lest she should perish in her present conflict with France,—she, in reality, now stands upon a *firmer* and a *broad*er basis of *permanent* power, than she has ever yet done since she has been a nation.

The two *main* pillars of support to every country, are, *the spirit of its people*,—and its system of *Finance*. Now, *both* these are continually augmented and strengthened in Britain, by the *continuance* of the war;—for the very existence of the war increases her commerce, and, consequently, augments her annual taxable revenue;—and it also keeps up, and adds to the spirit of the people, by the frequent recurrence of naval victories, proving, beyond all power of contradiction, that the British have only to prevail upon the French to fight, and the beating them follows as a matter of course.

From the Admiral of the Channel Fleet, down to the little cabin-boy, every individual in the British navy, despises Napoleon, and all his loudly vaunted might. When Nelson was bombarding Copenhagen, he said—these Danes take *ten times* the beating that will satisfy the French.

By the *taxable* revenue of Britain we mean, the annual revenue remaining, after all the expences of putting in motion the machinery of government, the annual support, and sustenance, and industry of the *whole* British people, both productive and unproductive;—this *taxable* revenue amounts to more than *one hundred and fifty millions* sterling, and the war-expenditure does not average more than *sixty millions* sterling, annually.

The average annual value of the *imports* into Britain during the last seven years, was *twenty-nine millions, eight hundred and forty thousand pounds* sterling—and the average annual value of the *exports* from Britain, during the last seven years, was *thirty-five millions, nine hundred and ninety one thousand pounds* sterling.

Such is the extent of her foreign commerce;—her *internal* commerce, that is, the trade between town and country, which is always, by far, the most important and extensive branch of the trade, and of support to every nation,—and her agricultural produce, though not reducible to such accuracy of statement, on account of many of its articles not being subject to the inspection of the government-revenue officers;—are well known to be, now, much greater than at any former period of time. So that the subjects of the British Empire, with some very few exceptions, feel less, at *this moment*, the various burdens of *taxation*, which are necessarily laid upon them, than did their fathers in the commencement of the *eighteenth* century.

The quantity of *gold coin*, in continual circulation in the British Empire, *now*, amounts to *forty three millions, nine hundred and fifty thousand, and forty two pounds*, sterling. And the *paper-money*, in circulation, far exceeds that amount.

As for the wonderful alarm, which the magnitude of the British *national debt* strikes into the minds of ignorant and superficial people, as menacing the ruin of Britain, every man

who is acquainted with the British Financial system, knows, that, in consequence of the *sinking fund*, and other means,—which we have not leisure now to detail,—lately adopted by the British government, it is reducible to arithmetical calculation, at what day and hour the *whole* of the national debt will be redeemed. Any man, moderately versed in *political arithmetic*, may make a table of the several dates, when the *old sinking fund* shall have increased to its *maximum*, or greatest annual amount, i. e. *four millions* sterling, a year,—adding thereto the *two hundred thousand pounds* sterling, annually voted by the British Parliament ;—and, also, a table of the dates, when the *whole* amount of the debt, incurred *before* the year 1793, will be redeemed by the operation of the *sinking fund*, according to the several average prices, at which the *three per cent.* British funds may, hereafter, be purchased.

He may, also, calculate, with all the certainty of mathematical demonstration, the several periods of time in which *each capital* of public debt, bearing interest at *three, four, or five per cent.* per annum, respectively, will be redeemed by an *annual fund* of *one per cent.* applied by quarterly issues, in purchasing those capitals, at the several average prices, at which the *three per cent.* British funds may be redeemable.

Those blind and vulgar politicians, who understand just enough *state arithmetic* to count the battalions of an army which is drawn up before their eyes,—and to guess at the amount of requisitions, when an enemy lays them under contribution ;—those pedling, *pseudo-patriots*, who are ignorant of this great and important truth, namely, that the good which accrues from the mere *saving* a few paltry pieces of money, is easily seen, and soon told ; it is just the value of the number of the masses of pelf, which are hoarded,—but that no tongue can utter and no imagination conceive the incalculable evils which result from that beggarly, that idiot parsimony, which cripples the growth of *national* ability, and locks up all the virtue, and all the talent, and all the enterprize, and all the honour of a *whole* people, in the eternal frost of governmental knavery, and individual avarice ;—no doubt, all these men, may, and will affect to disbelieve our statements concerning the British system of France ;—but we do speak, that,

which we, ourselves, have *seen* and *known* ; and our testimony is true ;—and the British people will, after a while, *feel* the truth of our remarks ; for, as the dividends due, on such parts of the *old* debt, as shall be paid off when the *sinking* fund shall have attained its *maximum*,—and the *annuities*, which shall, afterwards, fall in,—the *short annuities* have now but a very few, we believe, only *four* or *five* years, to run,—will be at disposal of the British Parliament, the period of *repealing taxes annually*, to an equal amount of the revenue which arises from the *capital* of debt, then to be extinguished, cannot be delayed more than *nine, ten, or eleven* years, according to the average price of the British Funds.

The veriest child in political economy knows, that the *low* rate of *interest* for money, and the *high* price of land, are in any given country two most indisputable proofs of the general prosperity of that country.—In Britain, about a century since, the *interest* of money stood at from *eight* to *ten* per cent.—we speak of the *market-price*, and not the *legal* rate of interest,—and *landed* property fetched a purchase-money, valued at a period of from *fourteen*, to *nineteen* years.—Now, at this moment, the *market-price* of interest in Britain is *less* than *five* per cent. and the value of *landed* property is from *thirty* to *forty* years purchase.—In *France*, at *this* time, money produces more than *twelve* per cent. interest, at the average market-price ; and *landed* property is not valued at more than *fourteen* years purchase.—

According to the calculations of that celebrated political economist, Sir William Petty, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdown, the *total* wealth of the British nation, *real*, and *personal*, in the year 1664, amounted to *two hundred and fifty* millions sterling, giving an annual profit of *fifteen* millions, sterling.—Now, at this moment, while we are penning our testimony of individual truth, to the national power of the British empire,—the value of property, *landed* and *personal*, in Great-Britain, amounts to *two thousand seven hundred* millions sterling, giving an annual revenue of *four hundred and five* millions, sterling, at *fifteen* per cent. which rate is allowable, if we consider, that those who borrow money at the *market-price* of interest, must be enabled to gain a sufficient profit upon that money, to maintain themselves, pay

the interest, and in process of time, liquidate the borrowed capital: in Britain, the average annual value of land is generally calculated to be *three* times the amount of the annual rent paid to the land-lord: that is, *one third* of the annual value is paid to the proprietor of the soil—one third is expended in maintaining the land in due, and husband-man-like repair,—and the remaining third goes to the support and sustenance of the renting farmer and his family.

In a word, no one, who has had an opportunity of examining the resources *physical* and *moral*, of Britain, can hesitate, for a single moment, to assert, that Napoleon, even if he succeeded in combining all Europe against her, in shutting her out from *all* the *foreign* markets in the world, that, even then, it would be more easy for him to turn aside the waters of the ocean from the hollow of their bed, or to darken the beams of the noon-tide Sun, at his command, than to subdue, under the yoke of bondage, the high, reluctant, dignified, indomitable spirit of the British people;—if he even succeed in making good his landing on their sea-girt isle, he will find, that the tide of hostile invasion will be rolled back upon him, and upon his slaves, by the living rampart of British bodies;—that every day will be a day of battle,—that every inch of ground will be floated in the blood of his bravest followers,—and, that the *subjugation* of Albion can only be purchased by the slaughter of *all her children*.

(*To be continued.*)

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS, by THOS. MOORE, Esq.

(*Continued from Vol. 2, No. 4, page 241.*)

WITH his accustomed blending and intermixture of all that is lovely with all that is detestable, and thereby rendering his book the more pernicious, and himself the more base, Moore, now presents us with some exquisitely interesting lines to *Cara*, which prove, that there are moments, when the *better* feelings, and the *purer* the more *honorable* affections of the heart, predominate over the demon of licentiousness, and the fiend of profligacy, even in the bosom of *him*, who

hath, from his very boyish days, sold himself to work iniquity, to injure his fellow-men,—and to blaspheme his God.

What being is there, in a human shape, so cold, and wretched,—so dull and despicable,—so vile and degraded,—as not to feel the crimson currents of his life play around, and warm his heart, with the full tide of kindness and of love, when he peruses these lines ?

1

“ Conceal’d within the shady wood,
A mother left her sleeping child ;
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

2

“ But storms upon her path-way rise,
The mother roams astray and weeping ;
Far from the weak, appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

3

“ She hopes—she fears ;—a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night-wind’s breath ;
Yet no,—’tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill’d to death !

4

“ Perhaps, his little eyes are shaded
Dim by death’s eternal chill—
And, yet, perhaps they are not faded,
Life and love may light them still.”

But Mr. Moore takes very effectual care to counter-balance the delight which his address to Cara is calculated to impart, by some verses to the “ Invisible girl,”—which immediately follow, and have neither sense, nor spirit, nor harmony, to recommend them to our notice ;—the poet is *very solicitous* in his inquiries, if this invisible girl be *really* a woman,—how she employs herself ;—and whether, or not, she will come and *kiss*, and *embrace* him, &c. &c. as Cara does ? But ;—Ohe ; jam satis est !

We are, next indulged with a piece, in the true *namby-pamby* style, bearing a strict resemblance to “ a song by a person of quality,” in Popes miscellanies—entitled, it is Peace and Glory ; written at the commencement of the present war, in order no doubt, to stimulate the British people to fight valiantly ;—how well it is calculated to answer this important purpose, we beg that the reader will judge from the following lines :—

3

"Is the hour of dalliance over?
 Must the maiden's trembling feet
 Waft her from her warlike lover,
 To the desert's still retreat?
 Fare you well!—with sighs we banish
 Nymph so fair, and guest so bright;
 Yet the smile with which you vanish,
 Leaves behind a soothing light.

4

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
 O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
 Through the fields, where horrors darkle,
 Shedding hope's consoling ray!—&c. &c.

As a *poetical effusion* of another *della Cruscan*, very much resembling this sublime flight of Mr. Moore, is already animadverted on, in the *true spirit of criticism*, by one of the profoundest scholars, and most accomplished satyrists, of modern times, we shall avail ourselves of his observations for the benefit of the Author of "*Peace and Glory*."

Of this *spes altera Romæ*, this second hope of the age, the following stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen. They are taken from a ballad, which Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of these matters, calls "a very *mellifluous* one; *easy*, *artless*, and *unaffected*."

1

"Gently o'er the rising *billows*,
Softly steals the bird of night,
Rustling through the *bending willows*,
Fluttering pinions *mark* her flight.

2

"Whither now, in *silence bending*,
 Ruthless winds *deny thee rest*;
 Chilling *night-dews*, fast descending,
Glisten on thy downy breast.

3

Seeking some kind hand to guide thee,
Wistful turns thy *fearful eye*,
Trembling, as the willows *hide thee*,
Shelter'd from the inclement sky."

The story of this *poor owl*, who was, at one and the same time, at sea and on land, silent and noisy, sheltered and exposed, is continued through a few more of these—"mellifluous" stanzas; which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive

me for omitting ; more especially, if he reads the *Oracle*, a *Paper*,—honoured,—as the grateful Editor very properly has it,—by the effusions of this—"artless" gentleman, above all others.

N. B.—On looking again, I find the *Owl* to be a *Nightingale*;—*N'importe*.

We have, then, some sweet lines to Mary, and to a faithless lover, which would be well worthy of transcription, did our limits admit of such a step being taken.

But as the alternation of pleasure and of pain is supposed to heighten the charms of all earthly existence, Mr. Moore immediately plunges us into the profound of *bathos*,—in a ballad, called—" *The lake of the dismal Swamp*.—If the reader think, as we do, he will be quite satisfied with the insertion of the first stanza.

1

" They made her a grave, too cold and damp,
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

But if this should not satiate the reader, peradventure, the second stanza will be sufficient ;—if not, we must refer him to the "*Dismal Swamp*," itself ;—for we cannot prevail on ourselves to transcribe any more of *such* poetical effusions, which are the inspiration of plenary absurdity, disguised in rhyme.

2

" And her fire-fly lamp I, soon, shall see,
And her paddle I, soon, shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the foot-step of death is near !"

The Epistle to the Marchioness Dowager of D——ll, from Bermuda, contains some smooth lines ; but it abounds with the *petto concetto*, the little conceits, the trim ornaments, the gew-gaw finery of which the modern Italian versifiers are so much enamoured, and with which the *della Cruscan geese*, with the late Duke of Leeds at their head, and Mrs. Robinson, and Madame Piozzi, *et, hoc genus omne*, so much annoyed English literature, some few years since. To this *della cruscan* assemblage Mr. Moore, undoubtedly, belongs ;

—and, to the full, as undoubted is it, that he is not the *smallest* of the flock.

But Mr. Moore is, also, a *lyric* poet ;—we cannot, indeed, say of him, what Horace does of a certain ancient bard ;

“ Monte decurrens, velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindams ore.”

We have, however,—“ An irregular Ode called ‘the genius of Harmony’”—which, together with a vast profusion of *very learned* notes, (for Mr Moore is a prodigious great scholar, and reads Greek, every day, after dinner) means to prove, that, among other things,—according to Cicero and his commentator, Macrobius,—“ the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord.”

This ode is so very *irregular*, as to be entirely *unintelligible* to us, but, no doubt, it is very refreshing. Gentle reader, take half a dozen lines at a venture, and try you to comprehend it.

“ Welcome, my shell !
How many a star has ceas'd to burn,
How many a tear has Saturn's gleaming urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
Since thy ærial spell
Hath in the waters slept !”

O, Reader, if that thou canst read,
Attend unto this stone,
Death is a man, do what you can,
That never spareth none,

Says Martinus Scriblerus, and he says truly. But to return, Reader! dost thou comprehend these *irregular* effusions of Mr. Moore?—if thou dost, probably, thou wilt be able to perceive the meaning and the import of the following lines extracted from a *philosophical* rhapsody on the French Revolution, called—The wreath of Liberty ; written by the very largest of all the della cruscan geese.

“ Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear,
Wreath round her airy harp the timorous joy,
A web-work of despair, a mass of woes,
And o'er my lids the scalding *tumour* roll.

Now a *tumour* is a *morbid swelling*, which is a very pleasant play-thing to roll over the eye-lids, particularly, if it be

scalding.—But, a few more lines of this *philosophical rhapsody*, because it is in the very first style of *Della crusca*.

“ Summer tints begemm'd the scene,
And silky ocean slept in glossy green,
While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,
Glances with grisly glare from cloud to cloud,
And gaudy zephyrs, fluttering o'er the plain,
On *twilight's* bosom drop their filmy rain.”

And if thou dost understand all this gentle, reader, thou art far beyond the power of any effort of ours to afford to thee ought of improvement or of delight ; thou mightest, however, profit by perusing the concluding lines of Mr. Moore's *irregular* ode to the Genius of Harmony ;—wherefore, thou shalt have them ;—

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear,
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there ;
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh mortal such ecstatic dreams
Thy soul shall know !
Go—to *Hesperia* go !

(to be continued)

THE HOLY BIBLE: containing the *Old and New Testaments ; together with the Apocrypha* : Translated out of the original Tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised: with marginal notes and references, and the explanatory notes of *Ostervald*. To which are added an index, an alphabetical table of all the names in the *Old and New Testaments*, with their significations, tables of scripture measures, and coins, *John Brown's concordance*, &c. &c. Embellished with maps, and a number of elegant historical engravings.—*New-York*. Printed and sold by *Collins, Perkins and Co.* 1807.

THE Holy Scriptures themselves, are, certainly, not an object of review ; neither are the concordance, index, table, and notes, *now*, matters for our critical examination ; because their respective value has long since been fixed by public

opinion,—and from the decision of the public there is no appeal to any higher tribunal, as to the merits or demerits of any literary production.

But the work now before us demands notice, as being the *first* decisive and spirited national attempt in *this* country to promote the progress of the fine arts, and to cherish the efforts of genius, which are directed to the embellishment of society. As a specimen of excellent and splendid typography this Bible may vie with any of the productions of the most celebrated European Presses.

The *engravings* are, in general, good, and do great credit to the respective artists ; one fault, however, and that not a slight fault, pervades every engraving into which a *female* figure is introduced. The correct outline,—the anatomical proportion,—are, neither of them observed : but, above all, the eye is absolutely disgusted to see how miserably *flat*, and *awkward*, how *hard* and *harsh*, every artist has contrived to make that portion of the female form, which is, as Edmund Burke most emphatically and most justly observes,—the part of a beautiful woman, where she is the most beautiful ; —on account of its smoothness, its softness, its easy and insensible swell,—the variety of its surface, which is, never, for the smallest space, the same ; its deceitful maze, through which the unsteady eye glides giddily, knowing not where to fix, or whither it is carried.

For the publication of this very splendid work, which at once combines all that is excellent in typography, with much of elegance in the *graphic* art, the publishers deserve, and doubt, will receive the applause and gratitude of the *American public*, who are making rapid strides to rival the nations of Europe in those productions of genius, and of learning, which cast the brightest beam of splendour over the exertions and the pursuits of intellectual man.

POEMS by Richard B. Davis, with a sketch of his life.—
New-York, Printed and sold by T. & J. Swords, No.
160 Pearl-Street.

THE life of the author is written with ease and correctness, and tells us all that could well appertain to one,

whose life was passed in obscurity and retirement. There are a few judicious notes scattered through the book, evidently not by the hand of the poet himself.

This work consists of a collection of small poems, worthy of notice, on account of their containing nothing to offend the eye of delicacy,—of their being in general, interesting and pathetic ;—and sometimes humourous. To sublimity Mr. Davis lays no claim ;—we cannot say of him,

“ The poet’s eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.”

His rhymes are frequently very carelessly assorted, as when he makes—“ *guardians*,” rhyme to *radiance*,—and his rythm is, not seldom, harsh and defective ;—On the whole, however, this book is a valuable addition to American literature ;—its strains are moral, chaste, sentimental, tender ;—conferring honour on Columbia’s infant muse ;—and inspiring us with hopes, that the majestic Hudson will be, at no distant day, as much renowned in song, and as greatly celebrated by bards of higher fame,—as are, now, the Ilissus, the Tyber and the Thames.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

IN pursuance of our promise, last month, we hasten, with all alacrity and cheer of spirit, to lay before the reader,—“*An Essay on Fancy*,” communicated to us, from a young gentleman of South Carolina. The *metaphysical* speculations of the youthful writer are not *quite correct*. If he will devote some time, and strict attention to the lucubrations of Locke, Reid, Stewart, Condillac, and some few other sages of the metaphysical school, he will discover, that “*Taste*” cannot be classed among the *primary powers* of the mind.

With this exception, and one or two other little oversights, very excusable in so young a writer, we are delighted to say, that the following essay abounds in flashes of genius, in elegant classical allusions, in nice touches of delicate and polished taste, and in accurate and profound observations upon man and nature.

We take it for granted, that the young gentleman uses the word “*Fancy*” as synonymous with *Imagination*; if not, the whole of his reasoning rests upon a false foundation, and consequently, its superstructure, being unsupported, must hasten to swift decay.

We would just remark, not to discourage, but to promote the efforts of genius, as we increase the vigour of the most luxuriant plants by pruning their superfluous shoots, that, in some places, our correspondent’s style is too quaint, too superfine, and too *antithetical*, particularly, when he says “who does not wish, that Orpheus, who gave *fame to music* should be rendered immortal by the *music of fame*?”

These observations are founded in the true spirit of *friendship*; and because we wish to see the rising energies of genius reach the heights of permanent fame. We need not remind our youthful correspondent of the well known classical maxim: *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed major amica Veritas*.

ON FANCY.

MAN does not behold in his Creator the only immediate power of creation. He possesses within himself the power of assembling the ideas he has received, and of combining them in such variety, as to exhibit creations of his own. The fields of fiction, in which he is the fruitful source of surrounding charms, where beauty and fragrance await his command, proclaim the power of Fancy. To decorate with flowers the scenes of futurity, to obviate real misery by representations of ideal bliss, is thy pleasing task, O! Fancy, thou idol of the poets.

In its excursions this power is vigorous and sublime, in its appearance brilliant and beautiful, in its effects extensive and beneficial. The creations of fancy are not, like those of nature, subject to the winds of heaven, or the ravages of time. They live in eternal youth; they enjoy perpetual spring. In all its exertions, whether it devise theories of philosophy, or inspire the offerings of the muse; whether it be employed in arraying the objects of sight in colours more glowing and magnificent, or in forming beauties peculiarly its own, the superiority of fancy to the other mental powers is eminently conspicuous. Taste, which is conversant with the productions of the fine arts, is necessarily subsequent and inferior to that power, from which they receive life, beauty and excellence. It is easier to amend than to create; it is more difficult, and consequently more honourable to originate excellence, than merely to discover its existence. Judgment may correct, but fancy only can create; judgment may discover the propriety of arguments and theories; but *these owe* their existence to the *invention of fancy*. Fancy bears the same relation to judgment that nature bears to art; the former wanders in wild luxuriance; the latter excels in correctness and precision; the one modifies the exertions, and restrains the flights of the other. Yet is their influence mutual and co-operative. Without fancy, judgment were useless; without judgment, fancy were mad.

Anticipation is more pleasing than enjoyment, because the objects of desire are delineated by the pencil of hope, and

embellished with the colouring of fancy. Did man view objects, as they really are; did he not possess a charm that can diminish the hideousness of some, and increase the beauty of others, he would pass his life in ignorance and inactivity. Fancy is ever liberal in adorning the works of creation. She arrays them in such colours, and disposes them in such order, as to excite admiration, and enkindle love. Here she bestows beauty and grace, there majesty and grandeur. There is nothing so small that she cannot enlarge; nothing so low that she cannot exalt; nothing so dark that she cannot illumine. As the moon derives lustre from the rays of the sun, nature receives charms from the ornaments of fancy.

From its influence on life, fancy is entitled to high estimation. It is the source of actions noble and illustrious; of sentiments honourable and sublime. The authors of every thing great and beautiful in science and in art have been guided by the light of fame, a light, which the eye of reason cannot perceive, which judgment condemns, as false, and delusive. Fame is the light that fancy displays to the mariner on the ocean of experiment, to excite perseverance, and to stimulate exertion. Had reason appeared to Homer, when engaged in that work which has immortalized his name; had she said to him, you may charm the ear and captivate the affections, but your dominion will be short; fame is vain and fugitive, death is certain and immutable; soon will your pipe be tuneless and your voice unheard; had not fancy reversed the picture; had she not shown him the world, admiring his talents, and consecrating his memory; Where had been poesy? Where had been eloquence? Man, conscious that he could not be great, would acquiesce in littleness; conscious that he could not reach the haven of immortality, he would willingly glide down the stream of oblivion. If fame be not worth pursuit, if it be no more than the "baseless fabric of a vision;" who does not wish it a real existence? Who does not wish those charms to be substantial, the desire of which produced the eloquence of Cicero and Burke, the poetry of Virgil and Milton? Who does not wish that Orpheus, who gave fame to music, should be rendered immortal by the music of fame?

Perhaps by the man of the world, immersed in considerations of pecuniary interest, he, who pretends to be enamoured of the scenes of fancy, will be viewed as aameleon, living on air. He will be envied rather for the cheapness, than the excellence of his food ; rather because it can be obtained with ease, than because it affords real enjoyment. The pleasures of fancy, more refined than those of sense, are exalted in their nature, and boundless in their extent. Whatever has pleased the eye, or delighted the ear ; whatever is grand or beautiful in nature or in art, appears with new charms in the garden of fancy. Sweet are the illusions of this delightful enchantress ; who leads us at pleasure thro' the splendid apartments of royal grandeur, or the verdant fields of rural innocence ; encircles our brows with the laurel of fame, or the angel-wrought garland of love. As the productions of her pencil pass in review before us, the emotions they excite are more vivid than if they were real, because refined from the grossness of sense. To possess a fancy vigorous and elastic, capable of soaring thro' the regions of thought, of enjoying beauty that "eye hath not seen," and harmony that "ear hath not heard," is to command happiness ; it is to possess a heaven on earth. He who has not been irradiated by her divine effulgence, has not enjoyed existence ; like the statue of Prometheus, he has not inhaled the vital air.

The influence of fancy cherishes and expands the germs of religion and patriotism. Hence the holy awe and sacred pleasure, experienced in the sanctuary of God. Reason ascribes to the Deity existence boundless as space, he

"Lives thro' all life ; extends thro' all extent ;
Spreads undivided ; operates unspent."

Fancy by representing the temple, dedicated to his service, as his peculiar residence, concentrates the thoughts, exalts the affections, and gives fervour to devotion.*

In fancy originates that warlike enthusiasm, which incites to actions great and illustrious. The soldier, wandering over the plains on which his ancestors fought with success, or died with honour, feels that he walks on consecrated ground ; the air he breathes is ethereal, the spirits of his

* Hardly a correct account of *Christian* devotion.

countrymen hover around him ; "sacred terror and severe delight creep thro' his mortal frame ;" his nerves are steeled with valour ; his exertions bear the stamp of immortality. Yet in the cool and dispassionate opinion of reason, the straits of Thermopylæ acquired no new excellence from the fall of Leonidas, and the plains of Marathon are not more worthy of praise because strewed with the relics of heroes. Their fertility has not increased; their surface does not display more variegated elegance.

Not the least beautiful of the offspring of fancy are fable and romance. These are employed either in description of characters and events that never existed, or in erecting a superstructure of fiction on the basis of truth. Altho' their principal design be to please, they are not entirely useless. When they describe scenes that can never be realized ; when they attribute to man degrees of excellence that angels only can attain ; feats of strength that giants only can achieve ; they overleap the bounds of human exertion, and deserve contempt and ridicule. When, however, the actions they relate are such as human sagacity can conceive, and human power accomplish, they have a happy influence on life. The heroes and heroines of romance have furnished models for imitation at once safe and perfect. As the sun-flower, by constantly viewing the splendid orb of day, is assimilated to its parent, so man by contemplating fictitious excellence is insensibly meliorated. Altho' some may question their usefulness, few will deny their power of creating pleasure. Few have not admired the harmless ingenuity of ancient fable, and ludicrous descriptions of modern romance.

It has been observed, that the contrast between the fantastic visions of enthusiasm, and the gloomy realities of life is not productive of pleasure, and that he, "who lives to fancy, never can be rich." What, tho' the enthusiast may have imagined roses to be divested of thorns, and deserts to be covered with flowers ; what, tho' pleased with the dreams of fancy, he may have "clasped the wind, and doated upon nothing," disappointment here constitutes pleasure. Still will he rejoice that he can lessen deformity and heighten elegance ; still will he rejoice that he can make barrenness fertile, and clothe the Alps with verdure.

Representations of fancy are not always pleasant. They correspond and harmonize with individual character. Is a man virtuous, benevolent, and patriotic ; does he revere the dictates of his God, does he consult the welfare of his fellow-creatures ? fancy will pourtray to him scenes of peace and happiness ; she will raise images of joy "ever varying and ever new," and he will "never be less alone than when alone." But has he violated the sacred laws of friendship ; or derided the holy ordinances of religion ? Has he filled the eye of innocence with tears ; or torn the laurel from the soldier's brow ? fancy will torture him, tho' on the pinnacle of power, he will behold images of horror and dismay, which conscience will acknowledge as just, and sophistry cannot evade.

Some men of genius have been accused of forsaking the useful, to attain the brilliant ; of departing from the road of science, to gather flowers of fancy. It is common to mark the errors of genius. Most men may doze away their lives in apathy and indolence without notice or inquiry. But does Argus close one of his hundred eyes it excites speculation and wonder. We are eager to inquire why perfection has not been attained, where it was never intended ; we are apt to attribute the defects of nature to habit or education. A union of qualities entirely dissimilar, and each in its greatest perfection, is much to be desired but can never be accomplished ; it would indeed be excellent, but it would not be human. To determine the precise degree in which each of the mental powers should exist, to constitute genius, is the province of the philosopher, and cannot be expected from the superficial inquirer. Their mutual dependence, however, is obvious. It is easy to perceive that fancy, boundless and uncontrouled, like excess of animal heat, produces destruction. It is easy to distinguish the flights of genius from the reveries of lunacy. The combinations of fancy, unsanctioned by judgment, like chaos, teem with confusion and deformity ; and if suffered to influence the conduct, are fatal to peace and happiness. Of this class are the vagaries of superstition ; superstition, ever employed in arraying nature in shades of darkness, and of horror. Such are the systems of *human perfectability*, which suppose in those, who believe them, perfection

only in ignorance ; absence of every principle of religion, virtue, and experience. Hence too the Utopian schemes of liberty and equality ; liberty without law, and equality without justice. To expect in works like these, any thing not absolutely absurd ; any thing tinged with reason, is to search for roses among the Glaciers of Switzerland. These heresies against common sense, that would reduce man from civilization to barbarism, have not wanted friends to circulate them ; they have produced misery, bloodshed and devastation, and their authors are destined to prove among other painful experiments,

“ *Facilis descensus Averni.*”

Such is the influence of fancy on life ; but she appears with greater lustre in the circle of the fine arts. In the former, she is Venus, enveloped in clouds, her charms are not fully displayed, her influence is scarcely perceived. In the latter, she is Cypria's queen, full of elegance and love, dispensing life, and health, and happiness. Those who would exclude her from the common affairs of life, confess that, without her general aid, the works of art were destitute of fire. Fancy is the principle that decorates and enlivens them, and as art is more noble, the operation of fancy is more extensive. Her most captivating forms are visible in the works of the poet. Poetry is indeed and ever has been first in the affections of mankind. Preserved in the poet's verse, more potent than the spices of Arabia, the charms of beauty glow thro' ages with undiminished lustre, and captivate the hearts of posterity. Hence Mars and Venus have ever kneeled at the shrine of Minerva, who gives her Myrtle to the one, and his laurel to the other. To roam the fields of fiction, and cull flowers to decorate beauty and consecrate valour, is the office of the poet. He looks thro' the innumerable relations of things, and the various forms of being, selects the beauties visible in each, and combines them in one delightful picture. He illustrates truth by metaphors apt, lucid, and original ; and arrays it in the garb of allegory. Where'er he rolls his daring eye,”

“ Ten thousand shapes,

“ Like spectres, trooping to the wizard's call,

“ Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,

“ From ocean's bed they come, th' eternal heavens

" Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
" Pours out her birth's unknown."

Prior to the exercise of fancy, there must be taste to select beauties, and abstraction to separate them. As the latter approach nearer to perfection, the combinations of the former will be more various and delightful. Hence the poet, who lives in daily contemplation of rural scenes, has more vivid conceptions, and allusions more original, than he, who enjoys nature by description only.

" Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
" Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire."

The cabinet of fancy is not solely devoted to the poet's use. From her splendid wardrobe the orator often clothes his arguments, as Jupiter arrayed himself in the plumage of the swan, to allure and captivate.

Wherever fancy appears, she commands esteem, as the mistress of the passions, the parent of knowledge, and the favourite of virtue. She renders man more susceptible of bliss; and dissipates the clouds of care, raises us above ourselves, to what we most desire; and tells us that we are, what most we wish to be. If her influence be delusive, yet is it pleasing even to ecstasy. If her irradiations be momentary, and the intervals of life consequently assume a deeper and more pallid hue; who would not endure the gloom of the one, that he might bask in the splendour of the other? Who would not linger on the banks of Acheron, that he might enjoy the delights of Elysium?

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

A GREEABLY to the notice, which we gave in our Register for March last, we now present to the reader a poem—"On Gratitude,"—which was communicated to us from a lady in Charleston.—We are not permitted to disclose her name; neither are we allowed to say *who is the author* of the following verses.

We request the lady, on whom all the loves and graces wait, to accept our sincerest and most heart-felt gratitude for the favour which she has bestowed upon us, in communicating the production of a muse which, at once, charms the fancy and engages the heart.

GRATITUDE.

Where, 'mid Italia's ever sunny lands;
 Fast by the streams of Po, Ferrara stands,
 At manhood's full extent, now just arriv'd,
 In splendid leisure young Cornaro liv'd;
 Of Hymen's couch the first, and best lov'd,
 Each gift kind nature lent him, art improv'd.
 He knew, and lov'd his city, yet would know,
 What other cities different had to show;
 Eager to gratify his stretching mind,
 To one small realm too narrowly confin'd.
 To tell his sire his wish, was to succeed;
 The son but hinted, and the sire agreed:
 And, as became him, full supply'd he went,
 And to Livonia first his way he bent;
 On whose fair shore each distant nation meets,
 And fills with various tongues her peopled streets,
 Each object, there, his strict attention drew,
 Much he observ'd;—but, still, found something new;
 And sought it still, for, knowledge all his end,
 Him, who could that advance, he deem'd his friend.

On rich and poor, alike, he cast his eye,
As 'twere a treasure they might both enjoy ;
And he might teach him, who the vessel steer'd,
What the rich freighter thought not worth regard.

Of graceful presence, and inviting mien,
He, in each place of full resort, was seen ;
On the throng'd quay, or in the busy hall,
And, skill'd in tongues, seem'd countryman to all ;
To observation deep attention join'd,
And fix'd the gather'd honey in his mind.
His lodgings, on a large quadrangle's side,
To him, still thinking, farther thought supply'd ;
And, as each hour of passing day went by,
Some scene, worth note, still met his curious eye.
Yet one, among the rest, he oft had weigh'd,
And, oftenest seen, the stronger mark it made :
For the sad sigh, that keen misfortune drew,
Still to his breast an easy access knew.

As he, each morn, the rising sun beheld,
E'er yet the moving square with crowds was fill'd ;
On one same spot, as still he look'd around,
One solitary wretch he always found :
A porter's garb declar'd his present yoke ;
But his whole mien a birth far different spoke ;
From his swol'n breast sighs, spite of shame, would rise,
And tears, kept back, flow'd faster from his eyes,
Which with a *knotted rope* he wip'd away,
Sad ensign of his fortune's deep decay.

The youth, who, pitying, saw the frequent grief,
Thought pity blameful, carrying no relief ;
And generously curious, sought to know,
In hopes to ease, the stranger's heart-felt wo.
Cornaro call'd him from his wretched stand ;
He came ;—and, silent, waited his command,
Thinking some errand would a mite afford,
Just to support a being he abhorr'd ;
Which, yet, he durst not, of himself destroy,
Lest heaven should work him still more dread annoy.

But other business fill'd Cornaro's breast,
And his kind suit in tenderest terms he prest.
Begg'd that he would his cause of grief impart
To one, who lov'd to sooth an aching heart,

And always thought, however low his sphere,
 The man who felt affliction, worth his care ;
 But here believ'd, the stroke of fickle fate
 Was fall'n on him who'd known a better state.
 Then speak,—he said,—nor let false shame conceal
 Whate'er, with truth, a sufferer may reveal ;
 And if my happier lot may ease thy woes,
 Whate'er a stranger's ear may learn disclose.

The listening wretch each word with wonder heard,
 Perceiv'd them virtue's dictates, and was cheer'd ;
 Ventur'd to throw his slavish badge aside,
 And, thus, with manly confidence reply'd.
 I was not always what I now appear,
 But truths thy nobleness has challeng'd,—hear.

First,—I am a Moslem,—yet, as here confin'd,
 Must wish thee, as thy milder doctrines, kind :
 O ! love *thy* faith,—but hate not me for mine,
 Which had, had'st thou been born a Turk,—been thine !

Next,—know,—e'er fall'n to this most abject state,
 Smyrna, once saw me happy, though not great ;
 By merchandize with sumptuous affluence blest,
 And sweet content, which great ones, seldom, taste.
 But oh !—to *have been* blest, brings no relief ;
 It adds a stronger, keener pang to grief.—
 Forgive these tears, which utter, as they flow,
 A son's,—a husband's,—and a father's wo ;
 To swell each sigh these different passions join ;
 For all these dear relations, once, were mine.
 Nor did the hopes of adding to my store
 By lawless plunder send me from my shore ;
 To gain in bloody fields a hero's name,
 And raise o'er slaughter'd heaps my warrior-fame ;

'Twas duty bade me catch the coming gale,
 And filial love that hoisted every sail ;
 'Twas to a father's fond embrace I went,
 E'er yet his lamp of life was wholly spent ;
 While still a kneeling son might bless his eye,
 And fill his aged heart with all a parent's joy.

For Cyprus, then, I sail'd ;—what since befel,
 Let these vile chains,—this abject habit tell ;
 Which with for-ever growing grief I bear,
 And, now, the fourth drear winter sees me wear ;

And years may roll on years, unstopp'd my grief,
 Till welcome death shall bring his last relief.
 And long, ere this sad hour, my friends forlorn
 May, drooping o'er my death untimely, mourn ;
 My fond, old sire, perhaps, my fate unknown,
 Wailing my ravish'd life, consum'd his own ;
 And what dire pangs my orphan children feel,
 Hast thou a tender parent, thou cans't tell.

He ceas'd ;—tears stopp'd his accents ;—and the rest
 A silence, far beyond all words, express'd.
 Nor spoke Cornaro more,—he, too, was mute,
 Nor language found his fellow-grief to suit ;
 But struggling with a tender, bursting sigh,
 Scarcely sobb'd forth,—Friend, take this small supply,
 'Twill yield thee some relief ;—and were it mine
 To give,—bliss and liberty should be thine !
 He took the gold, and bow'd,—then, slow return'd,
 And, as was wont, in silent sorrow mourn'd.

Cornaro see in other guise appear.
 Sudden he stopp'd the unavailing tear :
 And he,—said he,—my soul, thy joy express'd ;
 'Tis in thy power to make the wretched bless'd :
 Now am I bless'd, indeed, since on my wealth
 Depends another's being,—freedom,—health.
 'Tis I can bid the sun of mercy shine ;
 His health, his liberty, his life, are mine :
 Whate'er he has of joy, or might receive,
 His country, children, wives, are mine to give.
 Now, India's lord, amidst his boundless store
 And endless mines, compar'd with me, is poor.
 Quick, then, Cornaro, to his ransom flee,
 And let this morning's sun behold him free !

Straight to the governor Cornaro went,
 His name, his rank, his cause of coming sent ;
 Nor needed long to wait :—his errand told,
 Bringing that ne'er refus'd credential,—gold ;
 The price, requir'd for liberty, he gave ;
 And quick return'd to find the now but fancy'd slave,
 And said—Be free !—His transport who can tell ?
 Which only his who caus'd it could excel ;
 Prostrate, before him, in wild joy he fell ;
 Gladness, and wonder in his bosom wrought,

With lab'ring gratitude his soul was fraught;
 Nor had he power to utter half he thought.
 Yet,—O, my great deliver!—he cried,
 Can such transcendant worth in man reside?
 Or can it be,—that Christian doctrines teach
 Virtue's beyond our sacred prophet's reach?
 Yet oh!—whate'er the wondrous cause,—receive
 As much of gratitude as words can give!
 Nor let these bursting tears its force destroy,
 Slaves late of grief, soft offspring now of joy.
 And how my deeds shall with my words agree,
 Let me, once, reach my country, thou shalt see,
 And know thy generous bounty was not lost;
 I scorn to ask thee what my freedom cost:
That,—to my gratitude has no regard—
 Up to thy worth I'll measure thy reward.
 But can that be?—Stop, there, Cornaro said,
 If you are happy, I am *more* than paid.
 And, lest your happiness should meet delay,
 Here's gold, wherewith to speed thee on thy way;
 If grateful thou wilt be,—at thy return,
 Amidst those slaves, who there in bondage mourn,
 Search out some Christian, from the wretched band,
 Who best may merit freedom from thy hand;
 Then, think, 'tis in thy power to pay my debt
 By shewing him the mercy thou hast met!

He said,—and to his lodgings back return'd,
 Honour's bright lamp within him gently burn'd;
 Felt and enjoy'd the riot of his breast,
 While conscience furnish'd out the noble feast.

As free as air, from prison just broke out,
 The Moslem, instantly, the harbour sought;
 There found a ship, all trim with swelling sails,
 And just prepar'd to catch the fav'ring gales.
 Smyrna her port;—with prosp'rous winds she flies,
 And gives him to his home, and former joys.

Livonia, now, as his Ferrara, known,
 Where, next, for knowledge, is Cornaro flown?
 For a soul's banquet far he need not fly,
 Venice, old Ocean's fairest child, so nigh,
 O'er the fam'd Adriatic, where she stood,
 That swells, unenvious of the Tuscan flood;

Though Naples, Florence, on his banks he names,
 And to him Tyber pours, from Rome, its streams.
 When o'er the Continent fell slavery flew,
 Hither, the goddess, Liberty, withdrew ;
 Here, plac'd her cap, her staff, her armour here,
 And, as her own fierce Sparta, held it dear.
 Each art and science this their dwelling own,
 As guardians to their goddess Freedom's throne ;
 And, as her hand-maid, busy Commerce toils,
 Her sister-goddess, Plenty, cheerful smiles.

Here glad Cornaro fix'd,—and hop'd to find
 All that might please a knowledge-loving mind.
 Where the tall columns rose in beauteous wreath,
 Or sculpture seem'd to speak, or paint to breathe.

And, ah ! he little thought,—the hour was nigh,
 When all the pleasure of his mind should die ;
 The beams of science from his soul retire,
 And fade,—extinguish'd by a nobler fire.
 As kindled wood, howe'er its flames might rise,
 When the bright sun appears, in embers dies.
 Soon as his breast perceiv'd the pow'rful ray,
 Whate'er before possess'd it, instantly gave way.
 As, in the wood, beneath the lightning's beam,
 Perish the leaves, and the whole tree is flame :
Minerva, sudden, from his soul was fled,
 And *Venus* reign'd, exclusive, in her stead.

A thousand fair ones in Love's frolic train,
 Long at the youth had bent their shafts in vain ;
 Launch'd from the wanton eye, they sought his heart,
 But Virtue's buckler still repuls'd the dart.
 Nor all their force, or poison, need he fear,
 Virtue must tip the shaft that enters there.
 As diamonds scorn the keenest pow'rs of steel,
 And touch'd alone, by fellow-gems, can feel.

One glance, at last, an easy passage found,
 And, *undirected*, made the deeper wound ;
 From *modesty's* bright quiver it was sent,
 Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went.
 From chaste Delphina's powerful eye it came,
 Malta to Venice lent the charming dame.
 Malta,—bless'd Isle !—whose daughters all are fair,
 Whose sons to manly fortitude are dear.

So properly do love and glory meet,
 And beauty, still, with valour, holds its seat.
 To Venice, by a noble father sent,
 Some pleasing moons the fair one there had spent ;
 Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye.
 To whom, but him, should then Cornaro fly ?
 To him his cause of anxious grief unfold ?
 His country, name, and parentage, he told ;
 At once, confess'd his honourable flame,
 And begg'd permission to address the dame.

To the sweet maid Cornaro urgent su'd,
 And fair Delphina to his hopes subdu'd ;
 Nor modesty, herself, a blush put on,
 To be by such a lover quickly won.

Smoothly, thus far, to happiness, he went,
 Nothing was wanting, but the sire's consent ;
 Which one, endow'd as he, was sure to gain,
 And when, once seen, would certainly obtain.
 Th' observing uncle mark'd the wond'rous youth,
 Fathom'd his love, his constancy, and truth :
 Said,—to her father, pleas'd, he would them speed.
 He said,—and soon, th' enamour'd youth agreed.
 Lo ! with its precious freight the vessel stor'd,
 Cornaro, and his happiness, on board.
 Bless'd with *chaste* beauty, he such trifles scorn'd
 As Jason stole, or Menelaus mourn'd.
 Can gold, the heart, like conquering beauty move ?
 Or what is *lust*, compar'd to *sacred love* ?

And now, for Malta, with full sails they stand,
 Came, saw, and all but touch'd, the promis'd land.
 When, O sad scene of Fortune's altering brow,
 False, as the skies above, or seas below ;
 A Turkish galley mark'd them from afar,
 Pursu'd their vessel, unprepar'd for war ;
 Resistance vain, by numbers over-borne,
 To Symrna were they carried slaves forlorn.

Can *words*—what *thought* can scarce conceive—express
 The uncle's, virgin's, lover's deep distress ?
 Compar'd with which the mangling knife would please,
 And the fierce rack's severest pangs be ease.

And now, expos'd to public sale they stood,
 Amidst the bartering Turk's insulting crowd :

Immortal souls the *property* decreed
 Of the best bidder,—like the ox, or steed.
 E'en this the lovers bore, each other near,
 And, yet unparted, felt no full despair,
 But, see, at length, accomplish'd wo arrive !
 To deal the last, sad wound, she had to give :
 Her sable store she cull'd, the dart to find,
 Nor left one half so venom'd shaft behind.
 Among the dealers of this cruel fair,
 Traffic accurs'd—that makes mankind its ware ;
 A youthful Turk pass'd young Cornaro by,
 Health flush'd his cheek, and lust inflam'd his eye.
 And to the female slaves his way he bent,
 'Twas there his gold must have its wanton vent,
 How should Delphina, then, escape his sight,
 Too fatally, in midst of sorrow, bright ?
 Her breast took beauty from the heaving sigh ;
 Nor could the tear that drown'd eclipse her eye ;
 But falling on her damask cheek, it stood,
 Like the pearl dew-drop on the morning bud.

He quickly saw the too distinguish'd fair,
 And thought his prophet's paradise was there.
 Her price, at once, unquestioning he paid,
 The fatal veil around her beauties spread,
 And dragg'd exulting off, the swooning maid. }
 'Twas then Cornaro felt distress complete,
 And knew the worst extreme of torturing fate.
 Furies to plague him, now, had striven in vain,
 Nor gnawing vultures could increase his pain, }
 Too fierce for human nature to sustain.
 He sunk beneath his sorrow's dreadful load,
 And, senseless, from excess of anguish stood.

When, lo !—one graver Turk among the rest, }
 And more distinguished by his costlier vest,
 A nicer curiosity express'd.
 Each slave examin'd, as he pass'd along,
 And on each circumstance attentive hung.
 He ask'd their country, parentage, and name,
 And how each drooping wretch a slave became.
 Behold him to Cornaro now apply ;
 Full on his face he fix'd a stedfast eye ;
 Then, ask'd his soul, if what he saw was true,

And, that it was some sure reflection knew.
His nerves, all trembling with the glad surprize,
To heaven he stretch'd his hands, and rais'd his eyes.

And then,—I thank thee, Mahomet!—he said,
Hither, by thy divine direction led.

Sounds struck Cornaro's ear he ought to know,
And wak'd him from his dismal trance of wo.
He saw the Turk prepar'd for his embrace,
Mark'd the warm transport gleaming in his face.
Cornaro saw the slave he once set free,
And cry'd aloud—Great God of Hosts!—'tis He!

Then, folded in each other's arms they stood,
And words were lost in joy's o'erwhelming flood.
The Turk, at length, recovering, rear'd his head,
And now,—he said,—my mighty debt is paid ;
Which, wert thou not the slave I now survey,
Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay.

To the man-merchant, then, he stretch'd his hand,
And take,—he said,—whate'er thy wants demand ;
Quick, set my friend, and his companion free ;
Name thou the price, *unbartering*, I agree.
The ransom'd home he led, in bounteous state,
His swelling soul with god-like joy elate,
Resembling that which fill'd *El-Shaddai's* breast
When Adam in his paradise he plac'd.

His lofty hall, with richest sofas grac'd,
His wives, his children, in due order plac'd,
Such was his will though hidden his intent,
Sate with mute wonder, waiting the event.
Among them all he, then, Cornaro led,
And wip'd away a tear of joy ;—then said,
Ye of my licens'd bed, ye partners fair,
Who my *divided* love, yet *equal*, share ;
And ye, the issue of our honest joys,
If aught my words avail, ye generous boys ;
My children, and my wives, to whom I ne'er,
But, by my dismal exile, caus'd a tear ;
If, in my absence, ye not falsely mourn'd,
If your vast joy was true when I return'd ;
If *Allah* saw you, without guile, rejoice,
And our dread prophet heard your *real* voice ;
Now, more adore *Him*,—prostrate praise *His* pow'r,

Admire his bounty's unexhausted store ;
But now, from chains I freed the captive's hands,
And here, Cornaro, my deliverer stands.

All prostrate at *that* sacred name they fell,
How touch'd, *true Gratitude*, alone, can tell ;
True Gratitude, that dictated their joy,
Smil'd in each cheek, and spoke in every eye.
The Moslem saw, with joy, the pleasing scene,
The heart-felt throb thrill'd warm through every vein ;
Their gratitude his inmost soul approv'd,
Which loudly told how much *himself* was lov'd.

Now haste,—he said,—the sumptuous feast prepare ,
My wives, to deck the banquet be your care,
As if great *Ottoman*, himself, were there !
For know, th' imperial Crescent's sacred flame,
Cannot more homage, than Cornaro, claim.
And you, my sons, whate'er my ward-robcs boast,
Whate'er of crimson, gold, or gems, I have of cost ;
Bring forth !—But oh ! however rich the dress,
How poorly will it his soul's worth express !
Come, then, my friend !—But, why that down-cast eye ?
That cheek yet pale, and that still heaving sigh ?
Freedom thou hast ;—and whate'er wealth can give,
Is my blest task ;—thine only, to receive.

Cornaro blusht and sigh'd, and would have spoke,
But as he strove, sobs still his accents broke ;
The uncle saw, yet silent, his distress,
And, what Cornaro could not,—ventur'd to express.
He told the tale of love,—the fair pourtray'd,
Pencil'd the semblance of the blue-ey'd maid,
Ere this, perhaps, some Turk's abandon'd prey,
Torn, ever torn, from her lov'd lord away ;
Her liege lord doom'd no other bliss to prove,
Than life, and horror,—if bereft of love.

The Moslem, sorrowing, heard the fatal tale,
Fearing his utmost bounty, here, must fail ;
Fearing, he never could the maid restore,
Victim, ere this, of some rude tyrant's power ;
Ere this conceal'd in some embowering grove,
Where *lust* usurps the sacred name of *love*.
Some close *Serraglio's* gloom, from whose dark bourne,
No maid did e'er inviolate return.

But as this thought perplex'd his lab'ring brain,
 And *Hope* to cheer his heart still toil'd in vain,
 The elder blessing of his fruitful bed,
His son, all sudden smil'd, and cheering said,
 Thee first, Creator, Allah ! I adore,
 Untraced, mysterious, wonder-working Power !
 How can thy lowest servant's untried noon
 Of useless life deserve so vast a boon ?
 Be hush'd all griefs, and open every ear,
 And my words, chiefly, let Cornaro hear ;
 And let my Sire his generous offspring own,
 While I, not vainly, boast, I am *his* son.
 If my exulting soul aright divine,
 To make Cornaro bless'd is only mine ;
 Within these walls now droops the pictur'd fair,
 Chaste yet as snow, and pure as noon-tide air ;
 Haste, then, ye slaves, O haste, and quick return
 With the fair Christian that I bought this morn.

Return'd ;—Delphina bless'd their eager eyes,
 And fill'd each throbbing heart with wild surprize.
 Then, thus, the Moslem's son, with manly air,
 As to her loyal lord he led the blushing fair :

My friend !—in this bless'd moment, be it mine,
 Taught by thyself, to shew a soul like thine ;
 A soul, that strives e'en with Cornaro's worth,
 Forgive the vaunt ;—for *virtue* sends it forth.
 By Mecca's sacred temple here I swear,
 In thy gay paradise, great Prophet, hear !
 Were all the treasure here, before my sight
 That fill'd Damascus's plains with glittering light,
 When, in full triumph, furious Caled rode,
 And bath'd the Syrian sword in Grecian blood ;
 Should some great Sultan say—this maid resign,
 And the whole wealth of all the East is thine ;
 From him, unhesitating would I turn,
 And look upon the paltry bribe with scorn.
 With maddening gaze such beauty we survey,
 Which *virtue*, only, in exchange can pay.
 'Tis *thee* bright, goddess, *Virtue*, I pursue,
 To thy bright beams I lift th' aspiring view ;
 Thus prostrate, thy ennobling power I own,

And sacrifice my *passions* at *thy* throne.

So saying,—with a smile their hands he join'd,
And his rich prize, with deep-drawn sighs, resign'd.
Virtue was pleas'd, and own'd in heav'n above,
How deeds, like these, e'en Gods with pleasure move ;
Gentle Compassion shed a tear of joy,
The lyre of Gratitude breath'd warbling through the sky.

What joy the raptur'd lovers' souls possess'd,
What conscious pleasure touch'd the Father's breast, }
How all around their vast delight express'd,
Lest, in the attempt, the fault'ring Muse prove weak,
Let children, parents, lovers, *Virtut spectat !*

*SIXTH SECTION.***RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF AMERICA.**

WE are, again, compelled to omit this section, in consequence of the multitude of more important matters demanding our attention. Even, as it is, the insertion of many interesting communications, from different parts of the Union, we are obliged to post-pone for want of room, to some future opportunity ;—if ever that opportunity shall arrive.— And a number of valuable American Publications, which have been sent to us, for the purpose of being reviewed, we are compelled to lay by on our shelves, till we can find the means of introducing them to the public.

We cheerfully embrace this opportunity of offering our acknowledgments to all those authors, and book-sellers, who have sent us their works to be reviewed. It shall always be our chief care to render the reviewing department, which is by far the most important branch of our labours, such, as to comport with the strictest impartiality and justice ;—to encourage every effort of genius, of learning, and of virtue ;—and to repress every attempt of vice, of ignorance, of stupidity, and of impudence.

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

*Non-importation-Bill (Continued from
Vol. 2.—No. 4.—page 265.)*

SUCH is all friendship between one nation and another, that it is all a computation of individual aggrandizement, of national security, and of extended influence. Yet periods will force themselves upon us, when all these considerations must bow to the general good, when it becomes the interest of each to consult the safety of the whole; and when the tranquillity, the safety, nay, the very existence of each nation, depends upon the unanimity and promptitude with which the whole are known to act. And such a period is the one under review. By the battle of Austerlitz, the further efforts of the house of Austria were rendered nugatory: terms of peace had been dictated to the Emperor within the walls of his own capital; and the temporizing policy of Prussia had obliquely pointed out its future destiny. Russia and Sweden had retired within the precincts of their own dominions; while D'Oubril in Paris, was paving the way to a treaty which was to prostrate the honour of his sovereign at the feet of the French Emperor. The petty princes of the Germanic body, crouching beneath the paw of the tyger, had either joined their feeble strength to his, or had been permitted to maintain a doubtful neutrality; while the relations, and other minions, of the merciless conqueror, were raised to thrones and dukedoms, and principalities, and powers, erected on the ruins of the lawful sovereigns, now driven into exile, or receiving an existence from the hands of their tyrannic master, scarcely worth their endurance. In the midst of all these disastrous changes, and almost alone, Great-Britain stood unbending and erect. Her brave sons, yet bleeding with the

wounds received on the memorable shores of Trafalgar, seemed to absorb the anguish of their sufferings in the enthusiastic desire of again encountering their deadly enemies, and of again meeting other fleets, doomed by them to as signal destruction as the former. The mantle of NELSON had been dropped on many of his gallant associates; and they were only waiting for opportunities, for the display of talent and of valour, which should rival the fame of their once beloved leader. What an ennobling spectacle does this present to our view! Of a nation successfully opposing a foe whose gigantic power was sweeping away nearly all the continental governments of Europe, and who was looking with full purpose, and malignant design, for the favourable moment when he should seize on the only barrier to universal dominion.—And yet this nation, undaunted, and undismayed, presenting a front, bold and daring, as if even in numbers it were superior to its enraged antagonist!

Without supposing Mr. Randolph to have been influenced by views similar to our own, in his opposition to the resolution in question; yet something like the picture we have drawn must have presented itself to his imagination, when he entered upon the most interesting part of the discussion. He seems to have accurately appreciated the real situation which Great-Britain had to sustain in the present contest, and to have scanned, with a statesman's eye, the danger to be apprehended from the increasing power of France, even to the United States, should Great-Britain ever fall beneath the weight of that iron arm. "Great-Britain," said Mr. R. "violates your flag on the high seas. What is her situation? "Contending, not for the dismantling of Dunkirk, for Quebec, or Pondicherry, but for London and Westminster—for life. Her enemy violating, at will, the territories of other nations, acquiring thereby a colossal power that threatens the very existence of her rival. But she has one vulnerable point to the arms of her adversary, which she covers with the ensigns of neutrality, she draws the neutral flag over the heel of Achilles. And can you ask that adversary to respect it at the expence of her existence?—and in favour of whom?—An enemy that respects no neutral territory of Europe, and not even *your own*."

It was, therefore, in Mr. Randolph's opinion, become a question of policy, how far it was proper for the United States, to throw their weight into the scale of France, to aid her gigantic ambition. He considered our country as situated in some respects, as the successors of Alexander were in relation to Rome and Carthage. "Here is an iron republic that threatens the liberty of mankind. The government above all others, in Europe, to which our own is most hateful and obnoxious. This is beyond dispute. Does it then become us to facilitate its designs? I do not inquire as to the *motives*, nor does that government care about them. If you give it facility to effect its purposes, those purposes are obtained, so far as it depends on you. Is this wise? is it proper? is it right? You may help to crush Great-Britain—you may assist in breaking down her naval dominion, but you *cannot succeed to it*. Take away her navy, and where are you? The iron sceptre of the ocean will pass into his hands who wears the iron crown of the land. You may then expect a *new code* of maritime law. Where will you look for *redress*? I can tell the gentleman from Massachusetts, that there is nothing in his *Rule of Three* that will save us, even although he should out do himself, and exceed the financial ingenuity which he so memorably displayed on a recent occasion. No; let the battle of Actium be once fought, and the whole line of sea-coast will be at the mercy of the conqueror. The Atlantic, deep and wide as it is, will prove just as good a barrier to his ambition, if directed against us, as the Mediterranean did to the power of the Cæsars."

It was not attachment to Great-Britain, nor enmity to France, which induced Mr. Randolph to make these pointed remarks. As already observed, it was with him, nothing but a question of policy. "We care not," said he, "for the nations of Europe; but make foreign relations bend to our political principles, and subserve our country's interest. We have no wish to see another Actium, or Pharsalia, or the lieutenant of a modern Alexander, playing at piquet, or all-fours, for the empire of the world. It is poor comfort to us, to be told, that France has too decided a

“taste for luxurious things to meddle with us ; that Egypt
“is her object, or the coast of Barbary ; and, at the most, we
“shall be the last devoured. We are enamoured with nei-
“ther nation—we would play their own game upon them,
“use them for our interest and convenience. But with *all*
“*my abhorrence* of the British government, I should not he-
“sitate between Westminster Hall and a Middlesex jury, on
“the one hand, and the wood of Vincennes and a file of
“grenadiers, on the other. That jury-trial, which walked
“with Horne Tooke and Hardy through the flames of mi-
“nisterial persecution, is, I confess, more to my taste, than
“the trial of the Duke d’Enghien.”

Between contiguous and long settled nations there must al-
ways exist such a collision of interests, as will, necessarily,
create a spirit of jealousy, excite a constant rivalry, and lay
the foundation for innumerable disputes, on subjects, at first
view, of trivial import. Hence the frequent wars between
France and England, as well as the almost perpetual contest
on the European continent, between the rival powers of that
crowded quarter of the globe. Nor is this conduct either new,
or strange ; the republics of Greece were involved in incessant
broils with each other, and that not generally from causes
which multiplied and violent aggressions had provoked, or
repeated and aggravated insults had rendered indispensable.
This baleful propensity may be traced to one great source—
to that prevailing love of power implanted in every human
breast. From this, as from its parent fountain, flow those
streams which so often burst over their natural boundary,
lay waste the peaceful plain, and ingulph the surrounding in-
habitants in one general scene of desolation. To this same
fruitful source must we attribute that desire which every
nation possesses for its own aggrandizement ; and the con-
sequent envy which it feels, when a rival country makes more
hasty strides to wealth, extends more rapidly its dominion,
or makes greater efforts to consolidate its present power.
And, indeed, nations thus situated never want pretexts for
warfare. It is sufficient that a cause, real or pretended, exists.
The right of catching fish on Nootka Sound, the navigation of
the Scheld, or the capture of a Schooner, will equally answer

the purpose. The strong is eager to attack the weak ; nor does the feeble often want confidence in its own ability to repel the force of its more powerful enemy.

That such should be the effect on European nations is not wonderful ; but that rivalry should have a tendency to produce similar effects between the United States of America and the governments of Europe, may well, on a cursory view, excite surprise. Yet when we come to examine the question closely, this surprise will vanish, and the spirit of national emulation will be found to exist in as strong a degree between those distant governments, as it does with those whose only boundary is a river, a line drawn between the two countries, or at most a strait of seven leagues.

We do not therefore think it was irrelevant in the member from Pennsylvania, when he asserted that Great Britain is our commercial rival. This she most certainly is—or rather we are her's. For it is only since our independence, that she has had to contend on the ocean, with a neutral commerce which could in any formidable degree be injurious to her interest. To her, therefore, we are in this respect, a serious rival. Every where does the enterprise of our countrymen meet her on the seas. Alike to us are the frozen regions of Kamschatka, the dangerous navigation of the Indian seas, and the burning skies of the tropical climes. Cape Horn presents no greater obstacles to our industry than do the Capes of the Delaware. The north-west coast of our vast continent receives our visits in a nearly equal proportion as does the south ; and it may be confidently asserted, that no part of the world is open to our commerce of which we have not made the trial. In this great commercial enterprise we were preceded by that nation from whose loins we are chiefly sprung. Nor is our national character lessened by the acknowledgment, that a brighter example of commercial integrity, of persevering industry, of honourable ambition, and of liberal patriotism, was never exhibited to the child by the most exalted parent, than has Great-Britain, in this respect, presented to us ; and we hail, with sanguine hopes, the day when the dignity, the liberality, and the honour of the American Merchant, shall be not less proverbial, and common, than has been that of the British mer-

chant, from the first dawn of commerce in that island,* to the present eventful period.

From the above statement, there will result one obvious inference, that, until nations be influenced by different motives, and actuated by widely dissimilar principles, than they have ever yet been, a spirit of rivalry cannot easily be prevented. Yet, should we sedulously guard against fostering this temper beyond due bounds ; for, unless it be governed by wisdom, and founded on the soundest policy, it is pregnant with the most dreadful mischiefs which can afflict humanity. By the opportunities which it presents for interested speculation, and individual aggression, it too often leads a nation into a war, for points which, if coolly investigated, would have been abandoned, and for objects which, when attained, were not worth the keeping. It was against this consequence that Mr. Randolph wished to warn the house. To caution his country against engaging in a contest of commercial rivalry, ere it had measured its own strength, and balanced its own power for the hazardous undertaking. "Would gentlemen," said he, "wish to excite this young nation, as yet in the gristle, to a foreign contest with great Britain in the full strength of manhood. I speak of *foreign* war—the will and ability to defend ourselves is one thing ; to act three thousand miles off, another. They may rely as much as they please upon the French Emperor's making a separate peace with the continent, to the exclusion of Great Britain. If she puts out *her* strength, *you will feel it*. This proposition will subject her to all the evils of an American war, without any of the concomitant advantages. And can you expect a tame acquiescence on her part ? If her minister be not a bastard, if he has one drop of the blood of Chatham in his veins, he will die for the liberties of his country, sooner than surrender her independence. *He will do it*.—No, Sir, whatever I may think of the vices and corruptions of the government of that country I must applaud her intelligence and spirit, must admire her ability, wisdom, and strength."

To the calculations, which Great Britain was likely to make, on a review of our party divisions, Mr. Randolph allotted but a minor importance, for even her knowledge of

them could not be very accurate. He preferred, therefore, referring this suggestion to the misgivings of those gentlemen's consciences, who supported the bill, rather than to any sanguine hopes which our adversary would entertain on grounds so dubious and trifling. Yet if Great Britain could not calculate on our divisions, our pusillanimity would afford ample scope for her projective powers. She would despise that resentment, the mere effusion of mercantile cupidity, which could not be excited to honourable battle on its own ground. Much less would she be induced, by such imbecile measures, to abandon points to us, which Russia, with half a million of troops, thirty million of subjects, sixty sail of the line, and a territory more extensive than our own, could never obtain.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS ; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS ; AND
NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

* * * Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

War without Disguise, or the Frauds of Neutral Commerce a justification of belligerent Captures ; with observations on the Answer to War in Disguise and Mr. Madison's Examination: Shewing that the true interest of America requires the rigid application of the British Rule of 156. New-York, Brisban and Brannan, price 62½ Cents.

The Battle of the Eutaw Springs, and evacuation of Charleston. on the glorious 14th of Dec. 1782. A national Drama in five acts, by William Goor. Charleston, S. C. J. Hoff.

The Political Farrago, or a Miscellaneous Review of Politics in the United States, from the administration of Washington to that of Mr. Jefferson, in 1806. By Peter Dobbins, Esq. R. C. U. S. A. Brattlebro, Vermont. Wm. Fessenden.

A Narrative of the Adventures of an American Navy Officer, who served during part of the American Revolution under the command of Com. John Paul Jones, Esq. By Nathaniel Fanning, late commander of Gun-Boat No. 2 in the American Navy.—New-York, published for the widow of the author.

Transactions of the Society of Dutchess County for the promotion of Agriculture ; with select Essays on Rural Economy, chosen from various authors, and published by order of the Society, Vol. 1, No. 1. Poughkeepsie, Bowman, Parsons and Potter

The Life of General Washington ; By John Marshall, chief justice of the United States, complete in 5 vols. 8vo. with an elegant Portrait and a variety of maps. Philad. C. P. Wayne. And for sale in New-York by E. Sargeant,

REPUBLICATIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

The miseries of Human Life ; on the Groans of Samuel Sensative and Timothy Testy with a few supplementary sighs by Mrs. Testy, 1 vol. 12mo. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong.

The wild Irish girl, a national Tale, by Miss Owenson, author of *St. Clair*, the *Novice of St. Dominick*, &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo. price one Dollar and twenty-five cents. Philadelphia, T. S. Manning.

An account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, L. L. D. late professor of moral Philosophy and Logic, in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, Including many of his original Letters. By Wm. Forbes, of Pitsligo, Bart. One of the executors of Dr. Beattie. One vol. 8vo. price two dollars and fifty cents in boards. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford, and in New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

Memoirs of the life of Samuel Foote, Esq. by William Cooke Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York, P. A. Mesier

Anquetil's Universal history, exhibiting the rise, decline, and revolutions of all the nations of the world from the creation to the present time, in nine vols 8vo. price two dollars per vol. is now publishing by C. P. Wayne. Philadelphia. Four volumes have been published, the fifth will soon be ready, and the whole work completed without delay. Subscriptions received in New-York by E. Sargeant.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Thomas Dobson, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription at five dollars in boards, an elegant 4to edition of the New-Testament, with Canne's Notes, to be printed on superfine Royal paper, with an elegant new type cast on purpose for the work, which will be put to press as soon as four hundred subscriptions are obtained, when the price will be raised to six dollars. If this undertaking meets with encouragement, Mr. Dobson proposes to publish the Old Testament in the same manner.

I. M. Dunham of Boston has issued proposals for publishing by subscription at two dollars a volume bound, Sermons by Hugh Blair, D. D. F. R. S. Late Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh—In three volumes complete, from the twenty-fifth London Edition of five volumes—To which will be prefixed, the life of that venerable author.

Anthony Boucherie, of Philadelphia, proposes publishing by subscription in two volumes 8vo. of about five hundred pages each price six dollars, the Merchants Unerring Guide to the East India and China trade; Drawn from the observations and notes of Pierre Blancard, an experienced merchant, and navigator in the Asiatic seas, by Anthony Boucherie.

William Andrews of Boston proposes to publish by subscription, the Works of William Paley, D. D. Archdeacon of Carlisle; with a portrait of the author. In four vols. 8vo. at two dollars a volume.

John Wyeth of Harrisburgh, proposes to publish by subscription, the Moral and Religious Miscellany, or sixty-one Aphoretical Essays, on some of the most important Christian Doctrines and Virtues, by Hugh Knox, D. D. in St. Croix.

THE
MONTHLY
REGISTER, MAGAZINE,
AND
REVIEW,
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER. NO. VI.
ON THE UTILITY OF BLOCKHEADS.

"O *dulness*!—portion of the truly blest,
Calm, shelter'd haven of unvarying rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If, mantling high, she fills the golden cup,
With *sober, selfish* ease, they sip it up:
Conscious, that they the bounty well deserve,
They only wonder *some folks* do not starve.
The grave, sage hern, thus, easy, picks his frog.
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And through disastrous night they, darkling, grope.
With *deaf endurance* sluggishly, they bear;
And just conclude, that *fools* are fortune's care.
So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong, on the sign post, stands the stupid ox."

1

"O ye, that live, a kin to fool,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool;
Your hearts are just a *standing pool*,
Your lives a dyke.

2

No gleaming, sentimental traces
 In your *unletter'd, nameless* faces :
 In *arioso* trills and graces

Ye, never, stray :

But *gravissimo*, solemn bases
 Ye hum away."

So far the poet of nature ; who entertained, to the full, as profound a respect for *block-heads*, as I, myself, can possibly do, notwithstanding my strong predilection in favour of that very worthy and very numerous fraternity.

In that great game of calculation, called human life, the stake, played for by blockheads, is deep and important. By the generic term, block-heads, I do not mean those whom nature intended to be *ideots*, but who, by some unlucky mistake, are suffered to walk about at large in the community, and to pass for men. Although I am well aware, that *idiots* are cherished in Switzerland, and considered by the honest mountaineers as blessings of a very peculiar cast—which is undoubtedly true ; but, then, only consider the far superior importance of *block-heads* ; for they are cherished and encouraged *every where*—not only in Switzerland, where the people are so much enamoured of idiots, but, likewise, all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and, not less, here on our great continent of America, which, to give it its due, doth treat this species of animals, called block-heads, with all imaginable reverence and esteem.

Neither do I mean the *middle men*—(the *women* are out of the question, in the present inquiry into the utility of block-heads)—by *middle men* I mean, those who stand mid-way *between* intellect and *no* intellect. The celebrated Mr. Harris, in his *Hermes*, and the egregious Lord Monboddo, in his *Origin and Progress of Language*, discourse, very largely, and very learnedly, concerning what they are pleased to call *Zoophytes* in language ; which consist, if we may believe Lord Monboddo and Mr. Harris, of words, which have *no* signification, yet cannot be said to have no signification, but are, *as it were*,—(no doubt)—placed *between* signification and no signification, and therefore, *must be Zoophytes*.

I hope, that the reader understands all this profound reasoning ;—if he does not, I cannot help it ; for my own part, I freely confess, that it is to me altogether most comfortably unintelligible.

In *like manner*, then, I say, that there are very large bodies of men, whom no one, saving and except *themselves*, dares have the impudence to charge with being in the possession of any intellect : and yet, of whom, we cannot well, with decency, publicly assert, that they have no intellect. These men, *therefore*, as Mr. Harris, and my Lord Monboddo, would sagaciously infer,—stand *mid-way* between intellect and no intellect : that is, they are *middle men* ; the term, by which, henceforth, I desire, that all *such* beings may be known, and accordingly denominated.

At present, however, I do not intend to dissert either concerning these same middle men, or idiots ; but to confine my attention, solely, to your wholesome, honest block-heads, who may be considered as *fixtures* in certain houses ;—or, rather, as *heir-looms*, in certain families, descending from generation to generation, in one unbroken series of heavy perpetuity.—For instance ;—but it is not my design, *at present*, to inquire, as Mrs. Slip-slop acutely observes, into *particles*.

I shall, therefore, first prove the utility of blockheads in matters relating to *government*.—Now, all the world knows, that in a *republic*, such as we have here in America, no *aristocracy* can, possibly, be allowed ;—for here, we are all *equal* ; and, more particularly, say the *Jacobins*, who are a very numerous and powerful body of beings in this country,—all *aristocracy of talent* must be perpetually *proscribed* and *destroyed* ; for *we Jacobins* always were, always are, and always will be *equal* to one another in *dulness* and *ignorance* ; if you doubt this, look at the *gun-boat* system, and the *non-importation* act ;—if you doubt this, go and ask where are the statesmen and the warriors, the intelligent, the upright, the valiant, the honourable men, who by their wisdom in the cabinet, and by their prowess in the field, rescued America from the British yoke, and reared her into an independent nation ?—and when you find that all those,

—“Οὐδ’ ἄν τις κηρὶς εἶεν θανάτου φερούσα,
Χθρὴ τε καὶ πρηνὴ;—

that *all* those heroes and counsellors of state, whose eyelids the hand of death hath not sealed in the slumbers of the tomb, are now hidden in the shades of retirement and obscurity,—all your doubts on this point, will for ever cease.

The experience of all recorded time prove that God and Nature have decreed it as an eternal, and an uncontrovertible truth,—that *no* society of human beings, *no* regular, and stable government can possibly exist without *subordination*; that is, without *two* orders of men,—one to *command*, and the other to *obey*.—But *block-heads* are everlastingly barred, from the very constitution of their nature, from the capability of *commanding*; they must, therefore, in every well-regulated community, obey. Hence, in all ages, and in all climes, hath there been produced a very large body of these respectable personages, for the purpose of fulfilling that very necessary duty in all wisely governed nations, called obedience.

But the *Jacobins*, by their superior dulness and ignorance, have discovered a way of counteracting all these direct tendencies of human nature, by a very notable invention, called *self-government*; that is, a state of darkness, misery, and weakness, in which every block-head doth that, which seemeth good in his own eyes, without the fear of being controulled by any political wisdom, or any moral efficiency in those, who are, vulgarly, but erroneously, supposed to be the *rulers* of the state.

And, indeed, this state of things is strongly hinted at, in a *certain* book, which the *Jacobins* *never* read, and, consequently, *know* to be not worth reading;—the passage to which I allude is this:

“And I will give *children* to be their princes, and *babes* shall rule over them. And the people shall be *oppressed*, every one by another, and every one by his *neighbour*: the *child* shall behave himself proudly against the *ancient*, and the *base* against the *honourable*.”

N. B. By children and babes is meant persons *without* understanding,—or, if you like it better in plain English,—*Block-heads*.

The great utility of block-heads, therefore, in all matters relating to government, is now fully proved. Q. E. D.

Secondly ;—the utility of these gentlemen, in *private* life, is to be demonstrated. There can be no doubt, that *social* comforts are increased, if not absolutely created by *block-heads* ;—for no block-head can ever endure the being *alone* for five minutes ; consequently, the block-heads are *gregarious* animals, and always to be found in herds ;—they gather together in large bodies, look stupid at each other, say *nothing*, and part, with very solid reflections upon their own happiness, and their own importance.

Men of intellect, only, can endure *solitude*, which is the soil that all the virtues love ; whence the old, and well-known adage, of—*Sapiens, nunquam, minus solus, quam cum solus.*

Again,—block-heads are of considerable service to the community, by encouraging the progress of agriculture ;—for they are universally known to be great consumers of beef and pudding ;—so much so, that some philosophers, after much and deep cogitation on the subject, have concluded, that block-heads are not capable of carrying any thing, except beef and pudding, out of a room, and therefore, that *no conversation*, less substantial and material than food and drink, should ever be offered to them ; because *all waste* is a sin.

Block-heads are, also, of use, in perpetuating their own breed. For phisiologists have long since demonstrated, that Horace was philosophically correct, when he said,

Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis ;
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus ; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

I am, myself, a very devout believer in *breeds* ; and am thoroughly convinced that dulness never propagates intellect ; indeed, intellect is often marred by an unseemly union with its opposite ; as Cicero contrived by mating himself with a foolish woman to produce a son, who was very far from being a Solomon.

Let the breeds, therefore, be always, in future, kept distinct ;—let fools intermarry with fools, and let the wise unite

themselves to the children of wisdom, in order that the great practical scheme of human life might be carried on properly and effectually ;—that all the wheels of government and of social order might roll round without let or molestation ;—that intellect and virtue might watch over, and direct the great interests of humanity, and that the offspring of dulness might fill up all the coarser and subordinate departments of the machine of life ;—might be either hewers of wood or drawers of water ;—or gatherers together of masses of pelf, by being the quiet, plodding drudges in those mechanical employments, which require neither comprehensive calculation, nor decisive energy of execution.

It might not be amiss to give one or two general rules how to treat Block-heads in our ordinary intercourse with them.—In the first place, never *banter* a Block-head ; because his power of association is so very slow and feeble, that he is never capable of understanding the flashes of *wit* and *humour* ; and, as all weak animals are suspicious, the block-head regularly interprets every burst of laughter and of merriment, which he does not understand, to be levelled at himself.—I am sure, says that miserable *ignoramus* Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem,—that they were talking of *me*, for they *laughed* consumedly.

Besides, a block-head generally misrepresents the words and actions of intelligent men ; hence, your downright fools always impute evil to the effusions of innocent gaiety and wit, even if they do not conceive them to be pointed at themselves ;—whence the necessity of *very small* and *very sober* discourse with these beings, such as relates to the weather,—either that it is hot or cold, wet or dry ;—the births, and marriages, and deaths of their neighbours, or their servants ; or lastly, as the *Zero*, in the scale of insignificance,—such discourse as relates to themselves, i.e. whether or not they have eaten and drank and stuffed their carcasses more to-day than they did yesterday ;—whether or not they have lately quarrelled with their wives ;—or what opinion *they* entertain of the politics of the country ;—and much other matter of equal importance to the interests of wisdom and of virtue.

The celebrated Dr. S. Clarke was, one morning, in high glee with two or three literary friends ;—and their frequent flashes of wit and genius produced repeated bursts of laughter ;—when, all of a sudden, Clarke looking out at the window, and seeing the Bishop of — waddling up the steps in front of the house, for the purpose of calling on the great antagonist of Leibnitz, said,—My friends, let us cease our merriment, we must be *grave*, for here comes a *fool*.

But, thirdly—by far the most useful species of all this numerous fraternity, is that of the *writing block-heads*;—generally, known by the appellation of *foolish authors* ; who labour under that miserable malady called *cacoethes scribendi*, or an itch for scribbling. These worthy gentlemen, by the labours, (not of their *brain*, for *brains* they have none)—of their *pens* and *fingers*, call into actual employment many paper-makers, printers, venders of books, &c.—and also, render great service to the old women in the markets, who sell butter and eggs ; since the printed effusions of dulness always find their way into

——“ Vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur *ineptis*.”

That is,—“ These foolish papers, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam or Soho.”

Again, Block-heads are of very material service, in performing the office of a whet-stone, whose peculiar quality it is, not itself, to cut, but to sharpen steel ; or if you like the definition of a whetstone, given by Horace, better, you shall have it in the words of the courtly Satyrist, who, when speaking of himself, says,

——“ fungar vice *cotis*, acutum
Reddere que ferrum valet,—*exsors ipsa secandi*.”

So the block-head, though free from the imputation of any wit in himself, serves as a whet-stone, on which the razor of another's wit is sharpened.—In a word, a block-head makes a very good *butt*, and not the worse for being *empty*.—How could Pope have written his *Dunciad*, had there been *no dunces* to furnish the materials for that inimitable satire ;—any more than there could be wigs if there were not *blocks*, on which to hang them ?

Neither are we, in New-York, at this moment, less favoured with an abundance of *matter for a Dunciad*, than was Mr. Pope himself, at the period, in which he lived. Out of the great number of block-heads, which are swarming about, in all directions, there are *three*, who, from their superior boobyism, *κττ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν*, by way of eminence, demand notice. This notable trio stand thus in the scale of intellectual degradation;—first and foremost, Mr. Barnard Blunderbuss,—secondly, Mr. Francis Flim-flam,—and thirdly, Mr. Timothy Turnspit.—As I wish to avoid all *personal* allusions, I shall content myself with saying, that the *greatest* hero of this triumvirate, might be worshipped, *without idolatry*; for he is like nothing either in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.—Nought but himself can be his parallel. He always reminds me of a very sagacious inscription, which I once saw, over the *menagerie*, at Exeter Change, in London. On a piece of canvass was daubed the resemblance of a male elephant, under whose feet were inscribed these words;—This is the largest elephant in the world, *except* himself.

As for the others, I say nothing about their bodies, because I hold that *they* are not fair game;—a block-head does not make his own carcase, and therefore, his carcase should be suffered to perish in silence, and without notice: but the moment that a man turns *author*, he is *quatenus author*, liable to all the attacks, which genius, wit and learning, shall choose to make upon him. Indeed, if it were not so, the world would be in a much worse condition than it is;—because stupidity, not being indictable, as a nuisance, in the courts of law, would fairly bury the community under the rubbish of its productions, were it not checked, and occasionally, either strangled in the birth, or scourged out of existence, by the unbending justice of sound criticism.

It is a maxim of the *common law*, that no man shall be allowed to *stultify* himself, under any pretence whatsoever;—now, these worthy gentlemen, Messrs. Turnspit, Flim-flam, and Blunderbuss, not having the fear of the Attorney General before their eyes, do absolutely act in open defiance of this

wholesome and salutary law, and do, positively, *make fools* of themselves, every day, and every hour of their lives.

They have, all three, determined to entertain the *Town*, very much at their *own* expence, and have all solemnly sworn,—(in like manner as the forty Jews bound themselves by an oath not to eat bread 'till they had murdered Paul,—with the effect of which oath we are all well acquainted)—eternal war against all genius, learning, wit, sense, spirit, taste, decency, virtue, morality, and religion,—*all* of which they declare they will *write down*, forth-with, and incontinently.—Surely, this egregious triumvirate, and the *intended* murderers of Paul, will meet with *equal* success in their laudable and pious endeavours.

We most earnestly beseech these worthy gentlemen to continue their *literary* labours; for we love the good old times, when every gentleman kept a *fool* in his own house, for the amusement of himself and his family; we, therefore, are excessively obliged to Messrs. Blunderbuss and Co. for having volunteered themselves to act the part of *fools*, for the *public weal*, and, in order to entertain the good people of America, at their *own* cost.

One piece of advice I must, however, offer to this dull brotherhood; namely, to follow the example of a certain painter, who was hired to pourtray a *horse* upon a sign, for the benefit of a vender of ale and gin, commonly called a publican. The painter drew this said *horse* so like a *shoulder of mutton*, that he was obliged to write under it a notice to this effect;—N. B. This is *not* a *shoulder of mutton*, but a *horse*;—in like manner, let Messrs. Blunderbuss, Flim-flam, and Turnspit, always insert a similar note to *every thing*, which they write; the note should be couched in these words;—N. B. We can assure the reader, upon all the credit which is due to us, that, what we have now written, is *not nonsense*, but *sense*:—believe it who will, at his peril!

Further-more, these gentlemen have, of late, been seen *to lay their heads together*, and have been heard to declare stoutly, that they are determined to attack as *vile*, and *low*, whatsoever they do *not* understand. Now, if these worthy scribblers were capable of reasoning upon their own premises, they

would, as they understand *nothing*, attack *nothing*. But waiving this ;—beyond all controversy, as they do not understand any thing resembling *decency* and *sense*, we might rest assured, that whatever they attack is both *sensible*, and *decent* ; whence, they, very completely, verify Dan Pope's assertion, who, when speaking of some dunces of his day, says,

“ Their *praise* is *censure*, and their *censure* *praise*.”

When a certain part of Mr. Pope's Satires was shewn to surly John Dennis,—(after carefully perusing the character of a coward, a scoundrel, a knave, a liar, and a dunce, drawn by the masterly hand of Twickenham's inimitable bard,)—Dennis roared out,—“ He means *me*, as I am a sinner.”

My earnest request, therefore, is, that if any *block-head*, or *ignoramus* should read this essay on the utility of his *own* species, and should find his *own* portrait there, he will exercise more discretion than did John Dennis ;—and, either have the grace to be altogether silent, or let the bowels of his compassion yearn towards himself, and say,—“ As I am a sinner, he does *not* mean me.”

I have hanged up a *fool's-cap* upon a pole, where it now rides, dangling between heaven and earth ; if any block-head take that fool's-cap down, from the pole, and fix it on his own barren pate, let him remember, that it is *himself*, and *not* I, who hath covered his own head with shame, and exposed his own absurdity to be pointed at by the finger of scorn and of derision.

By a confusion of ideas well worthy of the heads, in which it lies, block-heads have a strange propensity to *combine* together ;—as if a confederacy of dunces could ever avail aught against the efforts of individual intelligence ;—all the *noughts* and *cyphers* in the world, added together, can never amount to a *unit* ;—if you add *nothing* to *nothing*, *ad infinitum*, still the *sum total* must be *nothing* ;—and it matters not, as in the instance before us, whether a man is attacked by the *whole* of *nothing*, that is by the conjoined forces of Messrs. Blunderbuss, Flim-flam, and Turnspit,—or the *half* of *nothing*, that is *any two* of the said triumvirate ;—or the *third* of *nothing*, that is, *any one* of these precious pillars of society ;—*nothing*, whether as a *whole*, or only a *part*, can never be the object of

ought but the most freezing indifference, or the most sovereign scorn.

To put this matter however, at rest, for the future ;—be this proposition and its solution known unto all, whom it might concern, namely ;—that every individual block-head is a fool ;—that a number of block-heads is only a multitude of fools ;—that a multiplication of folly can never become wisdom ;—and, consequently, that the effect produced by the efforts of an individual block-head, or of many block-heads combined, can differ only in degree,—that is, in proportion as the number of confederated dunces increases, will be the magnitude of the stultification displayed by their joint endeavours ;—in the same manner as a calf, which is nourished by two cows, instead of one, grows up to be a *very great calf*.

It is not to be expected, that, in a single Essay, I can do justice to *all* the merits of the block-head tribe ; I shall, therefore, merely state, at random, a few more instances of the utility of dunces, as they occur to my recollection, while I am writing, and then, for the present, relinquish the subject.

Block-heads are very fond of retailing, by scraps, and piece-meal, what they have heard from others ; a circumstance which savours of prudence, because, as they have *nothing* of their *own* to say, and cannot be silent, except when they are eating or sleeping, it is necessary that they borrow or steal the materials of their discourse from whatever quarter they can. Neither need this be matter of alarm to those persons, whose intellect a dunce attempts to rob and plunder, for when any thing has once passed through the muddy medium of a block-head's brain, it is *so near to nothing*, that what the *original* was, cannot possibly be discovered.

There is a roving tribe of barbarous banditti, called the Tartars, who imagine, that, if they cut off the head of a man of genius, they shall receive his sense, into their skulls, as a matter of inheritance ; in this respect Messrs. Turnspit, Blunderbuss, and Flim-flam win the palm of wisdom from their brother-barbarians, the Tartars : for they continually strive, with all their might and main, (more particularly little Tim Turnspit wriggles most impotently in the cause)—to destroy men of intellect, for the sole purpose of reducing the human

race to their own level, and thus to constitute a community of block-heads ;—very consistently with themselves, utterly refusing and rejecting all desire for intellect of any sort, because they are well aware, that if, by any chance, knowledge should ever betray them into a glimmering of sense, their constant friend and companion, plain, dull stupidity would instantly step in to aid them, and effectually prohibit the continued residence of understanding in their heads, which, to say truth, are all like that of Squire Richard,—of a very comfortable thickness.

Every one knows what a lamentable thing it is to mourn over the loss of him, whose memory is dear ;—but a block-head enjoys the unenviable privilege of dying unwept, as he lived unloved ;—when a booby drops into annihilation he leaves no vacuity behind.

The Romans allowed their slaves, and all the basest of the rabble, during their annual feast, called *Saturnalia*, to vent their spleen in foul reproaches, and in filthy ribaldry, against their *greatest and best* men, in order to teach them to despise scurrility, and low, vulgar, personal abuse. We are more liberal in this respect, than were the Romans, for we allow our block-heads to continue *their Saturnalia* during the whole year ; whence we entertain a much more sovereign scorn and detestation for them and for their productions, than could ever possibly enter the minds of the ancient conquerors of the world.

Again, the block-heads,—but I am weary of this heavy subject, and shall relieve myself by concluding with the sentiments, although not in the very words, of a man, who once possessed a most distinguished and commanding genius, but who is now labouring under the most afflicting and the most awful of all human calamities.

The efficient direction to all the pursuits, and all the actions, and all the thoughts of men, is given by a *very few*,—even by the children of thought and of reflection ; the generality of mankind must always be contented to *admire* that which they do *not understand* ;—of the myriads of human beings, who declaim, in terms of rapturous delight on the inimitable excellencies of the bard of Avon, Fancy's darling

child, *not one in ten thousand*, is capable of *feeling*, or of *comprehending any, even the least* of all those excellencies.

So runs the world, and so will it ever run ;—but let not the ardour of ingenuous youth be checked ; neither let the spirit of *Genius* droop, nor let the lightnings of her eye be quenched in the dark clouds of slumber ;—for intellectual strength will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours, which gather round the rising Sun, and follow him in his course, seldom or ever fail, at the setting of his beams, to form a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, that luminary, which *they cannot hide*.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN:

A MORAL TALE; BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 5. page 289.)

FROM Perth, which is a neat, comfortable, elegant little town, Edward proceeded onward towards Dunkeld, within a few miles of which place the country began to assume a more rugged and terrific form. He was shut in by mountains, on the right hand and on the left; the vallies were nearly desolate and void of cultivation; the river Tay had contented itself with a narrower channel, through which it toiled and fretted over many a broken rock, and many a jutting precipice: its banks were thinly fringed with wood, which, also, slightly skirted the hills mid-way up their heights; but their broad bare backs upheaved themselves to the clouds, their tops ascended to the sky, in the naked grandeur of sterility. Edward walked on in pleasing, pensive contemplation of the surrounding objects, enjoying the luxury of his own emotions in the profoundest silence, a silence that made itself to be felt. He came, when the thickening shades of night began to darken the surface of the water, and to wrap creation round in her misty mantle of indistinctness, to Dunkeld ferry, which he crossed, and passed the night in the town of Dunkeld.

Here Edward learned, that the duke of Athol was proceeding to lay waste and depopulate Dunkeld, in order to increase the extent of his pleasure ground and park; and that he had already executed half his purpose, for the church, which originally stood in the middle of the town, was now close to his grace's park wall; nearly half the houses had been pulled down, and their inhabitants driven out upon the wide world to roam in quest of food and of shelter in countries less inhospitable, and in more genial climes. The duke calculated upon being able, in the course of a few years, to raze the town of Dunkeld to the earth, not leaving one stone upon another, and to convert the whole into a lawn and shrubbery;

while the people must seek for an abode and the means of existence in some strange land, far from their native home.

Edward went to survey the domains of Athol's duke. The walks were spacious, and the plantations extensive, and judiciously situated, on eminences, or in vallies, so as every where to present objects of delight to the eye of the enraptured beholder. Edward sate under the shed of a rude and moss-grown canopy, and surveyed the tumbling of a cataract, as it laboured from rock to rock, and wasted its idle fury in sheets of foam upon its stony bed below. This scene raised in Edward's mind sensations truly sublime and elevated; he felt himself lifted up in the scale of being, as he contemplated this bold and magnificent torrent. While he was gazing intently on the scene before him, his guide, one of the duke's servants, said that he would now show him the bonniest and the bravest sight in all the grounds of his grace of Athol.

Edward rose, and followed his conductor into a room, which was furnished quite in the modern style, and was told to look at a mirror, placed on one side of the apartment; he did so, and saw the resemblance of the cascade, as if in the very act of rushing down upon him. Edward's mind, full of the emotions, which the view of the fall had excited, had been raised to the utmost stretch of expectation by being told of something still more noble and sublime to be seen; and then, to be dragged into a little, snug, painted room, to look at a mirror, which shewed him the appearance of what he knew to be false, fairly disgusted him, and filled him with something very much unlike compassion, for the childish, trifling taste, that could stoop to devise such a petty artifice.

The imagination but ill brooks being checked in her loftiest flights, and circumscribed in her widest range, by the paltry intrusion of art, clumsily obtruded on its notice, and compelling the mind to associate the handy-work of a small and a narrow animal with the bold and magnificent operations of nature. Edward listened not again to the suggestions of his guide, but roved in silence through all the winding walks, and embosomed recesses of this enchanting spot, which is justly and deservedly celebrated as one of the most paradisaical places on the face of the earth.

Edward walked forward, contemplating the scenery of the surrounding country, 'till he came to the pass of Killakranky, when he paused with wonder and dismay; the objects all around were terrifically grand; far as the eye could range, the prospect was bounded by an eternal chain of mountains, whose summits were buried in the clouds.

He crawled, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck, down some very steep rocks, in order to bathe in the river Garry. At length, he reached the lower-most ledge of the precipice, against which the unwearied waves beat in hoarse cadence. The water was clear and limpid, so as to enable him to see and to avoid the sunken masses of stone, that lay a few feet under its surface.

Edward stood on the shelving ledge of a rock, close by the water's side, and surveyed the scenery of this enchanting spot, with inexpressible ecstasy. The vast masses of rocks had been, in many places, rifted by the lightning's blast, and, here and there, disclosed an awful chasm. At their base, and far up the steep, the hills were naked and bare, but above, thinly skirted with hardy trees and shrubs, as the mountain ash, the elm, and the hazel. The arch of a bridge, which led to a stately mansion near, reared itself full sixty feet above the bed of the river, although in the winter season, when the floods roll down the impetuous tide of their torrents from the mountain-heights, the waters rise above the level of the arch, and find their way through some round apertures at its side, made for the purpose of affording an outlet to the streams, lest the great weight of accumulated waters should press upon and sweep the whole fabric into destruction.

From the spot where Edward stood, as he looked through the arch of the bridge, he beheld a noble country open on his view. The banks of the river, (which tumbles its foaming flood over many a rough and broken fragment of rock, that impeded its course through the channel) were smiling with verdure, the plains beyond exhibited the marks of cultivation; and the whole of the prospect was terminated by a range of mountains, some of which were slightly clothed with wood, while the rest in bleak and sullen majesty, exposed their bare heads to the storm, and defied the ravages of time.

In the British rebellion of 1745, when the Hessian troops came to this spot, they declared, that they would go no farther, for that these were the confines of the world. And, no wonder; for before General Wade had caused the famous military road, which now runs over all this tract of country, to be constructed, half a dozen highlanders, with a few loose stones, might have defended the pass against a whole army of assailants.

Gray, the poet, says, that he never experienced the sensations of sublimity from the moment he crossed the Alps, 'till he arrived at this spot. In the ruder times of ancient days, a poet might, surely, have been forgiven, if he had placed the nether regions directly in this spot, which might then have appeared to him to be the bones and skeleton of the world. Here the bard might have imagined, that airy forms and shadowy spectres took up their habitation, whether they hung on the rude fragment of a rock, or came riding upon the viewless wings of the blast.

Edward crawled up the rocks, and wound his way up towards the road, along the coppice paths of Sir James Pultney, still shut in, on all sides, by mountains, of which those immediately near him, were hung with wood, and well dressed with foliage, but beyond, and elevated above all, the hills were naked to their summits, not even scantily covered with heath. The river rolled itself along at his left hand, now opening upon him its white and perturbed stream, labouring to find its way among the rocks, which opposed its passage, then entirely hidden from his sight by the out-jutting and over-hanging hills, it allowed him only to imagine the difficulties, with which it struggled, by the hoarse murmur of its waters, coming with deep and solemn tones upon his ear, amid the awful silence, in which all around was hushed. Here Edward

“Himself, could catch the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye,
And by the winds, and murmuring waters lull'd,
Was lost in lonely musing; in the dream
Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,

Sooth every gust of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the softened heart,
That waken, not disturb th' enraptur'd mind."

Edward got, at length, by a gradual ascent into the road, where the scenery still preserved the same sublimity of feature. Trees were to be seen on the lower ridges or tiers of mountains, with here and there, a little hut or cabin, suspended at the side of the hill, and apparently hanging in the air, owing to the distance; the topmost range of the mountains, was very lofty, and enveloped in eternal clouds.

He marched onward, and soon saw, at the distance of some miles, Blair Athol. It was more extensive but not so interesting as Dunkeld; the great plantations of firs showed that the hand of art was labouring to supply what nature had refused spontaneously to bestow. Edward looked in vain for the tumbling of the torrents and the huge masses of rock, which he had surveyed at Dunkeld, with such emotions of unmixed but inexpressible delight.

On his arrival at Blair Athol he repaired to an inn kept by a highland peasant, who received him with all that genuine welcome and cordiality, which so strongly marks the character of the Scottish highlander. Edward observed his host attentively; he was short of stature, and rather slightly made; his face bore strong marks of close and deep thinking, blended with many a line of wo, and many a furrow of heart-felt grief.

As they sate down together on a verdant hillock, which over-looked the duke of Athol's extended domains, he related to Edward his little history, which was brief and simple, unmarked by variety, and unchequered by abundance of incident. He had passed his youth as a peasant, in the bosom of his native hills, in peace and in comfort, supplying all his wants by the labour of his hands; while yet young, ere the down had well shaded his chin, he had married her whom his soul loved, and was blessed beyond the lot of mortals in her affection, and in the contemplation of the opening charms of their little ones, who had come to twist the links of mutual love, and of reciprocal attachment, still more closely round every fibre of their hearts.

In this state of enviable felicity he had passed some of the first years after his union with the partner of his love ; they were all the world to each other ; one heart, one wish, one desire, seemed to animate both their frames ; it was the wish to render each other happy, to promote each other's progress in virtue, and to train up their babes in the paths of religion and of moral rectitude. Their wants were few, and easily satisfied ; the canker-worm of this world corroded not their peace :

“ No jealousy their dawn of love o’ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
Each season look’d delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of rural life
They never roam’d ; secure beneath the storm,
Which in Ambition’s lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker’d by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.”

It was their aim to travel on together, hand in hand, thro’ the pilgrimage of life, and then, to sink together into the place appointed for all the living : and this purpose they were endeavouring to effect by the exertions of industry. He had, for some years, rented a farm of nearly twenty acres of land, and had been able, ’till lately, by incessant toil and the unremitting vigilance of œconomy, to earn the means of a scanty existence for himself, and for a numerous family. But now the pressure of the times was such, that he could not procure the means of existence, by all the efforts of uninterrupted bodily labour.

As for myself, said he, I should regard it all as nothing. I would work, from morn ’till night, to procure a morsel of dry bread, which I would eat in the evening, drink a draught of water from the spring, which flows yonder by that green bank on your left hand, muse upon the memory of my departed wife, and lay me down to rest, in the full hope of one day meeting her again. But my little ones !—what is to become of them. It is not much that I want, but that little I cannot obtain by my own exertions. But no more of this ; follow me, and I will shew you some scenery that will please you.

Edward now followed his host to view the laird Robertson's grounds. For a time, Edward was absorbed in rapture, and experienced the pleasing delirium, occasioned by the indistinct and undefineable emotions, which swept with uncontrollable impetuosity athwart his imagination. The numberless torrents and cascades, and rifted rocks, and caverned dells, which Nature had flung with an abundant and a diversified hand, seemed altogether to shut out her younger sister art from any share in forming this exquisite, this unrivalled spot, save that she had allowed her to throw a rude, mishapen, wooden bridge over a tremendously deep gulph, whose abyss of waters was heard, but not seen to labour and toil along the broken masses of rock, ere they could win their impeded way along the rough course of their rugged bed. The mountains were side-clothed and tipped with birch and hazel, and mountain-ash, and fir and oak.

At appropriate distances, and in well-selected spots, were placed rural seats of turf, or of rudely hewn wood, from which Edward and his host surveyed the torrents, as they were tumbling, tier above tier, foaming and raging over the craggy cliffs, which were irregularly and fantastically disposed, and assumed such a vast variety of appearances and of shapes, as mocks all the puny efforts of language to enumerate or to describe. From these seats, also, they commanded an extensive range of view, in hill and dale, crowned with verdure and adorned with wood.

One large and deep resounding torrent came tumbling down the steep and almost perpendicular side of a rude rock ; the rest of the water-falls descended in the course of the rivers, which were two in number, and met in a most romantic spot. Here and there welled out a still, small, weeping rill ; a soft and a soothing contrast to the deafening roar of the torrents.

On one of the seats, sheltered by over-hanging rocks, as they sate down to rest, and to be screened from the fierceness of the sun's melting beams, now glowing in their meridian strength, Edward said, that he was glad to find, that Dr. Currie's very excellent edition of Burns' works was, by its rapid and extensive sale, likely to procure a comfortable and

a permanent provision for the widow and the children of the Scottish bard. At this, the host turned round to Edward, and with a tearful eye and a faltering voice, answered, —Will a thousand times ten thousand pounds ever bring back Burns to the suffering and afflicted widow? Will money be in the place of a husband to her?—I lately lost my wife, the mother of seven bairns, and would now freely and cheerfully give the duke of Athol's estate to possess the happiness, which I experienced with that excellent woman but a year since. I would willingly devote myself to a life of *irredeemable slavery*, if I could only have her sitting by my side, as she, this day, two years ago, sate upon this seat with me.

(*To be continued.*)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

NATURE DISPLAYED, &c.

BY N. G. DUFIEF.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 5. page 295.)

M. DUFIEF fairly overwhelms us with his erudition in the following sentences about the *abuse* of words :

“ *Locke* on the abuse of words, *Helvetius* on the same subject, and *Condillac*, in particular, in his *Traité des Systemes*, will convince the doubtful, that apparently trifling deviations from the real meaning of words have given rise to the greatest errors, and to those false systems of philosophy, *as*, for centuries past, have involved the human mind in darkness, and still, unhappily, lead astray their short-sighted votaries.”

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that N. G. Dufief, himself, had paid some little attention to the study of the *abuse* of words, before the world had seen his *Nature Displayed*; for it would have saved us many an hour of the most painful drudgery, which we have ever endured.

Pray did M. Dufief’s—“intimate knowledge of the genius and analogy of the English language,”—enable him to write such poor, bald, miserable stuff as this,—“those false systems of philosophy *as*”—(*anglicè* which)—“for centuries past, have involved, &c.”

The conclusion of this preliminary discourse is in full accordance with all the preceding parts, and exemplifies the delicate and the dignified modesty of N. G. Dufief in the most satisfactory manner.

“Learning French by the *shortest* method possible, is not the *only* advantage derived from the method of Nature. It also facilitates the acquisition of *every other* language, by the establishment of an *universal* mode; and often renovates the memory, by exercising in a *simple*, yet *subtle*”—(N. B.

simplicity and *subtlety* are altogether incompatible with each other)—“manner that noble faculty of the mind, while the judgment is improved and invigorated by a method founded on *analogy* and *analysis*, our *unerring* guides in the art of thinking.”

We are then, favoured with a note, in which we are told, that memory is a very good thing!—who ever doubted it?—that the Greeks called the Muses the daughters of memory; that Bacon, Moliere, Shakspeare, and Garrick, found the benefit of exercising their memory; that Lord Erkine and Messrs. Gibbs and Garrow have good memories; and that Demosthenes transcribed Thucydides eight times! &c. &c.

We are, indeed, thankful, that we have, at length, gotten to the end of this preliminary discourse, and, doubtless, we shall receive the cordial gratulations of every humane and compassionate reader, who will be induced to say, with us

O che bel Riposo!

Our labour, however, is not yet at an end; for N. G. Dufief, now advances upon us with a chapter, which bears this formidable title,

“The Logic of Facts unanswerable.”

This chapter, which begins with an absurd sentence, and a still more absurd note, is stuffed with the names of a great number of *ladies* and *gentlemen*, who have been made marvellous proficient in the French language by N. G. Dufief’s method of instruction; some of these are,

“Ladies,—Mesdemoiselles,—Nicklin, Vatland, Philips, Shoemaker, &c. &c.”—“Gentlemen,—Messieurs,—Smith, Hepburn, Fricke, &c. &c.”

For the peculiar edification of M. Dufief, we take leave to present him with the following list of some of the company, who, as we are informed by the *New Bath Guide*, were present at a great public breakfast, given by the *Lord Ragamuffin*:

“There was Lady Grease wrister,
And Madame Van-Twister,
Her ladyship’s sister.
Lord Cram and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O’Culter,

With Marshal Carowzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron, Pansmouser."

But what does all this mean?—If M. Dufief had not, *himself*, told us, that he is a *very great philosopher*, and follows *Nature's Method*, we should, infallibly, have concluded, from the contents of this chapter, that he was some *itinerant, vagabond quack-doctor*; for every mountebank fills his books and his pamphlets with a list of the patients, which, *he says*, he has cured;—see Brodum's *literary and medical productions*,—Solomon's *Guide to Health*,—and, above all, the advertisement, which greets our eyes in almost every daily paper. It begins in these words;

"Half a million of persons, in Europe, and America, have been cured of the most inveterate *itch* by the *genuine patent Scotch Ointment*. The genuine patent Scotch ointment is the *only* medicine in the world that cures the most inveterate *itch* in *four hours*, &c. &c."

For the rest, see the daily news-papers; we cannot quote any more from this very interesting advertisement, because our pages have been, already, too much filled with citations from the no less important productions of N. G. Dufief.

Here, in New-York, we all remember the pretensions, and the success of that miserable *Charlatan*, M. Martell, another *French philosopher*, who undertook, by discarding *all grammar*, in like manner as does M. Dufief, to teach the *Latin language* completely, even to *little misses*, in the space of a few months.

Towards the close of this terrible chapter, we are told, that Mrs. Elizabeth Merry the wife of the *ci-devant* British Minister, desired N. G. Dufief to instruct her in his new method, "*not* for the purpose of acquiring the French language, to which, *by her great knowledge of it*, she does honour."

Here then, is a *new* discovery;—it seems, that Mrs. Merry *understood* the French language perfectly before, but she learned M. Dufief's method, in order, we suppose, to ascertain, whether or not she learned "*more speedily by this new*

and expeditious method," than she did "by the trite jargon of grammar," that language, with which she was *already*, completely acquainted.

M. Dufief says, with singular modesty, that *his* method of instruction is "so simple in its process, and, at the same time, of so easy a discovery, that *future ages* will wonder, that one *diametrically* opposite to it was unaccountably suffered to *degrade* the human understanding, and give a wrong bias to the minds of youth for so many centuries"!!!

Neither are we yet released; for N. G. Dufief presents us with another chapter, which is entitled,

"Extracts from Respectable Reviews."

By an unlucky over-sight M. Dufief, in the two first sentences of this chapter, discloses to us the measure of his own intellectual strength, for he says,

"Nothing can be more ridiculous in an author, than to become the *publisher* of his *own* praise, or of that, with which critics have honoured his productions. It is a *weakness*, which can, by no means, render him *respectable*, nor add to the lustre of his writings, since it is known to every one to be, in general, the *offspring of vanity, the foible of enervated or feeble minds.*"

After this frank confession of his own mental incapacity, N. G. Dufief "*regrets* that his present limits^o permit him to print *only the concluding* paragraphs of the respective reviews,"—which have heaped their praises upon *Nature Displayed*.

A damp, chill dew of horror stood upon our brows, when we saw a prospect of having to wade through the *whole* of all the Reviews, which have commended M. Dufief;—but we were, indeed, highly gratified to discover that only the conclusions of each Reviewer, who has discovered such marvellous sagacity, and such profound wisdom in the pages of our French philosopher, are inserted.

With these conclusions we shall favour our readers:

"This work is a system of instruction, which the writer has adopted from its conformity to the precepts of simple nature, and from his long and multiplied experience of its success. He styles it *the method of Nature, in teaching languages*, and he anticipates the most splendid success in his

efforts to explain and introduce this method in the seminaries, not only of America, but of every part of the world, where the French language is attended to. This method possesses the *singular excellence* of being adapted to *all* languages. So far as we are able to estimate the merits of works of this nature, we do not hesitate to bestow the *feeble* sanction of our praise, and the *slender aid* of our wishes for its success.

Literary Magazine.

"Finally, we conclude, that those who peruse "*Nature Displayed*" with attention, will *agree with us*, that it has much originality and much merit, while it promises such utility to society (as the principles are applicable to all languages) that the laws of the *old world* will probably *be lost* in those of the *new*, in teaching this important branch of literature."

Port Folio.

"The *chief* merit of this method consists in its being a close imitation of the *process of nature* in conveying the knowledge of language to children. A *higher* encomium need not, *in our opinion*, be sought by the ambition of the author. We hope this performance will be in the hands of all, who wish to spare themselves the *drudgery*, the *circuitousness*, and the *waste of time*, which attend the acquisition of languages in the modes *commonly* practised."

Medical Repository.

"We, therefore, conclude these remarks by wishing him success in his laudable undertaking, *proportioned* to the ingenuity and ability, with which these volumes are executed. We are happy to learn, that several instructors in different parts of the United States are teaching the French language on Mr. Dufief's principles." *Panoplist, or Christian Armory.*

"We consider this work, not only, as a *valuable acquisition* to the student of the French language, but as a performance, which *reflects credit on the literature of our country.*

Monthly Anthology and Boston Review.

In *common justice* we are bound to presume, that the gentlemen, who wrote these respective reviews, did not *wilfully* praise a book, which they *knew* to be *bad*;—for that would be to charge them with the guilt of a baseness and a fraud utterly unworthy of all those, who have the least pretensions to the characters of gentlemen and scholars;—in *common charity*, therefore, we are irresistably compelled to conclude, that all those reviewers, who have covered "*Nature Dis-*

played" with their encomiums, were *utterly ignorant* of the subject, concerning which N. G. Dufief has taken upon himself to print and to publish a book.

Neither is this the only instance, in which the *literary journalists* have been egregiously mistaken;—it is well known, that the authors of the Leipsic Acts of the Learned, that Dr. Wilkins, and the writer of the celebrated John Selden's life, in the Biographia Britannica, not only discovered the *Table Talk* of Selden to be a poor business, but, that it actually was not the production of Selden.

But the most amusing blunder of this sort happened about the middle of the last century in Britain. Dr. Campbell, the author of a great work, called—"A political Survey of Great Britain,"—was, one day, dining in company with some literary friends, when it was asserted, that M. Bayle, the author of the well-known dictionary, which bears his name, was the only man, who could write many pages together, in such a manner, that the generality of his readers could not tell whether he was in jest or in earnest. Upon this, Campbell declared, that he would write a book, which should completely puzzle the public, as to its meaning and import. Secrecy was enjoined upon the persons present, and Dr. Campbell soon after published that celebrated little book, entitled—"Hermippus Redivivus,"—which *seems* to be written for the sole purpose of proving, that the lives of old men might be prolonged to a very great period by *inhaling the breath* of young virgins.

No sooner was the book published, than the British *Reviewers* were astonished at the learning, and wisdom, and depth of thought, and ingenuity displayed by its author in demonstrating that which he never really intended to demonstrate.—Nay more, Dr. M'Kenzie, a physician, then in London, and on the wrong side of sixty, actually, took lodgings at Kensington, close to a young ladies' boarding-school, in order to benefit by the atmosphere, which was impregnated by the salubrious respiration of the juvenile damsels.

There is, however, this very material difference between the *Hermippus Redivivus* of Dr. Campbell and the *Nature Displayed* of N. G. Dufief; namely, that the *Hermippus Re-*

divivus is replete with learning, ingenuity, and humour, while M. Dufief's *Nature Displayed* is full of stupidity, ignorance and impudence ;—abounds with more bold assertions followed by the weakest arguments, of any book among the productions of obtrusive dulness..

But to be serious ;—for the contemplation of incorrigible ignorance is sometimes apt to produce a serious effect ;—it is of much importance, that those, who conduct literary journals, should listen to, and profit by the following remarks of one of the most spirited satyrists, and most accomplished critics of the present age.

“ It is to be wished, that *Reviewers*, sensible of the influence their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, could divest themselves of their partialities, when they sit down to the execution of,—what, I hope, *they consider*,—as their *solemn duty*. We should not, then, find them as in the *instance before us*, recommending a work to *favour*, deserving *universal reprobation and contempt*. This is, perhaps, requiring too much ; as it supposes them not possessed of the feelings of other men. And yet, on considering the *importance* of the office they have assumed, and the good or evil they have the *means* of dispensing, I have, on more than one occasion, lamented, that they were

No more but even mortals, and commanded
By such *poor passions*, as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.”

(*To be continued.*)

AN INQUIRY INTO OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS, &c.

(*Continued from Vol. 2. No. 5. page 303.*)

THE author next examines the system of policy pursued by our administration towards France and Spain, which he scruples not to call “*the consummation of national disgrace.*” We are again called to listen to the trumpet of alarm, as to the power and the designs of France, and are favoured with another portrait of Napoleon, terrible enough ;—we are, however, informed, that he is neither Alexander, nor Julius

Cæsar, nor Oliver Cromwell,—but Bonaparte himself. To be sure, this parallel is not *quite* in the manner of Plutarch, but it is very refreshing.

The author, now, warns the people of the United States against the danger, which awaits them from the machinations of Napoleon, who, he says, hates the Americans, because they are the descendants of Englishmen, and will take the first opportunity to destroy them. Our present administration is charged with being under the influence of *French* authority, and with exerting its every feeble effort to plunge this country into a war with Britain.

The situation of St. Domingo is examined at length, and the result of the inquiry is, that an independent community of blacks, at Hayti, must prove destructive to the European possessions in the West Indies, and to the Southern regions of the United States, which swarm with negro slaves; and must create hordes of pirates and buccaneers; whence occasion is taken to inveigh against our administration, *first*, for the short-sighted policy, which suffered the Americans to carry on any commercial intercourse with the men of Hayti; and *secondly*, for the abject cowardice, with which that commercial intercourse was relinquished at the *command* of France.

The author's indignation is inflamed into the highest degree of resentment, by finding, as he proceeds "onward thro' the labyrinth of our most strange and wayward foreign policy, at every turn of which *positive disgrace* fastens upon us, and pitiless ruin shews in plainest prospect, as the *consequence* of its continuance upon the present system,"—that "the *once* free and independent states of America are now become *tributary* to the new-risen Emperor of France."

This *tribute* is the money paid to France for Louisiana and the Floridas, neither of which countries France had a right to sell, and neither of which countries Spain seems willing to permit the United States to possess in peace and in tranquillity. The arguments, respecting this cowardly and peddling policy of buying Louisiana, are well managed, and spiritedly urged;—the note in page 127 of this pamphlet is well worthy of attention, but is too long to insert in our Review.

We have, then, a long quotation from a production of Mr. Randolph's pen, under the signature of *Decius*, reprobating, in strong and pointed language, the timid, creeping conduct of the President, in the affair of the Floridas, in order to induce the Congress to act under the influence of *presidential intrigue*, and yet persuade the public to believe "that the *executive* had discharged his duty in recommending *manly* and *vigorous* measures, which he had been obliged to abandon, and compelled by Congress to pursue an opposite course, when in fact Congress itself had been acting, all the while, at *executive instigation*."

The author adds,—“All these unanswerable objections to such a shameful and notorious violation of all the principles of *American liberty*, and to such a surrender of the *national honour*, as the Florida appropriation inevitably drew after it, were lost upon the callous obstinacy of the mean instruments of *presidential duplicity*.—“The doors were closed,”—says Mr. Randolph,—“and the minority, whose motives were impeached, and whose persons were almost denounced, were *voted down without debate*.”—“The sequel is known to all the world.—The two millions of dollars were voted : and by the continuation of a fund, derived from commercial duties, styled the Mediterranean fund, they were obtained for the purpose of this *foreign tribute*.”—

All this induces the author to run a parallel between our present administration, and the worthies of 1776, the Washingtons, the Warrens, the Montgomerys, and the Hamiltons of that auspicious hour ; the result of which is the firm conviction that the heroes, and the statesmen, who fought for and established the independence of America, were men endowed with qualities which adorn and dignify human nature ; and that the *marvellous Solomons*, who rule us now, are actuated in all their thoughts, words, and deeds, by a—“dastardly, low, pusillanimous meanness, that prefers *security for the moment*, to animated provision for the future ;—the filth of cowardice before the splendour of heroism ; the grovelling safety of slaves to the bold march of freemen, through surrounding terrors, which do but animate the brave.”

Again, the *defenceless* state of all our sea-ports, is set forth,

and adduced, as another glaring instance of the *cowardice*, or the *treachery*, at any rate, of the *pitiful inefficacy* of our present administration. He now comes to his *conclusion*, in which he combates that miserable system of shallow policy, which associates with the name of *taxation* the notion of tyranny. The veriest child in the rudiments of political science knows, that *taxation*, judiciously applied, is the great cementing bond between a people and its government,—is the great point of action and re-action,—is the great fulcrum, upon which is laid the lever of national strength, and of national exertion in the hour of danger and emergency.

He, then, covers with contempt, the political arithmetic of our *state-doctor*, who is just able to discover that a war establishment costs a few dollars more than that of peace ;—that *reason* is the only umpire between just nations ; that the Americans are *good* people, and, *therefore*, cannot possibly come to *any harm*, from foreign nations, particularly the *French*, who are always civil and kind to good sort of prople, &c. &c.

He tells us that this *state-economy* is—"not an *æconomy* of *honour*, or *æconomy* of *reputation*, or *æconomy* as opposed to foolish waste ; but a pitiful, mean, shallow, deceptive *æconomy* which renders us *important* at home, *despised* abroad, and which will, in the end, if it be not stopped in time, overwhelm us in disastrous expenses, from the necessary supplies which exigencies may, shortly, and suddenly, demand from every one among us."

The author calls loudly upon the people of America to cashier and to disband the men, whose pitiful, peddling policy, and delusive dreams of ideotic speculation have involved this country in perplexity and misery, and threaten to plunge her into the gulf of ruin.

General Eaton is loaded with encomiums for his skill and gallantry in the wilds of Africa ; and the severest censure is heaped upon our present administration, for making "the glory of our country's stars sink dim in the slough of democratic disgrace."

The whole of this work closes with the *secret* message communicated to Congress on the 6th December, 1806. This secret message breathes the true presidential spirit of that

magnanimous and profound statesman, *all* of whose *political* compositions are, without peradventure, pages of inanity and periods of servility—are, like a tale told by an ideot, full of sound and fury, signifying—*nothing*.

The great and the comprehensive statesman, to whom we now, with all due reverence and admiration, allude, has this manifest advantage over the *oracles* of ancient days ;—for they only issued sayings of such an equivocal nature, that they would answer either event of success or of disappointment ; whereas this *philosophical* politician contrives in *all* his effusions for the good of the nation, absolutely, to say—*nothing*,—to be positively and substantially *unintelligible*. We might, as well, attempt to hold mercury in our grasp, as to catch the sense or meaning of any of these marvellous maxims of executive wisdom, or of legislative sagacity. No doubt this *great* man has availed himself of the advice of the elder Mirabaud, who says “*words are things*,” and advises politicians, in all the state papers and official dispatches, to use words to which *no definite* meaning can possibly be applied ; by which means the imaginations of the ignorant and the uninformed are left at liberty to exercise the wild wanderings of their own stupidity in affixing their own interpretations to words, which were primarily intended to convey *no certain and fixed* notions. Thus, these equivocating and shuffling politicians get the rabble on their side ; for the rabble always admire nonsense, and are pleased with a thing, in proportion as it is unintelligible to them ; and as the stupid and the ignorant must always constitute the great majority of every nation, consequently with their aid, such politicians will be able to make head against the few sensible and honest men in the community, and will have it in their power to *destroy their country*, and to trample upon the *liberties* of the people, in order to accomplish their own *private* purposes, and to gratify their own *selfish and criminal ambition*.

The language of this pamphlet is in some places, incorrect, as in the following instances, amongst others—“in lines drawn *bold and correct*”—*anglicè boldly and correctly*—“by the pencil of revolution”—In other places the author’s style is polluted by colloquial barbarisms, and American vulgarisms, as

—"progressing to a full accomplishment,"—"we will"—(*anglicè shall*)—"be guilty of," &c.—"no elegance nor splendour shall show in your country"—"she was inimical *every how*"—"qualified *approbators*"—(*anglicè* approvers)—"of the purchase"—"he *approbated*"—(*anglicè* approved)—this spirit,"—and "*whether*," for—whether or not; and some other accomplishments of the same kind.

With these exceptions, however, the style is in general bold, spirited, and luminous, sometimes elegant, and often eloquent; except towards the latter part of the work, which bears upon it the most evident marks of carelessness and haste, neither carrying with it the same weight of matter, nor the same splendour of manner, which characterize and adorn the former portions of this publication.

The reasoning of the pamphlet, is, in general, good; the arguments are forcibly stated, and ably conducted. There is, however, too much tautology about Napoleon and France, who are made to glide along before our eyes in all the meteorous gleamings of metaphorical allusion, so frequently, as to exhaust our patience, and fill our minds with weariness and disgust.

But take it for all in all, this production stamps the character of excellence on its author, in colours bold and permanent;—in very truth, he might be proud to prefix his *name* to it; for such a specimen of genius would not disgrace *any* author.

We will take leave of this to us, as yet, unknown writer, with whom we have so long travelled, and by whom we have been so much delighted and improved, with the following anecdote, which he will know *how* to apply.

When S. Johnson's *London*, a poem, in imitation of Juvenal's third Satire, was first published, it fell into the hands of Pope, who asked, what was the name of the writer; he was answered, that it was the *maiden* performance of one, who had *no name*;—to which Pope replied, "he who writes ~~with~~ such strength, and force, cannot long be concealed;—he will soon be *déterré*."

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS, by THOS. MOORE, Esq.

(Continued from Vol. 2, No. 5, page 308.)

M. Moore, next, favours us with a careless epistle to his friend G. Morgan, Esq. about kissing Lais, who cried while she was kissed ;—and it ends with a post-script, concerning the black-eyed Caty, whom the author had seen at Norfolk in Virginia, of whom he wishes to buy a ribbon and some of her *softest love* :—in all which there is nothing interesting in the sentiment, or excellent in the style.

Then comes the "*Wedding ring*,"—which is written for the express purpose of bringing into contempt and abhorrence the *marriage-union*. In this despicable piece Mr. Moore, with his *usual* wisdom, endeavours to recommend himself to the affections of a lady, by telling her, plainly, that he roves, at large, among the softer sex, dallying, and sporting with whomsoever he wills.

1

"Oh ! thou hast not my *virgin* vow ;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I live till now,
With loveless heart, or senses cold ?

2

No ;—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For *many a maid* my soul hath prov'd ;
With *some* I wanton'd wild and vain,
While *some* I truly, dearly lov'd !

3

The *cheek* to *thine* I fondly lay,
To *theirs* hath been as fondly laid ;
The *words* to *thee* I warmly say,
To *them* have been as warmly said.

Then follow some stanzas, which we are ashamed to quote, and the whole performance ends with the *accustomed morality* of Mr. Moore. This miserable composition fully proves, that its author is utterly ignorant, and altogether incapable of the feelings of *honourable affection*, and *exalted love* ;—all his views are *sensual* ;—he, in common with all the brutal and the bestial herd, wallows in the sty of promiscuous lust ; but

where lust approaches love waves his purple wings, and flies, for ever, from our sight. If love were altogether sensual, then would it perish when our senses fade;—but, being founded on virtue, and being mingled with every dignified, and with every tender emotion of the heart, it continues to strew our path with flowers, long as life continues, nor quits us when we die.

No doubt these efforts of Mr. Moore are *intended* to benefit the age, in which he lives, by improving the morals, and by burnishing its honour!—Let Mr. Moore,—or, if *he* be too abandoned, and too much hardened in iniquity, and impudence,—let the yet uncontaminated reader listen attentively to the observations of one, who has watched over the baneful progress of licentiousness, and of profligacy, both in this country, and in Europe.

“ And as he roves, unmindful of the storm,
Calls *lust* refinement, *blasphemy* reform.
No love to foster, *no dear friend* to wrong,
Wild, as the mountain flood, he drives along;
And sweeps remorseless, *every social bloom*
To the dark level of an endless tomb.
By *arms* assail’d we, still, can arms oppose;
And rescue learning from her brutal foes;
But *when those foes* to *friendship* make pretence,
And tempt the judgment with the baits of sense,
Carouse with *passion*, laugh at *God’s* controul,
And sack the little empire of the soul;
What warning voice can save?—Alas!—’tis o’er,
The age of virtue will return no more;
The doating world, its *manly vigour* flown,
Wanders in mind, and dreams on folly’s throne.”

Now follows a whole host of *love songs*, some few of them smooth and pretty, many very vile, and full of ribaldry, and all in the same strain, about kissing, and squeezing, and panting, and twining, and sighing, and heaving, and so forth;—for Mr. Moore appears to think, that women were made only for man’s sensual gratification; as toys, wherewith to play; as beings of an inferior order, of a grosser substance, and a coarser mould, formed only to administer to the animal appetite of creation’s haughty lord;—being,—(poor miserable wretch!)

utterly ignorant, that, women were designed to be, and that many of them are, the affectionate, the enlightened companions of man's happier hours, the sharers of his heart, the friends on whose fidelity he depends, on whose judgment he rests, by whose knowledge and understanding he is improved and amended, in whose incorruptible virtue he reposes the most unbounded confidence.

Indeed, Mr. Moore loves *so many* ladies, and dies *so very often* for every one of them, that he reminds us of the situation of poor Mr. Merry, another of the flock of the *Cruscan geese*; as described by *him*, who strangled nearly all those same geese, and Mr. Merry, among the rest, some few years since :

"Canst thou Matilda, &c.—(vide Album. Vol. 3)—Matilda!—Nay, then, I'll never trust a madman again. It was but a few minutes since, that Mr. Merry *died* for the love of Laura Maria; and, now, is he going to do the *same* thing for the love of Anna Matilda? what the *ladies* may say to *such* a swain, I know not; but, certainly, he is too prone to *run wild*, and *die*, &c. &c. Such, indeed, is the combustible nature of this gentleman, that he takes fire at every *female signature* in the papers; and I remember, that when Olaudo Equiano,—(who, for a black, is not ill featured)—tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake, subscribed it *Olauda*, Mr. Merry fell *so desperately in love* with him, and yelled out such syllables of dolour in consequence of it, that the pitiful-hearted negro was frightened at the mischief he had done, and transmitted, in all haste, the following correction to the editor,—“For *Olaud A*, please to read *Olaud O*, the *black MAN*.”—

In a song on—“*Lying*,”—and in some stanzas on “*The Resemblance*,”—Mr. Moore lets us fully into the secret of the despicable, degrading opinion, which he entertains of the *female sex*, and of his *own* honour and integrity, as a gentleman.

Perhaps, no man, since the days of Lord Chesterfield, whose writings, says S. Johnson, teach the *manners* of a *dancing master*, and the *morals* of a *prostitute*,—has ever laboured so strenuously, and incessantly, to destroy the dignity of the female sex, and to render women the scorn and the out-casts of

society, as does Mr. Moore, who, certainly, will not be able, on his *death-bed*, to say, with Addison,—that he never wrote “one line, which, *dying*, he would wish to blot.” For instance, when he says,

Whate’er the *heartless* world decree,
Howe’er *unfeeling* *prudes* condemn,
Fanny!—I’d rather *sin* with *thee*,
Than *live* and *die* a *saint* with *them*.”

To quote more of *this* sort, we presume, is needless.

In a song to Nea, Mr. Moore is not contented with giving us a repetition, so often repeated, of the same story of kissing, and squeezing, and twining, and panting, over again,—(indeed, with a very small portion of dexterity, he contrives to fill up a great number of pages of sonneteering, with about *an idée and a half*, twisted and tortured into a vast variety of shapes, some of which, very often, assume the exact similitude of *nonsense*)—but he favours us with a little false grammar, in order to heighten our entertainment :

No,—no,—on earth there’s only she,
So long could bind such folly fast ;
None, none could make, but only *me*,
Such pure perfection false at last.”

In *English*, it would run thus—“none but *I*”—(not *me*)—“could make” &c.

In these love songs of Mr. Moore, there is very little of *nature*, and *nothing* of those exquisite feelings of the heart, which constitute all the witchery of love ;—his affection, at best, appears to be only animal ; and his effusions to his various mistresses, only the jaded strainings of factitious rapture. Take, at a venture, the following compliments to Nea.

1

“ But, then, thy breath !—not all the fire,
That lights the lone Semenda’s death,
In eastern climes, could ere respire
An odour like thy dulcet breath !

2

“ I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,

And breathe of something *not divine*,
 Since *nothing human* breathes of thee!

3

"All other charms of thine I meet
 In nature, but *thy sigh* alone;
 Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
 The breath of roses for thine own." &c. &c.

How different is all this tawdry, finical nonsense from the language of real, heart-felt affection, as expressed by Burns, in the following verses, obscured, and clouded as are the sentiments by being clothed in harsh and unfinished rhythm, and all the uncouthness of the Scottish dialect!

1

"The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day, we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet:
 Than a' the pride, that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me *more*, it made *thee* mine.

2

"While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature ought of pleasure give!
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For *thee*, and *thee alone*, I live!
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part;
 The iron hand, that breaks our band,
 It breaks *my bliss*,—it breaks *my heart*."

But to turn from the honest, and manly simplicity, the ardent, throbbing affection of Burns, to the tawdry, flimsy tinsel, the forced conceits, the artificial, the miserable, whinnying, fraudulent cant of Mr. Moore, is, indeed, like the folly, of leaving the chaste endearments of a virtuous bride, for the boughten smile of a harlot, *cold, joyless, loveless, undear-ed!!!—*

In order to refresh his reader Mr. Moore not unfrequently, sprinkles his love-ditties, with a little pure and unalloyed nonsense, as in his address to—"The Snow-Spirit,"—the four first lines of the last stanza of which runs thus,

“ But fly to his region,—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy diin,
To think, that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not *melt* in the day-beam like him.”

which, being interpreted, gentle reader, is, that the Snow-spirit will cry bitterly, because a lady's bosom does not *melt in the sun*!—

If these strains, and strains such as these, be ever admired, or even endured, by the *fashionable* people in London, it conveys to our untutored minds, no very exalted opinion, either of the understanding, or of the virtue, or of the taste, of the British *nobility* and *gentry*. And, yet, Mr. Moore, if we may take *his own* word for it, is a great favourite with the *lord-lings*, and the *ladylings*, that grace the court, and fill the cabinet, and direct the armies, and controul the senate of England's monarch!—

“ Yet, *who*,—forgive, O gentle Moore! the word,
For it must out,—who, prithee, *so absurd*,
So mulishly absurd, as not to join
In *this* with *me*; save, always, *THEE* and *THINE*?
Yet still, the soul of candour, I allow'd,
Thy jingling nonsense might amuse the crowd;
That *lords* and *dukes* hang blubbering o'er each line,
That *lady-critics* weep, and cry,—“divine!”
That *love-lorn priests* recline the pensive head,
And *sentimental ensigns*, as they read,
Wipe the sad drops of pity from their eye;
And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.”

(*To be continued.*)

An Account of the Life and Writings of JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D. late Professor of moral philosophy and logic in the Marischal college and university of Aberdeen; including many of his original letters. By Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, Bart. One of the Executors of Dr. Beattie. *New-York: published by Brisban and Brannan, No. 1. city-hotel. Broadway. 1807. One Vol. 8vo. pp. 559.*

THE editor of this work has approved himself to the public, by his conduct in his editorial capacity, to be an honest, amiable, modest man, without any pretensions to genius,

or the power of enlarged and comprehensive reasoning. His remarks, which are not numerous, are all good in their kind, but they are, for the most part, mere *common-place*, containing little that is new, as to their matter, and not much that is interesting, as to the manner in which they are related. His garrulity and egotism are, indeed, sometimes, very sufficiently tedious.

Dr. Beattie's letters shew their writer in the most amiable point of view in all his domestic relations—indeed, as a poet, a scholar, as one endowed with wit and genius, a philosopher, and a good moral man, neither Britain, nor any other country, can often boast of such a bright example as Dr. Beattie.

Christianity, however, as we find it inculcated in the Gospel, does not appear in any part of the letters, either to or from Dr. Beattie;—his gross flattery of the *person* and *virtues* of the duchess of Gordon, must excite an emotion, very different from that, either of respect, or of compassion, in the minds of all those, who are acquainted with the character of *that woman*;—many of the letters, in this collection, are absurd and trifling; Mrs. Montagu's epistles, however, in general, reflect great honour upon her understanding, and redound still more to the credit of her benevolence and affection;—a strain of nauseous and fulsome reciprocity of adulation runs through nearly all the letters in this book;—*all* Dr. Beattie's friends, from King George the third, the British monarch, down to dapper Jemmy Boswell, are the wisest, the best, the most affectionate, the most profound, the most learned, the most pious, and the most exemplary people on the face of the earth;—and Dr. Beattie, himself, is the greatest philosopher, and the most marvellous man, that ever lived:—

Now the fact is that many of the correspondents, and many of the acquaintance, and friends, of the Doctor were merely good, honest, plodding people; and others of them were very materially deficient, even in the discharge of the common and the ordinary duties of moral obligation; and Beattie, himself, though, unquestionably, amiable in his private, domestic, and social life, and as unquestionably, a most pathetic, and tender poet,—yet had by no means, either the vigorous, and the comprehensive intellect, or the profound, and the enlarged

knowledge, which are indispensably requisite to constitute a *philosopher*;—neither had his prose style sufficient energy, or elegance, or variety, or ease, or sublimity, or those frequent out-breaks and flashes of a fiery imagination, which are necessary to form a powerful and an interesting writer.

Nevertheless, altho' *one third* of the book now under our review, might with great benefit have been spared, and although the defects above enumerated pollute the remaining two thirds of the work, yet, upon the whole, ^{our} William Forbes has conferred a great and a lasting benefit on the community, by presenting to it a publication, which,—(with the exceptions before mentioned)—unites amusement with instruction, which soothes and interests the heart, while it excites and improves the understanding.

FOURTH SECTION.

AMERICAN COMMUNICATIONS.

THE communication from our correspondent at Richmond in Virginia, we insert, *verbatim et literatim*, as we received it.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 1st. 1807.

Called upon to give information in a concise manner, concerning several topics which relate to the City of Richmond in Virginia. I have digested the following explanations in reply to the objects which have dictated the application.

- 1 Respecting the police.
- 2 Establishment for the benefit of the poor.
- 3 Medical establishments.
- 4 Penal Laws.
- 5 Regulations for the markets.
- 6 Regulations for the shipping.

There are no pamphlets, or summary documents, which can be referred to; the answers therefore must depend upon the personal knowledge and opinions of the writer. To go fully into detail, referring to, or extracting from, established authorities, would not only swell into a volume, but require much more time, than any one upon a sudden application could bestow.

With respect to the police, the following may suffice.

The city of Richmond is incorporated and divided into three wards. Its internal police as well as justice, is committed to a Mayor, Recorder, and seven Aldermen, and fifteen common council men. The duties of the Mayor and Aldermen are chiefly confined to the trials of causes, civil and criminal, which arise in the city. The administration of justice is certain, speedy and impartial, much more speedy than in any other court in this commonwealth. As it is a court of inferior jurisdiction an appeal lies in all causes of importance to a superior court. Common law suits, in this court, are generally tried at the second term after service of process. There are four terms in the year.

The common council impose taxes, regulate and repair streets, provide for the poor, superintend the collection and disbursements of Public money.

All these functionaries derive their authority by an annual election of the freeholders and house keepers of the city. Those persons are generally elected in the different wards who are deemed respectable ; and altho, in the elections, the voters are generally governed in their choice by the reputed political opinions of those who are considered candidates, yet no instance has occurred of a complaint against any of the magistrates, for partiality in the administration of justice, dictated by political or party-spirit. No emoluments are attached to either of these offices or duties.

The militia of Richmond, at present, may be computed at 1000 effective men ; commanded by a Lieut. Col. and two Majors. There are several volunteer companies, which are tolerably expert, and generally turn out at a moment's warning. The Governor, who resides in Richmond, is the Commander in Chief of the Militia, and has power, when he pleases, to order into service, any number of men. There is also an established regular company of about seventy men, supported by the commonwealth, who perform constant duty, day and night, at the Capitol, Bank, and Penitentiary, besides performing other incidental services, as occasions occur. Besides all this, the Corporation of the city employs a regular night watch, which traverses the streets, and apprehends stragglers, suppresses petty disturbances, &c.

With respect to the poor, it is not necessary to say much, the common council, who, as before mentioned, are elected annually, have the power to provide the means, and appropriate them as they think fit. It is believed that they have not afforded cause for complaint or censure, either on account of the amount of Taxes or the injudicious application of money to the poor and indigent ; but if any errors have been committed, they have been on the side of humanity, in making allowances to those who otherwise might make exertions to support themselves. Besides this there is a benevolent spirit in the city which affords very liberal succour by private donation to the indigent and unfortunate.

Heretofore the streets have been considerably infested by Beggars, but lately a public edifice, called a Work-house, has been erected, where it is intended to confine all such, to provide for the helpless, and extort labour from those who are able to work. It is believed that many of the mendicants will withdraw to other places in order to avoid the prospects which are afforded by the Work-house.

No Medical establishment exists at the city of Richmond. This proceeds from the want of population. The young men who intend to pursue that course take their degrees either in Philadelphia or Edinburgh, mostly at the former. Altho' this is now the case, there is no doubt that a change will take place as soon as the population of the city will justify it. There are at present many Physicians and Surgeons at this place of high reputation, who might at this time support a respectable establishment, and indeed, as respects the practice in this state and other parts where diseases are disposed to partake of bile, a Medical seminary would afford greater benefit to young practitioners than could be expected from the observations of practitioners in more frigid and salubrious regions: It may therefore be considered, that proper establishments will be formed as soon as the population of the place, now rapidly increasing, will justify it.

With respect to the Penal Laws, it is sufficient to say, that they partake, very much, of the Penal Code of England, chiefly differing from that in the mildness and moderation of the punishments. But few offences are punished with death. A Penitentiary prison, already noticed, like that in principle which exists in Philadelphia, affords the means of punishment by confinement to hard labour, for different portions of time, according to the nature of the offence.

The Markets are regulated, generally with care, prudence, and justice, by the corporate body. They are in a state of improvement. The Beef, Mutton, Pork, Poultry, and sometimes Fish, are abundant and good, and being supplied from an extensive country, it is presumable that the improvement in quantity and quality will keep pace with the population.

The regulations for shipping depend altogether upon the Laws of the United States; they do not materially differ from

those which exist at other sea ports, nor can they be affected either by the Laws of this Commonwealth, or the regulations of the corporate body of this city.

The important public buildings, and institutions in the city of Richmond, are as follows.

Thé Capitol, a large, capacious edifice of brick, on an eminence which commands a delightful prospect.

The Penitentiary, another extensive building of brick upon another eminence about a mile from the capitol.

The public Armoury, another building of brick, situated between the public canal and the river, and supplied with water from the former ; at this place a number of hands are constantly employed in the manufacturing small arms. The annual appropriation by the Legislature of Virginia is about fifty thousand dollars.

The public canal terminates in this city, in a large reservoir of water, called the basin ; into this the produce of the interior country is conveyed by long sharp built boats, which generally contain ten or twelve hogsheads of tobacco, or fifty or sixty barrels of flour, which are conveyed to the shipping, at a place called Rockets, about a mile in distance, by drays and carts.

The law, which incorporated the canal company, declared that the communication should be made with tide water by locks ; but the directors and others interested have not only made several objections to that provision but have brought the subject several times before the Legislature for the purpose of obtaining an alteration in the charter. They have succeeded so far as to obtain fifteen years to complete the locks, but it is believed that they intend to make other applications, in the hope, that at some time, the Legislature may be propitious to their wishes. It is therefore impossible to say, at this time, what may be the future fate of the question. To me it seems too clear to admit of argument, that the communication ought to be made, and without delay. I therefore conclude, the original law will be certainly fulfilled before the expiration of the procrastinated term, or the charter will be liable to forfeiture. The indulgence already given is by far too great, so that there will be no future pretence to ask for time. The temper of the country will also be more commercial, and it is to be

hoped that public justice will gain so much in strength and talents, as to overthrow the caprices and intrigues of those who may be disposed to put a perpetual lock and key upon this important and beneficial institution.

The situation of Richmond, at the Falls of James River, partakes of every advantage and disadvantage which may be supposed to exist in the most low and sunken grounds, frequently overflowed, and the most beautiful and variagated hills and elevations. In circumference, at this time, the city is at least four miles and bends about a mile, on the River. The general character is, that it is healthy. The air is active, pure and salubrious. The general healthfulness of the city is supposed to be greatly promoted by the burning of large quantities of mineral coal, not only as fuel, but for culinary purposes, and in manufactories. It also derives very great advantages, from the abundance of good water which can every where be had, not only by sinking wells, but also frequently appears in plentiful springs. Sometimes the water partakes of mineral properties, but for the most part is light and pure.

An Inhabitant of Richmond.

We have receive the *Mss*, called—"Hints on America, from the diary of a Traveller,"—and shall insert its contents, on the earliest opportunity that occurs to us.

FIFTH SECTION.

POETRY.

BEING still under the influence of terror, at the bare recital of the very name of that *most terrible* of all terrible poets, Mr. Diggory Doggrel, who honoured us with a hudibrastic poem, some two months since, and who industriously informed every one, whom he met, that he was Diggory Doggrel, *ASS*.—we admit, merely, because our correspondent is, undoubtedly, of the *same* school, the following communication.

For the Editors of the Monthly Register, Magazine, and Review, of the United States.

GENTLEMEN,

As the communication of my friend and brother, Mr. Diggory Doggrel, which was inserted in your Magazine for the month of March last, has entirely silenced, and altogether destroyed that dismal Salmagundi, I herewith send you a communication of my own, also, a *hudibrastic poem*, to prove *two* ideas, that is *one less*, than my friend gave you, some two months since ;—see his letter to you, in your number for March last. *First*, I shall prove that *doggrel* verse—(which, as you remember, the good Mr. Diggory Doggrel, himself, showed not to be the same as hudibrastic poetry)—can be made *by the yard* faster than *dowlass* can be manufactured ;—and, *Secondly*,—that *doggrel* verse, when made, is of less use, than is *dowlass*-cloth.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your well wisher and servant,

GEORGE GANDER.

Sargeant's Reading Room, 39 Wall-street, }
New-York, April 22, 1807.

First, what is *doggrel* I will tell,
Then, what is *dowlass* I will spell,

I pray you mark both tellings well,
 Be you sot, or beau or belle.
 Know, then, that doggrel is to dowlass,
 Just what to mutton is a bolus ;
 That is,—that dowlass is of use ;
 But doggrel is a mere abuse
 Of time, and life, and words, and temper,
 Of muddy brains a foul distemper.
 First,—*nonsense* is of doggrel the
 Ingredient chief,—as you will see,
 If you will only believe me. }
 For,—to make up this verse so sportive,
 We must make use of thoughts abortive ;
 Thoughts, that right and wrong confound
 Where *sense* is sacrificed to *sound* ;
 To sound, which barbarous more and harsh is,
 Than bull-frogs croaking in mud-marshes.
 False glare, and images absurd,
 Must follow next, upon my word ;
 Abuse, or noise, or both,—no matter,
 Throughout the line must run and clatter ;
 With fustian fierce, and jingling jargon,
 Such as when Dutchmen make a bargain.

It is not verse, nor is it prose,
 But *between* both,—as is the nose,
 Betwixt the eyes, all in the middle
 Of *Bufo's* face,—where you may —.
 'Tis old, new language, or romance,
 The very scum of ignorance,
 And refuse of a block-head's skull,
 Which is of emptiness quite full ;
 Its phrases pert, prim, and pedantic,
 With words so long, and so gigantic ;
 That we do cut them off *in half*,
 Merely to make the vulgar laugh ;
 Putting one part in one line,
 And th' other part in t'other line ;
 A secret deep, which you may learn
 Of me, who am very *discern-*
ing in that same greatest *fab-*
rication of doggrel, which *hab-*

Itual is to fools and dunces,
 As to a camel his back's bunch is.
 For doggrel is the only child,
 Begotten on the body mild,
 Of *Dulness* tame, a lady fair,
 By *Impudence*—found every where.
 Got without thought, born without pains,
 The drivelling slime of addled brains ;
 Possessing all its *mother's* spirit,
 And all its *father's* want of merit.

This doggrel, then, since it does need,
 Not that a man should either read,
 Or speak with accent to be borne
 By man or beast, at eve or morn, }
 However wretched or forlorn ;
 Requiring neither sense nor knowledge,
 Whether in or out of college ;
 Nor virtue, genius, wit, or manners,
 Nor ought, that can lift up the banners
 To honour, or respect on earth
 To any one of mortal birth ;
 But is,—as I have said before,
 Of booby-trash the open door ;
 Can be prepared with much more speed,
 Than dowlass, made of hempen-seed.

For first, the threads they must be spun,
 And then, I tell you, when that's done,
 The cloth, also, it must be woven ;
 Whence this same truth is fully proven ;
 Since dowlass needs both men and women
 To spin and weave it ;—but, Sirs, no men
 Of sense could ever yet be found,
 Above, about, or under ground,
 Who would themselves so much abandon,
 And their own judgments put such brand on ;
 As to write doggrel-verse ;—which I
 With none to help me, except *my-*
Self, have often-times prepar'd,
 By the foot, and by the yard,
 Faster than dowlass can be made ; }
 For doggrel is a pretty trade ; }
 Which never will be known to fade }

Long as boobies are so plenty,
 And they're a stock will ne'er grow scanty ;
 While round the sun shall roll the earth,
 Block-heads shall be cause of mirth
 To all the sons of wit and spirit,
 And all that genius love and merit ;
 And *Salmagundi* vent his whim-wham
 On *Turnspit*, *Blunderbuss*, and *Flim-flam*.

Wherefore, I now make public mention,
 That I have, of *my own* invention,
 Large store of doggrel to be sold
 To all that feel themselves so bold,
 As it to purchase,—for *this* price,
 Which I will set forth in a trice.
 For every yard, or foot, or inch,
 Of dowlass, I will, on a pinch,
 Give an inch, a yard, a foot
 Of doggrel;—and some more to boot.

Secondly, as I proposed,
 My second thought shall be exposed ;
 Which is to prove, that dowlass is
 Better than doggrel, as I wis ;
 For dowlass keepeth people warm,
 Their bodies fenced out from harm
 Of wet, and dry, and rain, and wind,
 Whether it does blow behind,
 Or before the clothed body ;
 Whence dowlass is like glass of toddy ;
 For toddy keeps the inside hot,
 And dowlass makes the stomach not
 To feel the cold ;—and all men know,
 Unless they block-heads are, I trow,
 That stomach and inside mean the same,
 Which cannot be prov'd reasoning lame ;
 For if you hurt the one or other,
 They both will make a grievous pother ;
 Being just like man and wife,
 Who are but *one*, beyond all strife,
 And so continue all their life.

So dowlass, then, is very good,
 Or else my head is made of wood.

But doggrel is of no more service
To man, or beast, than is a dervise
To a christian, whom he hates ;
As lambs and lions are no mates.

The man, who makes himself inditer
Of *doggrel* dull, is a vile writer,
Who merits nought but stripes and blows,
Or to lose both ears and nose,
In pillory ;—or when well bang'd,
Upon a gibbet to be hang'd.

So that I now conclude my letter,
By saying,—dowlass is far better
Than doggrel is,—which I've prepar'd
Faster than dowlass by the yard.
Whence, if my character you scan,
With all the keenness that you can,
You'll know for doggrel, that the man
Of all men living is myself,
A wonderful, notorious elf ;
At whom men, women, girls, and boys,
Whene'er they see me, make a noise,
And loudly shout,—here comes *George Gander*,
Who; in the paths of sense to wander,
Was never known, but is a pandar.
To *dulness*, *ignorance*, and *slander* ;
Which proves that he's no Salamander,
Nor Seed so sweet of coriander,
Nor Cicero, nor bright Thersander,
Nor Bonaparte, nor Alexander,
But, in truth—a VERY GANDER.

P. S. Before I conclude, I wish, Gentlemen, to ask you one question ; namely, why the *Salmagundi* bears so hard upon the *body* of my friend Diggory Doggrel, which they attack, and ridicule without measure, and without mercy?

I am, once more, Gentlemen,

Your very well wisher and friend
George Gander, A. B.—

In answer to this very grave question of Mr. Gander we offer it, merely, as our opinion, that the reason why the witty and ingenious authors of *Salmagundi* have so strenuously

waged war upon their antagonist's *person*, is probably, because they always wish to engage a *visible* opponent. Now, it cannot be denied, that our *great* poet's *body* is certainly much more *visible* than his *mind*, which last, to say truth, is *not* perceptible, even to the most acute and vigilant inspector, so forlorn are its dimensions. Wherefore, as we conclude, the *Salmagundi* attacked the *only* thing, appertaining to Diggory Doggrel, A. S. S. which presented a *front*, or, if you like it better, a *rear* for an attack.

If this be so;—and we confess that we, at present, can perceive no fallacy in our mode of reasoning;—perhaps, Mr. Diggory Doggrel may find it consistent with the wisdom and ingenuity, which marks all his movements, and all his conduct, to endeavour to make the authors of *Salmagundi* literally feel his *weight* by using his *fist*, or a *bludgeon*,—(two very convincing arguments, and as much in vogue among *gentlemen* and *scholars* as they are abhorrent from the principles and practice of a ruffian and an assassin)—in order to persuade them, that he is a man of *talents*, and of *learning*, and not an *ignorant booby*, as they, now, seem most firmly to believe. There can be no doubt, that it would be much easier for many men to *beat* and *murder* themselves into a reputation for *sense* and *knowledge*, than to accomplish the same purpose, by any efforts of their brains, in the way of *literary composition*, whether in bald, and barren *prose*, or low, vulgar, contemptible doggrel, which by a most flagrant *mis-nomer*, has been called *poetry*.

Before we take leave of Mr. Gander, we beg leave to bring him acquainted with an effusion of *poetical genius*, at least, equal, in rhythm, rhyme, sense, interest, taste, spirit, and learning, to *any* of the *intellectual productions* of his friend and brother Diggory Doggrel, ASS. or the, no less, redoubted and redoubtable poet, Mr. Searson.

When the news of General Wolfe's victory and death reached Britain, a *country school-master*, in the vicinity of London, wrote the following pathetic poem.

“Great General Wolfe, without any fears,
Led on his brave grenadiers.
And what is most miraculous, and particular,
He climbed up rocks, that were perpendicular.”

On a different subject, a late master of St. Paul's School, in London, wrote some verses, which we should, indeed, be sorry to put on the same level with any production of the Eulogist on Wolfe, of Mr. Searson, or of Mr. Diggory Doggrel; because there is an appearance of *wit* in them, from all semblance of which every composition of Messrs. Doggrel, Searson, and Co. is entirely free.

The subject of the following lines was that of Judith slaying Holofernes.

"When Judith had put Holofernes to bed,
She drew out his falchion, and cut off his head.
She kill'd him, I say, what could she do more?
For she cut off his head, as I told you before."

One word more, at parting, to our worthy friend Gander, who will be so obliging as to inform his brother Diggory Doggrel of the necessity of following our good advice. We request, that all whom it might concern, and more especially, Mess'srs Gander and Doggrel, will *each* of them, pay particular attention to the following lines, by *one* Pope, on a certain *female*. *Mutatis Mutandis*, the advice of Mr. Pope will fit *either* or *both* of you, renowned poets; for instance, substitute the words *he* for *she*, *his* for *her*, and instead of *smock*, read *shirt*, and George Gander, or Diggory Doggrel will be each of them, as well counselled, as was the Lady Mary Wortly Montagu.

"At genius, wit, and sense *she*—(*he*)—rails,
And reads Descartes, Malbranche and Locke,
I wish that *she*—(*he*)—would pare *her*—(*his*)—nails,
And wear a cleaner *smock*"—(*shirt*)—

Or, suppose we alter it a little for the benefit of our *Columbian poets*!—thus;—

1

At *sense* and *decency* he rails,
And wallows deep in filth and dirt,
I wish that he would wash his nails,
And wear a cleaner shirt.

2

Decline the trade of *taste* and *wit*,
For which he *never* was design'd;
And take up *that* for which he's *only* fit,
Some labour of the *body*,—not the *mind*.

EDITORS.

SIXTH SECTION.

RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

(Continued from Vol. 2. No. 3. page 195.)

The friends of America in Europe were rejoiced at the conduct of the colonists. In Ireland, where the oppression of the people for five dreary centuries had excited a lively sympathy for the Bostonians, and a correspondent interest in their success, the gladness occasioned by the proceedings of their trans-atlantic fellow sufferers, was universal, and not very studiously concealed. Beneath the ruins of that country's independence, the spirit of freedom lay buried, but not extinguished; though not utterly destroyed, inert, because hopeless. The noble daring of a small dependency to assert its rights against a mighty empire, which if it did not altogether rule the stations of the Old World, held the balance of its power at her will, was a topic which they had long ceased to contemplate, or if they thought of at all, considered as an enterprise too desperate for madness to undertake. Their astonishment at the boldness of the Americans was proportioned to those feelings, and their joy at the vigorous and promising commencement of the opposition to British oppression, not less so. The bosoms of the Irish began to warm with a flame long unknown among them; and for the first time for centuries they perceived that authority might be resisted with some prospect of success. The generous flame began to be confessed, and spread from breast to breast, and the ministers had the mortification to find that in the attempt to crush America, they had conjured up a spirit which it would be difficult, if not impracticable, ever to subdue. In parliament the opposition exulted, as justly they might, in the fulfilment of their predictions. The lofty tone of the ministers seemed for a while to be lowered, and one of them went so far as to declare in parliament that the petition of congress to the king was a

proper one ; that he, in quality of a secretary of state for the colonies, had presented it to the king, and that his majesty had not only been pleased to receive it graciously, but would lay it before the two houses of parliament. The friends of peace, of justice, and of America, now began to entertain the most sanguine hopes of a speedy accommodation. It is highly probable, that if the cabinet had been sincerely dealt with by the servants of the crown in the colonies, an effectual salutary arrangement would have taken place. But they placed too much reliance upon the information of placemen on this side of the Atlantic, who were intent in deceiving them, and who, on their part, having the utmost confidence in the power of government to coerce the colonies into compliance, felt no sort of reluctance to embroil the latter in a contest with their mother country, provided they could, by manifestation of zeal for Great Britain, promote their own private advantages. In this temper of mind, the colonial officers of government, whether executive or judicial, felt little remorse at suppressing the truth, and flattering the ministers by misrepresentations, and abusive and contemptuous expressions respecting the Americans. As such language was gratifying to administration, coinciding most aptly with their hopes and their wishes, it was received with all the avidity with which truth ought to have been sought. Those who held a different language to them at home were proportionally disliked. Truth was exiled from the councils of St. James, and falsehood, with a whole train of consequent errors and evils occupied its place.

The opposition, who drew their information from the purest sources, whose judgments were not perverted by private corruption, clearly saw the dangers which the empire was about to incur from the rashness, the folly, and the improbity of ministers. They naturally wished, no doubt, to remove such mischievous men from the helm ; but this became now only a secondary consideration. To save the country from a civil war, which at best would be disgraceful, and most probably would end in the dismemberment of the empire, and to prevent the committing to the issue of the sword a question on which the rights of a large portion of their fellow subjects immediately, and ultimately the rights of the whole people of Great Britain

depended, were their primary objects. Two of those men, one the principal orator in the lords, the other the leader in the commons, as if gifted by heaven, with the spirit of prophecy, pronounced from the outset the consequences which must necessarily follow the proceedings of the ministers, and excited their astonishing powers to avert them. Lord CHATHAM, feeble, emaciated, and scarcely able to move from the bed of sickness, animated by that love of country which had from infancy been the fondest passion of his soul, came down to the house of lords, and laid before them a plan for settling the disturbances in America. After a speech, in which he proved by facts that could not be denied, and by arguments which neither logic could refute, nor sophistry elude, the utter impracticability of subjugating America, he proposed that the colonists should make a full acknowledgement of the supremacy of the parliament of Great Britain, and that no tollage tax, or other charges should be levied on America, except by common consent in their provincial assemblies. He asserted the rights of the king to send a legal army to any part of his dominions at all times; declaring however, that no military force could ever be lawfully employed to violate or destroy the just rights of the people. His bill legalized the holding a congress in the ensuing May, for the double purpose of recognizing the supreme legislative authority and superintending power of parliament over the colonies, and of making a free grant to the crown of a certain perpetual revenue, subject to the disposal of parliament, applicable to the alleviation of the national debt. These were the conditions on which his bill went to restrain the power of the admiralty courts to their ancient limits, and to suspend, for a given time, the acts of which congress had complained. Furthermore, it went to place the judges in America on the same footing, so far as the holding their offices and salaries, with those in England, and to secure to the colonies all the privileges, franchises and immunities granted by their several charters and constitutions.

The wisdom of this measure is now apparent, and was then, no doubt, sufficiently obvious to obtain the assent of all but those whom the ministers of the day had rendered as weak and as corrupt as themselves. Yet not only it was rejected, but its re-

jection was attended with circumstances disgraceful to the persons with whom it originated, and mortifying to human pride; as they serve to shew to what lengths of vice and degeneracy a spirit depraved by avarice, or low ambition will carry the heart of man. Had the illustrious personage who proposed the measure, offered one of inferior concern, it would have derived from his august character, a degree of consequence, which ought to obtain for it a respectful and ample discussion, even though it should not be found ultimately worthy of adoption. But, that a measure of so much wisdom, sound policy, and importance to the empire, carrying with it the weight of that great man's recommendation along with its own, should be dismissed by a majority of two to one, without being allowed to go to a committee, or even to lie on the table, will be contemplated by posterity with astonishment, and remain an indelible record of the abominable corruption of the times, and make the authors of that corruption abhorred, when the wages by which it was purchased shall have melted away, and left to the base men who received it, or to their descendants, the consciousness without the profits of their family's disgrace. But a few years had elapsed since this inspired statesman had snatched the British nation from a state of the most inglorious despair, trampled upon her enemies, given victory to her naval and military armaments, where defeat might have been expected, and in a word, crowned her with glory; yet did all those claims fade away before the influence of the favourite and his suborned creatures. One of those (lord SANDWICH) whose private life was as reproachable, as his conduct in his ministerial capacity was contemptible, went so far as to say, that lord CHATHAM's bill ought to be rejected with contempt, and insinuated, that it was not that great statesman's own measure, but one to which he was suborned; that it was rather, he believed, the work of some American, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies England had ever known: and then, by way of elucidating his meaning, which was already sufficiently understood by many, he turned his eyes to doctor FRANKLIN, who was standing by the bar of the house, and said that he had that American in his eye. The attention of all present, peers as well as strangers, was by this

practical trope drawn upon the great and virtuous champion of his country's rights, who on his part, conscious of his own superiority, and firm in the conviction that his cause was righteous, stood collected and unmoved, looking down with just disdain upon the venal statesman, who had so far dishonoured his elevated rank and traduced the dignity of manhood, as to insult so venerable a man in such a situation.

Confident in their strength, the ministers now began to speak in a higher tone of crimination of the colonists, and to breathe more furious vengeance. Lord NORTH proposed, and obtained by a majority of 288 to 106, an address to the king, stating in direct terms, that a rebellion did then actually exist in the province of Massachusetts bay. The lords agreed to join in it. And now the junto were preparing to pour fourth the whole contents of their hearts upon the inhabitants of that devoted colony. The public mind stood in a pause of expectation for the event. Some incipient measures, such as a bill for restraining the New England provinces from their commercial rights, and from fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, were proposed in parliament; when unexpectedly, and indeed unaccountably, lord NORTH laid before the commons a proposition, which he called conciliatory, but which, it is not trespassing upon candour to affirm, his lordship knew would not be accepted. This proposition greatly astonished the parliament and the people. The more wise and patriotic men of the country were disgusted with it, looking upon it as at once contradictory to the late address and restraining acts, and therefore, too inconsistent for parliament to adopt, and considering it to be founded in treachery. By the address, the minister had pledged himself to reduce the province of Massachusetts to obedience. It stated that colony to be in rebellion. The conciliatory proposition, if it had any meaning at all, went to compromise that rebellion and to disclaim coercion. The greater part of the house, abandoning for the time their former pliancy, received the conciliatory proposition with no less indignation than surprise, and shewed a marked determination to reject it, till the minister, whose talents and address in that kind of parliamentary management, have never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, gave such an explanation to the

house, as persuaded them that the proposition went to maintain the right of the British parliament to tax the colonies, and to divide America against itself, while at home it would have the effect of uniting the country. When this proposition reached America, it was found to contain nothing more than a promise that parliament would not tax the colonies, provided the colonists would of their own act tax themselves to any amount the minister might think proper to dictate. On the face of it, this was a virtual declaration of the right of the parliament to tax America, being avowedly a suspension of one mode of taxation upon the substitution of another. As such it was viewed by the Americans, who so far from being divided by it as the minister predicted, were united in still stronger bands of amity and mutual support. The middle and southern states fell in with that of Massachusetts, with resolutions to support it in every measure of opposition which they should adopt. No sooner was the intelligence of the proceedings received in England, than the ministers brought in a bill imposing the same restraints as those placed in Massachusetts, upon all the other colonies, New York and North Carolina excepted, which being thought less disaffected, were more particularly favoured than the rest. N. York however was soon convinced, by the insolent rejection of a petition of its legislature, offered in parliament by Mr. BURKE, that they had no other alternative to pursue than resistance or unconditional submission, and that accommodation was entirely out of the question.

It was at this crisis that, not at all deterred from the performance of his duty, either by the unsuccessful issue of all the former attempts of the minority, or by the hopelessness of those to come, Mr. BURKE, on the twenty second day of March 1775, brought forward a series of resolutions for conciliation with America, to which allusion has been heretofore made. The plan of those resolutions may be considered as reflecting the most perfect image of the heart and genius of its illustrious author; wisdom and mildness alike characterised the one and the other. To place the colonies in their ancient state was the amount of that simple and majestic scheme; and as there never was conceived by the mind of man a nobler design, so no specimen of eloquence ancient or modern ever equalled the

speech in which he opened, explained and enforced it ; whether for force of reasoning, sound and acute argument, felicitous language, splendid and deversified imagery, or apposite illustration. * But what availed truth itself, even when so recommended, against the strongly compacted system of court corruption which then prevailed ! All was unavailing, and the whole plan of conciliation, with the eloquence which enforced it, served no other purpose than to delight an auditory, who, while their hearts confessed thorough conviction of the path which they ought to pursue, had predetermined to act in the manner in which they ought not. Other plans were proposed, but were also rejected, and, in a word, every attempt to turn ministers out of the wayward road they had taken, experienced the same fate, and was alike abortive. The fact was, that the administration was obstinately determined to fix inherently in parliament two rights belonging to the colonists, which the Americans were very properly determined never to surrender. One was the right of taxation ; the other the power to alter the laws and charters of the provinces ; while on the other hand doctor FRANKLIN, on the part of the Americans, peremptorily declared, that while the parliament claimed and exercised a power of internal legislation for the colonies, and of altering American constitutions at pleasure, there could be no agreement, as that would render the Americans unsafe in every privilege they enjoyed, and would leave them nothing in which they could be secure. This was the hinge upon which the revolution turned. To reconcile determinations so opposite was impossible. The sword alone could adjust them.

The patriots in England, and the chief men in America, now began to perceive that civil war was unavoidable. All the expectations with which they had flattered themselves had vanished. The parliament and the ministers both manifested an obstinate determination to follow up their late acts with further offence, and armed coercion. Neither the general unanimity and bold spirit of the Americans, nor the union which had taken place between the several colonies, nor all their remonstrances, were of any avail. The day of delusion was passed ; and the congress of Massachusetts was,

* Sir James Mackintosh sets this at the head of all Burke's works.

as usual, the first to step forward in a new attitude of preparation. Early in 1775, they came to a resolution, that there was cause to fear, from the conduct of the British parliament, that their just claims would meet no favourable reception; but, that on the contrary, from the large reinforcement of troops expected in that colony, from the tenor of intelligence from Great Britain, and from all general appearances, they had reason to apprehend that the sudden destruction of that colony in particular was intended. They, therefore, urgently recommended to the militia and to the minute men, to make themselves perfect in military discipline with all the dispatch possible. They then took measures for procuring and making arms of every military denomination. The colonial governors could not but see that preparations were making for self defence; and, construing every thing done by the colonists into a preconcert for attack, did all they could to frustrate them, each at the same time affecting to have no hostile intentions, but suspiciously waiting for the assault of the other. Among the colonists some, who were more fiery and hasty than the rest, were for more open operations. Those said, that it was downright madness to let the enemy (such they considered the British government) introduce fresh troops into the country and fortify themselves, when the people were able and not unwilling to cut them off. The prudence of the leaders, and the moderation and wisdom of congress over-ruled them; and happy is it that they possessed that power. A premature act of violence to the king's troops might not only have stirred up government to more prompt and vigorous measures than those which they actually pursued, but would have left an indelible stain upon their cause. It would have severed them from the hearts of those in Europe who felt for their sufferings, and struggled for their defence, and deprived them of much of the sympathy and good will of the other provinces. For a long time the sagacious inhabitants of New England courageously fought with their own resentments, and, with a patience beneath which was concealed the most intrepid resolution, endured the insults of the king's officers and men. Posterity will do honour to the people of Boston for their conduct at this trying crisis. They

avoided (says RAMSAY) every kind of outrage and violence; preserved peace and good order among themselves; successfully engaged the other colonies to make a common cause with them, and counteracted general GAGE so effectually, as to prevent his doing any thing for his royal master, while, by patience and moderation, they screened themselves from censure. Though resolved to bear as long as prudence and policy dictated, they were all the time preparing for the last extremity. They were furnishing themselves with arms and ammunition, and training the militia. And they collected together, and stored in several places, provisions for their support in case of necessity. In the mean time every province elected delegates for the next congress. Not all the powers and influence of government, great though it was, could prevent the people of N. York itself, from meeting in convention for the purpose of electing members to represent them in congress. All were firm to their trust; all foresaw that the sword would be drawn, and prepared to meet it. And now the crisis approached, when their firmness was to be put to the test.

The principle depot of military stores and provisions, laid up by the people of Massachusetts, was at a town about twenty miles from Boston, named Concord. General GAGE, conceiving that it would be of consequence, not so much to any purposed military operation, as to the preserving of peace, which it is but justice to say seemed to be chiefly his object, determined to destroy those stores, and being desirous to effect it without bloodshed, endeavored to surprise the place without alarming the country. All his precaution however was unavailing. Intelligence of the enterprise reached the militia. About five o'clock in the morning on the 19th April, 1775, the royal troops, amounting to eight hundred men, the flower of the British army, advancing to Concord, were met at Lexington by the militia of that place, to the number of only seventy, prepared to dispute as well as they were able, the passage to the stores. With such an immense inequality it were hopeless to resist. Yet such was the resolution of the provincialists that the royal troops could not execute their orders without having recourse to force. Major

PITCAIRN, who led the van, rode up to the Americans, and ordered them to disperse: "disperse ye rebels (said he) throw down your arms and disperse," The militia still retained a firm position in a body, on which Major PITCAIRN advanced nearer to them, discharged a pistol and ordered the soldiers to fire. The militia began to disperse, but nevertheless the soldiers continued to fire upon them. Some individuals of the provincialists, finding that though moving away they were still fired at, faced about and discharged their pieces at the troops, and several of them were, in consequence, killed. The royal troops reached Concord, and after some resistance from the Concord militia, in which some were killed, executed their orders; spiked two twenty-four pounders, throwing an immense quantity of shot into the wells and rivers, and destroying sixty barrels of flour. Having done this, they began to return to Boston with great expedition, perceiving that the inhabitants of the adjacent country were assembling to harrass them. On their retreat, the Americans attacked them in every direction, some pressing on their rear, some pouring in upon either side, firing from behind stone walls, and other coverts. So enraged, so dauntless, and for the short notice they had, so numerous were the armed provincialists, who poured forth from all sides upon them, that it is highly probable few of the eight hundred would have reached Boston again, had they not been joined at Lexington by nine hundred men, commanded by lord PIERCY, sent out by general GAGE to reinforce them, and which having two field pieces, in some degree awed the Americans, and obliged them to keep at a greater distance. Notwithstanding which, however, the latter kept up a constant but irregular fire, which galled the royal troops, and did considerable execution among them. On the other hand the British, though confounded at the unexpected vehemence and fury of the New England men, who, being excellent marksmen, shot them down with great dexterity and certainty, made an admirable retreat, firing with considerable effect upon the provincialists, till they reached Charlestown common and passed the neck to Bunkers's hill, where, exhausted with the excessive fatigue of a march of near forty miles, fighting for the greater part of the time, they rested all

night, and the next morning crossing Charlestown ferry returned to Boston.

The affair at Lexington and Concord, being the first deliberate engagement between the mother country and her revolted colonies, will ever be considered as a very prominent epoch in the history of the world. On the part of America it argued well, as it manifested at once the wisdom of the designs they had concerted, the unanimity of the people, their firmness in resisting oppression, and the courage which they would display, when trained and practised in the evolutions of the field, and in the use of arms. Above all, it stands as a memorable example of the prodigious feats which men can perform when animated by liberty, and fighting for freedom and independence. During the whole of this conflict, though protracted through the greater part of the day, the Americans never numbered more than four hundred men engaged at the same time; so that the British were double their number before the junction of lord PIERCY's reinforcement; from which time they were quadrupled in numbers by the regulars. The discipline they had was so little as to be of no use, for officers and privates alike fired when they were ready, and without the word of command, one now and one then, as they happened to have a royal uniform in their eye. On the other hand their knowledge of the country gave them a material advantage; enabling them to cross fields and fences so as to keep concealed and flank by surprise the regulars who were obliged to march in a body along the main road. Of the king's troops sixty five were killed and one hundred and eighty were wounded. Of the Americans thirty eight were wounded or missing and fifty were killed.

A war, long bloody and obstinate, and the most important revolution that ever occurred in human affairs, sprung from the blood shed upon this day. The Americans derived new confidence and increase of courage from this their first essay. Each party seeing hostilities unavoidable, endeavoured to throw upon the other the blame of having commenced. The British officers declared, in the most solemn manner, that, before they attacked the militia of Lexington, they had been fired at from behind a stone wall. On the other hand deposi-

tions were taken upon oath, from many Americans, all concurring in testimony, that not only at Lexington, but at Concord, they were first fired upon by the British troops. A respectable historian,* who, however objectionable in style, manner and argument, he may be thought by some, stands unimpeached on the score of candour and integrity, and whose judgment claims reliance and respect, not only from the acknowledged natural vigour of his mind, but from his professional habit of discussing evidence and weighing the preponderance of opposite testimonies, says, on this occasion : "the statements made by the Americans are rendered probable, not only by the testimony which supported them, but by other circumstances. The company of militia at Lexington did not exceed in numbers one ninth of the enemy ; and it can scarcely be conceived, that in the perilous situation in which they were placed, their friends would have provoked their fate, by commencing a fire on an enraged soldiery, it is also a circumstance of no inconsiderable weight, that the Americans had uniformly sought to cover their proceedings with the letter of the law, and even after the affair at Lexington, they had at the bridge beyond Concord, made a point of receiving the first fire. It is probable, that the orders given by general Gage prohibited the detachment under lieutenant colonel Smith, from attacking the provincials, unless previously assaulted by them ; but it seems almost certain that such orders, if given were disobeyed."

It is difficult to oppose any resistance to this reasoning upon positive facts, when nothing is stated on the other side, but the mere words of men especially interested in denying them. The origin of this violence then, rests with the king's troops and officers. It would be fortunate for the servants of the crown, if there were nothing more of the reprehensible kind to be added to the censure they deserved for their hastiness in this affair.—But the historian who takes truth for his guide will be compelled, however unwilling, to record a transaction tainted with perfidy on the part of the British commander in chief.

General GAGE deemed it expedient to cut off as far as pos-

* Marshall.

sible all communication between the inhabitants of Boston and the people of the country, and concerting with them a plan of co-operation in any assault which might be made upon him from without, or by those within, came to an agreement with a committee appointed by the inhabitants, to suffer all such of them as were so inclined, to leave the town with their families and effects, under condition of their depositing their arms in some select place, under the care of persons to be selected for the purpose. Conformably to this agreement, the inhabitants had in a few days deposited an immense number of fire arms and bayonets. The good order and harmony in which both parties proceeded in this business for some days, was at length violated, and the completion of the agreement interrupted and prevented on the most sorry pretexts. The general began to suspect that he had committed an error in suffering the whigs to move out of Boston, and now endeavoured to repair by perfidy the mischiefs done by his folly. He soon found that by giving permission to the whigs to carry away their effects, he had opened a wide door for the supply of those without, with such things as they wanted. To remedy this evil of his own creation, he had recourse to an uncandid, miserable quibble, upon the meaning of the word effects, insisting that it did not include merchandize. The hardships arising to the people from this unwarrantable construction were very great. Families were separated, each from the other, husbands from their wives, parents from their children, and relatives who depended upon each other in a variety of ways, friends and partners in business, were as completely shut out from intercourse with each other, as if they were divided by oceans. The women and children began to be considered as a sort of hostages for the peaceable conduct of their countrymen without; and general GAGE flattered himself that the Americans would refrain from assault, while the dearest objects of the affections of so many of them were within the town. Disliking to part with those pledges of security, he pretended, to give colour to the violation of his promise, that all the arms had not been given; and sacrificing his honour to a mean, a detestable, and a mistaken policy, detained many contrary to good faith, or when he permitted some to depart, refused to let them move their families and effects.

SEVENTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

*Non-importation-Bill (Continued from
Vol. 2.—No. 5.—page 338.)*

AMONG the numerous objections, urged by Mr. Randolph, against the resolution, one drawn from our disputes with Spain, appeared to him to carry no small weight. The impression, which it would make on Great-Britain, was likely to be deep and lasting. By the documents laid before Congress, and afterwards made public, she would see with astonishment, that our territory had been outraged, our commerce pirated, and our citizens imprisoned—she would place before her view the multiplied aggressions, which Spain had with impunity committed. Nor would the degrading spectacle of our chief magistrate tamely permitting insults from the representative of that once great, but now fast declining nation, be passed over, without producing sentiments very different from respect. At all times, feelingly alive to the slightest insult offered to her own dignity, she would naturally expect that the United States were preparing to resent those insults on their national honour, with an alacrity and zeal, at least equal, to that with which they had threatened her. But in what light would the energies of our government appear, when she was informed that no warlike attitude towards Spain had been assumed; no steps taken to strengthen our southern boundaries; that our navy and army had received no addition; that our militia had been left in *statu quo ante*;—not one of our militia generals had marshalled a single brigade.

We could with pleasure quote several interesting passages from this gentleman's speeches, in relation to Spain; but as, in the course of our history, this subject will once more demand our attention, such quotations as shall be found neces-

sary, either in evidence or for illustration, shall be reserved for their proper place.

We shall present the reader with but one more objection, opposed by Mr. Randolph to the question in debate—and that is, the effect which such a measure would have upon the *constitution*. By leaving the President at full liberty to exert the powers placed in his hands by the constitution, consequences might ensue, which would eventually raze it to its very foundation. He declared, that it was incompetent to sustain such a test. That, in case of any great trial, its inefficiency and weakness would be so palpable, as to give plausibility to every proposal for a more energetic government. That there would not be wanting men, who under pretence of giving vigour to the executive, and adding strength to the constitution, would in the sequel burn the parchment; and in imitation of the present curse of Europe, would begin with a first consul, and end with an emperor.

Consequences like these, every wise man, and every lover of his country's weal, must deprecate, because on them is suspended all that is valuable to us as citizens; all that is dear to us as men. For when once the power is lodged in the hands of ambitious individuals, in whose view the love of country is a remote or at least but a secondary consideration; who make even their high sounding professions of disinterested patriotism, of undeviating attachment to the people's interest; and of unceasing watchfulness for the country's good, but as ladders to their own aggrandizement; then in particular, should the votaries of *genuine* liberty rally round her standard; then should the sentinels of public security be unusually vigilant and alert; and whether the pretender present himself in the specious garb, and popular cant of a Tiberius Gracchus; with the daring presumption, and unblushing profligacy of a Publius Sulpicius; or with the bold front, and high pretensions of a Cataline, his actions should be scrutinized, his designs developed, his hypocrisy dragged forth to public detestation, and himself driven into exile, with the only solace, of having excited, and deserved, the just indignation of his country.

But though such consequences too frequently follow from

the premises laid down by Mr. Randolph, yet are they not applicable, or even plausible, in all cases. When the general sentiment, but in particular that of the enlightened part of the community, is opposed to usurpation and tyranny, and when the claims of a demagogue would not pass without close examination, and instant exposure, the country has little to fear from this quarter; and that government, which refuses to resent reiterated insults, from nations in a professed amity, under the pretext of endangering the constitution, holds out at the same time the evidence of its own weakness, and the strongest possible inducement to future depredations.

In a popular government, like ours, where the proceedings of the executive have often been divulged with the most childish garrulity; where the people have been flattered with the vain, the impracticable idea of receiving full information on every subject connected with their political welfare; when the very infancy of the government itself, seems to preclude the probability of collusion among its officers, for the establishment of an influence, independent of, and adverse to the constitution, it may appear not a little strange, that, according to Mr. Randolph, the very reverse should, at this time, have taken place. That a cabinet had been formed, not for the patriotic purpose of openly declaring their opinions to the representatives of their country; but an *invisible, inscrutable, irresponsible* cabinet, which, indeed defied the touch, but which, notwithstanding, pervaded, and decided every measure, that was brought before the house. Against this vile, this secret, overruling influence, Mr. Randolph inveighed in language as severe, as it was necessary and just. He boldly protested against the assumption of a power, the dangerous consequences of which would always be in exact proportion to the crafty talents of those who wielded it;—would be secure in proportion to the darkness in which it was enveloped; and would lay its plans, and take its measures, with the more certainty, from the privilege it had usurped, of covering every design under the impenetrable shield of concealment. From such a cabinet, the accursed offspring of the Bute faction in Britain, may Heaven long preserve our country! For like the moth, it corrupts unseen, and unless it be crushed while in

embryo, it will soon leave nothing of the constitution but the disjointed shreds.

From the extensive view, which Mr. Randolph had taken of the question, and the arguments he had been able to adduce, adverse to the resolution, he inferred the high folly, and the flagrant impolicy of suffering it to pass the house.—It was finally negatived by a majority of 70 against 47.

Hitherto, we have not been able to follow the exact order of chronology, in our history of the passing times, owing to our being obliged to depend upon the daily newspapers for dates :—in future, we hope to be more accurate, in this respect, as we have established a correspondence, at Washington, by which are to be transmitted to us, all the public documents, necessary for the execution of this very important part of our work.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS ; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS ; AND
NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

. Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A new system of Domestic Cookery, formed upon principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of private families. By a Lady. Containing Miscellaneous Observations for the use of the Mistress of a Family, by which much money will be saved, and the general appearance much improved—Observations on Dressing Fish, Meats, Poultry, &c. &c.—Directions for Roasting, Boiling, Frying, Stewing, Potting, Pickling, Collaring, Fricaseeing and Hashing all kinds of Meats, Fish, Poultry, &c. &c.—how to make Ragouts, Soups, Broths, Gravies, &c.—how to make Puddings, Pies, Tarts, Cakes, Biscuit, Rusks, Rolls, Muffins, &c.—how to preserve Yeast, to make Flummeries, Syllabubs, Creams, Blomonge, Jellies, Custards, Trifles, Pancakes, Fritters, Cheesecakes, &c.—how to make Welsh Ale, Strong Beer, excellent Table Beer, to refine Beer, Ale, Wine or Cider, or make Vinegar and different kinds of domestic Wines.—Directions for cooking for the Sick, and some directions for assisting and cooking for the Poor. Also, useful directions to servants about cleaning Floors, Foot-cloths, Carpets, Looking Glasses, Paperhangings, and all kinds of Furniture. Boston, Wm. Andrews, price one Dollar.

The Examination of Col. Aaron Burr, before the Chief Justice of the United States, upon the charge of a High Misdemeanor, and of Treason, against the United States ; together with the arguments of Counsel and the opinion of the Judge. To which is added an appendix, containing the opinion of the Supreme Court, delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, in the case of Bollman and Swartwout. Richmond Virginia, Grantland, price 37½ cents.

A Letter Addressed to the People of Maryland, giving an account of the country on the South Shore of Lake Erie ; including a brief description of the climate, soil, productions, commerce, trade and manufactures. By James Tongue, M. D. &c. of Maryland. Washington, Westcott & Co. price 25 cents.

A Voyage to Terra Firma, on the Spanish Main, in South America, during the years 1803 & 1804. By F. Depons, formerly agent of the French government, at Carraccas. With a large Map of the Country, &c. three vols 8vo. New-York, Brisban & Brannan, Price in boards, Six Dollars Fifty Cents.

The Picture of New-York, or the Traveller's Guide through the Commercial Metropolis of the United States. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

The Culex of Virgil: with a translation into English Verse. By Lucius M. Sargeant.

"Parve Culex, pedum custos, tibi tale merenti.

"Funeris officium vite pro munere reddit."

Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

Letters occasioned by the Rev. Samuel Worcester's Two Discourses on the Perpetuity and provision of God's Gracious Covenant with Abraham and his seed; detected by plain scripture, stubborn facts and sober reason, of some gross misrepresentations, unfounded assertions, and sophistical arguments. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. Pastor of the Church of Christ in Sedwick. Boston, Manning & Loring.

Dr. Balwin's Sermon preached at the Funeral of the late Dr. Stillman. Boston, Manning & Loring,

REPUBLICATIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

Select Lives of Foreigners, eminent for piety:—containing Biographical Sketches of the archbishop of Cambray, Michael de Moënos, Peter Poirer, Antonia Bourignon, Marquis de Renty, Francis de Sales, and Gregory Lopez—together with directions for a holy life, and the attaining Christian perfection, by the archbishop of Cambray. Philadelphia, R. & T. Kite, price fifty cents.

Mackay's Navigation. Philadelphia, B. B. Hopkins & Co. price three dollars and fifty cents.

The Works of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, volumes 1 & 2. Boston, John West. New-York, E. Sargeant.

Sugden of the law of vendors and purchasers of real estates. Philadelphia, Wm. P. Farrand, price neatly bound in calf, six dollars.

An abridgment of the law of Nisi Prius: Part I.—Premium Edition. Philadelphia, Wm. P. Farrand, price, neatly bound in calf, four dollars.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

B. & T. Kite, of Philadelphia, have in press, and expect to publish in a few days, contained in a neat pocket volume, Pious Reflections for every day in the month, by the archbishop of Cambray.

Isaiah Thomas, of Massachusetts, announces the following in the press, and will be ready for publication in a few months:

Denman's Midwifery, two volumes, octavo; the whole will be comprised in one large octavo volume.

Cullen's Practice of Physic, improved by the celebrated Dr. Read, of Edinburgh; two volumes to be comprised in one octavo. Zollikofer's Exercises of Piety, a very valuable family book, being the second edition.

Schrevellii's Greek Lexicon; one large volume, octavo; it will be executed on a very nice paper, and a new type.

A new Spelling Dictionary of the English Language, in which the syllables are distinctly pointed out, and the parts of speech properly distinguished.—To which are added, a concise historical account of the Language, and a complete list of all the principal Cities, Towns, Rivers and Mountains in America. The whole intended for the instruction of youth of both sexes—to be comprised in a neat, small pocket volume.

Tooke's Pantheon, epitomised, a very valuable little work, which will be decorated with twenty or thirty elegant type metal engravings.

Thompson, Hart & Co. of New-York, have in the press, Abbe Maury's Treatise on the Principles of Eloquence.

Douglas's Reports, 2 vols. Cowper's Reports, 2 vols. Harrison's Chancery Practice, 2 vols. Tidd's Practice in the court of King's Bench in personal actions, (all premium editions, and all from the last London editions) are now in the press of Wm. P. Farrand, Philadelphia.

Proposals are issued, by Hopkins & Co. for publishing by subscription, "Lectures on Church History, by George Campbell, D. D." To which is annexed his "Essay on Miracles."

Proposals are issued for publishing a new work, by Dr. B. S. Barton, Professor of Materia Medica, Natural History, and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania, called, the "Elements of Zoology, or Outlines of the Natural History of Animals."

E. Sargeant, of New-York, is making arrangements for publishing Dr. Gregory's Cyclopædia, in numbers.—The prospectus of this valuable work will soon be laid before the public.

APPENDIX.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 3. 1805.

This day at 12 o'clock, the President of the United States communicated, by Mr. Coles, his Secretary, the following Message to both Houses of Congress.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives
of the United States of America.*

At a moment when the nations of Europe are in commotion and arming against each other, when those with whom we have principal intercourse are engaged in the general contest, and when the countenance of some of them towards our peaceable country threatens that even that may not be unaffected by what is passing on the general theatre, a meeting of the representatives of the nation in both Houses of Congress has become more than usually desirable. Coming from every section of our country, they bring with them the sentiments and information of the whole, and will be able to give a direction to the public affairs which the will and the wisdom of the whole will approve and support.

In taking a view of the state of our country, we in the first place notice the late affliction of two of our cities under the fatal fever which in latter times has occasionally visited our shores. Providence in his goodness gave it an early termination on this occasion, and lessened the number of victims which have usually fallen before it. In the course of the several visitations by this disease, it has appeared that it is strictly local, incident to cities and on the tide waters only, incommunicable in the country either by persons under the disease, or by goods carried from diseased places; that its access is with the autumn, and it disappears with the early frosts. These

restrictions within narrow limits of time and space give security even to our maritime cities, during three-fourths of the year, and to the country always. Although from these facts it appears unnecessary, yet, to satisfy the fears of foreign nations, and cautions on their part not to be complained of in a danger whose limits are yet unknown to them, I have strictly enjoined on the officers at the head of the customs to certify with exact truth, for every vessel sailing for a foreign port, the state of health respecting this fever which prevails at the place from which she sails. Under every motive from character and duty to certify the truth, I have no doubt they have faithfully executed this injunction.—Much real injury has however been sustained from a propensity to identify with this endemic, and to call by the same name, fevers of very different kinds which have been known at all times, and in all countries, and never have been placed among those deemed contagious. As we advance in our knowledge of this disease, as facts develop the source from which individuals receive it, the State authorities charged with the care of the public health, and Congress with that of the general commerce, will become able to regulate with effect their respective functions in these departments. The burthen of Quarantine is felt at home as well as abroad; their efficacy merits examination. Although the health laws of the states should be found to need no present revisal by Congress, yet commerce claims that their attention be ever awake to them.

Since our last meeting the aspect of our foreign relations has considerably changed. Our coasts have been infested, and our harbours watched by private armed vessels, some of them without commissions, some with illegal commissions, others with those of legal form, but committing piratical acts beyond the authority of their commissions. They have captured in the very entrance of our harbours as well as on the high seas, not only the vessels of our friends coming to trade with us, but our own also. They have carried them off under pretence of legal adjudication; but not daring to approach a court of justice, they have plundered and sunk them by the way, in obscure places, where no evidence could arise against them, maltreated the crews, and abandoned them in boats in

the open sea, or on desert shores, without food or covering. These enormities appearing to be unreachd by any control of their sovereigns, I found it necessary to equip a force, to cruise within our own seas, to arrest all vessels of these descriptions found hovering on our coasts, within the limits of the gulf stream, and to bring the offenders in for trial as pirates.

The same system of hovering on our coasts and harbours, under colour of seeking enemies, has been also carried on by public armed ships, to the great annoyance and oppression of our commerce. New principles too have been interpolated into the law of nations, founded neither in justice nor the usage or acknowledgment of nations. According to these a belligerent takes to itself a commerce with its own enemy, which it denies to a neutral, on the ground of its aiding that enemy in the war. But reason revolts at such an inconsistency, and the neutral having equal right with the belligerent to decide the question, the interests of our constituents, and the duty of maintaining the authority of reason, the only umpire between just nations, impose on us the obligation of providing an effectual and determined opposition to a doctrine so injurious to the rights of peaceable nations. Indeed the confidence we ought to have in the justice of others, still countenances the hope that a sounder view of those rights will of itself induce from every belligerent a more correct observance of them.

With Spain our negotiations for a settlement of differences have not had a satisfactory issue. Spoliations during the former war, for which she had formally acknowledged herself responsible, have been refused to be compensated but on conditions affecting other claims in no wise connected with them. Yet the same practices are renewed in the present war, and are already of great amount. On the Mobile our commerce passing through that river continues to be obstructed by arbitrary duties and vexatious searches. Propositions for adjusting amicably the boundaries of Louisiana have not been acceded to. While, however, the right is unsettled, we have avoided changing the state of things, by taking new posts, or strengthening ourselves in the disputed territories, in the hope

that that power would not, by a contrary conduct, oblige us to meet their example, and endanger conflicts of authority, the issue of which may not be easily controlled. But in this hope we have now reason to lessen our confidence. Inroads have been recently made into the territories of Orleans and the Mississippi, our citizens have been seized and their property plundered in the very parts of the former which had been actually delivered up by Spain, and this by the regular officers and soldiers of that government. I have therefore found it necessary at length to give orders to our troops on that frontier to be in readiness to protect our citizens and to repel by arms any similar aggressions in future. Other details, necessary for your full information of the state of things between this country and that, shall be the subject of another communication. In reviewing these injuries from some of the belligerent powers, the moderation, the firmness and the wisdom of the legislature will all be called into action. We ought still to hope that time and a more correct estimate of interest as well as of character will produce the justice we are bound to expect. But should any nation deceive itself by false calculations, and disappoint that expectation, we must join in the unprofitable contest, of trying which party can do the other the most harm. Some of these injuries may perhaps admit a peaceable remedy. Where that is competent it is always most desirable. But some of them are of a nature to be met by force only, and all of them may lead to it. I cannot therefore but recommend such preparations as circumstances call for. The first object is to place our sea port towns out of the danger of insult. Measures have been already taken for furnishing them with heavy cannon for the service of such land batteries as may make a part of their defence against armed vessels approaching them. In aid of these it is desirable we should have a competent number of gun-boats, and the number to be competent must be considerable. If immediately begun, they may be in readiness for service at the opening of the next season. Whether it will be necessary to augment our land forces will be decided by occurrences probably in the course of your session.—In the mean time you will consider whether it would not be expedient, for a state of peace as well

as of war, so to organize or class the militia, as would enable us on any sudden emergency, to call for the services of the younger portions, unincumbered with the old and those having families. Upwards of three hundred thousand able bodied men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six years, which the last census shews we may now count within our limits, will furnish a competent number for offence or defence, in any point where they may be wanted, and will give time for raising regular forces after the necessity of them shall become certain; and the reducing to the earlier period of life all its active service cannot but be desirable to our younger citizens, of the present as well as future times, inasmuch as it engages to them in more advanced age a quiet and undisturbed repose in the bosom of their families.—I cannot then but earnestly recommend to your early consideration the expediency of so modifying our militia system as, by a separation of the more active part from that which is less so, we may draw from it, when necessary, an efficient corps, fit for real and active service, and to be called to it in regular rotation.

Considerable provision has been made under former authorities from Congress, of materials for the construction of ships of war of seventy-four guns. These materials are on hand subject to the further will of the legislature.

An immediate prohibition of the exportation of arms and ammunition is also submitted to your determination.

Turning from these unpleasant views of violence and wrong, I congratulate you on the liberation of our fellow-citizens who were stranded on the coast of Tripoli and made prisoners of war. In a government bottomed on the will of all, the life and liberty of every individual citizen become interesting to all. In the treaty therefore which has concluded our warfare with that state an article for the ransom of our citizens has been agreed to. An operation by land, by a small band of our countrymen, and others engaged for the occasion, in conjunction with the troops of the Ex-Bashaw of that country, gallantly conducted by our late consul Eaton, and their successful enterprise on the city of Derne, contributed doubtless to the impression which produced peace, and the conclusion of this prevented opportunities of which the officers and men of our

squadron destined for Tripoli, would have availed themselves to emulate the acts of valour exhibited by their brethren in the attack of the last year. Reflecting with high satisfaction on the distinguished bravery displayed whenever occasions permitted in the late Mediterranean service, I think it would be an useful encouragement, as well as a just reward, to make an opening for some present promotion by enlarging our peace establishment of Captains and Lieutenants.

With Tunis some misunderstandings have arisen not yet sufficiently explained, but friendly discussions with their ambassador recently arrived, and a mutual disposition to do whatever is just and reasonable cannot fail of dissipating these. So that we may consider our peace on that coast, generally, to be on as sound a footing as it has been at any preceding time. Still it will not be expedient to withdraw immediately the whole of our force from that sea.

The law providing for a naval peace establishment fixes the number of frigates which shall be kept in constant service in time of peace; and prescribes that they shall be manned by not more than two thirds of their complement of seamen and ordinary seamen.—Whether a frigate may be trusted to two thirds only of her proper complement of men must depend on the nature of the service on which she is ordered. That may sometimes for her safety, as well as to ensure her object, require her fullest complement. In adverting to this subject Congress will perhaps consider whether the best limitation on the Executive discretion in this case would not be by the number of seamen which may be employed in the whole service, rather than by the number of vessels. Occasions oftener arise for the employment of small, than of large vessels: and it would lessen risk as well as expense, to be authorized to employ them of preference. The limitation suggested by the number of seamen would admit a selection of vessels best adapted to the service.

Our Indian neighbours are advancing, many of them with spirit, and others beginning to engage, in the pursuits of agriculture and household manufacture. They are becoming sensible that the earth yields subsistence with less labour than the forest, and find it their interest from time to time to dis-

pose of parts of their surplus and waste lands for the means of improving those they occupy, and of subsisting their families while they are preparing their farms. Since your last session, the northern tribes have sold to us the lands between the Connecticut reserve and the former Indian boundary, and those on the Ohio, from the same boundary to the rapids, and for a considerable depth inland. The Chickasaws and Cherokees have sold us the country between and adjacent to the two districts of Tennessee, and the Creeks the residue of their lands in the fork of Ocmulgee up to the Ulcofauhatche. The three former purchases are important, inasmuch as they consolidate disjoined parts of our settled country, and render their intercourse secure; and the second particularly so, as, with the small point on the river which we expect is by this time ceded by the Piankeshaws, it completes our possession of the whole of both banks of the Ohio, from its source to near its mouth, and the navigation of that river is thereby rendered forever safe to our citizens settled and settling on its extensive waters. The purchase from the Creeks too has been for some time particularly interesting to the state of Georgia.

The several treaties which have been mentioned will be submitted to both houses of Congress for the exercise of their respective functions.

Deputations, now on their way to the seat of government from various nations of Indians inhabiting the Missouri and other parts beyond the Mississippi, come charged with assurances of their satisfaction with the new relations in which they are placed with us, of their dispositions to cultivate our peace and friendship, and their desire to enter into commercial intercourse with us. A state of our progress in exploring the principal rivers of that country, and of the information respecting them hitherto obtained, will be communicated so soon as we shall receive some further relations which we have reason shortly to expect.

The receipts at the treasury during the year ending on the 30th day of September last have exceeded the sum of thirteen millions of dollars, which, with not quite five millions in the treasury at the beginning of the year, have enabled us, after meeting other demands, to pay nearly two millions of

the debt contracted under the British treaty and convention, upwards of four millions of principal of the public debt, and four millions of interest. These payments, with those which had been made in three years and a half preceeding, have extinguished of the founded debt nearly eight millions of principal.

Congress, by their act of November 10, 1803, authorized us to borrow 1,750,000 dollars towards meeting the claims of our citizens assumed by the convention with France. We have not however made use of this authority: because the sum of four millions and a half, which remained in the treasury on the 30th day of September last, with the receipts which we may calculate on for the ensuing year, besides paying the annual sum of eight millions of dollars, appropriated to the funded debt, and meeting all the current demands which may be expected, will enable us to pay the whole sum of three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, assumed by the French convention, and still leave us a surplus of nearly a million of dollars at our free disposal. Should you concur in the provisions of arms and armed vessels recommended by the circumstances of the times, the surplus will furnish the means of doing so.

On the first occasion of addressing Congress since, by the choice of my constituents, I have entered on a second term of administration, I embrace the opportunity to give this public assurance, that I will exert my best endeavours to administer faithfully the Executive Department, and will zealously co-operate with you in any measure which may tend to secure the liberty, property, and personal safety of our fellow-citizens, and to consolidate the republican forms and principles of our Government. In the course of your session you shall receive all the aid which I can give for the dispatch of the public business, and all the information necessary for your deliberations, of which the interests of our own country, and the confidence reposed in us by others, will admit a communication.

TH: JEFFERSON.

December 3d, 1805.

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